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History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 2.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND—REPORT OF BRIGADIER-GENERAL BRANCH.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, LIGHT DIVISION.

Major R. C. MORGAN, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—On Tuesday, June 24th, I received orders from General Lee to take a position on the Chickahominy, near Half Sink, Wednesday evening and cross the river and take the road to Mechanicsville as soon as I should be informed by General Jackson that he had crossed the Central railroad. In my written orders, it was stated that General Jackson would cross the railroad at three o'clock Thursday morning, and allowing one hour for the transmission of the message, I was under arms and prepared to cross at 4 o'clock A. M. on Thursday. Not having received any intelligence from General Jackson, and General Lee's orders to me being explicit, there was no danger of my mistaking a false move-

ment; but, after eight o'clock in the morning, I received from you a written order in these words: "Wait for Jackson's notification before you move, unless I send further orders." Up to this time my brigade was in the open fields near the banks of the stream, and in full view of the enemy's pickets on the other side. To deceive them as to my purpose, I now marched it back half a mile in the direction of my camp at Brooke church and masked it in the woods. At a few minutes before 10 o'clock A. M., I received from General Jackson a note informing me that the head of his column was, at the moment of his writing, "crossing the Central railroad." In less than ten minutes my column, which had been resting on its arms for six hours, was in motion and soon reached the north bank of the Chickahominy.

Placing the Seventh North Carolina regiment (Colonel R. P. Campbell) at the head of the column, with a section of Colonel Marmaduke Johnson's battery, and throwing forward the picket companies of that regiment, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Haywood, as skirmishers, I turned sharply to the right and directed my course down the river. The enemy retired before us, and offered no resistance until we approached Atlee's station, on the Central railroad. At that point a stand was made, but they were forced to flee precipitately, leaving behind a cavalry guidon, which fell into the hands of the Seventh regiment, and much personal baggage. Thence onward they resisted our advance at every favorable point, but with no other effect than to retreat without checking my march. Near Crenshaw's the road on which the column commanded by Major-General Ewell was advancing, and that on which I was advancing, approached within one-fourth of a mile of each other. The heads of our columns reached this point simultaneously; and after a short personal interview between General Ewell and myself, we proceeded on our respective routes. After dislodging the enemy from several ambuscades, with only a small loss to my command, I reached Meadow Bridge road, where I learned from stragglers that Major-General Hill had crossed the Chickahominy without opposition, with the remainder of the division, and gone on towards Mechanicsville, then distant about one and a half miles. A courier from the General soon assured me of the correctness of the information, and having drawn in my skirmishers, I made all haste to join him at Mechanicsville. My brigade reached the field about sunset, and halting it I rode forward over the field to report to the General for orders. I did not

find him, but simultaneously with my return, he rode up, and after a short time ordered me to proceed with a guide to the part of the field occupied by the remainder of the division. Marching my brigade over a broad extent of cleared ground, swept by the artillery of the enemy, I reached the designated point at dusk, and having no time nor sufficient light to reconnoitre the ground, I placed my command in a field to support a battery on my left, which seemed to be doing good service and to be much exposed. There we slept in line of battle.

Early Friday morning the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery and long range musketry on my line from their redoubts and rifle pits; but as they attempted no advance, my men were ordered to lie on the ground, and the injury inflicted was small. About eight o'clock, by order of General Lee, I occupied a piece of ground in front of Brigadier-General Archer, but finding myself strong enough to hold both, did not abandon my former position.

About 9 o'clock I was ordered by Major-General Hill, "as soon as you see any movement on the right or left, or hear heavy musket firing, advance also, and storm the creek." My brigade was immediately formed for the assault, and learning Brigadier-General Anderson, of Major-General Hill's division, had crossed the creek above the enemy's works, I was in the act of advancing to storm the redoubts in front of me, when I learned that the enemy had evacuated them. Crossing the creek and turning to the right through the woods, I passed Nownilly's mill and fell into the road by which the remainder of the division were pushing the enemy. On the by-road, passing Nownilly's mill, the evidence of a rout and precipitate flight were most striking. On reaching Cold Harbor, I was ordered by you to take position across the road, connecting with General Gregg on the left and General Anderson on the right. Before reaching the point designated by you, I encountered the enemy in great force. Colonel Campbell (Seventh regiment) promptly engaged them, and whilst I was placing the remainder of the brigade in position, I received from General Hill an order to move two regiments into action by the left flank and to hold the other three in reserve. In compliance with the order, the Seventh and Twenty-eighth North Carolina were ordered to take position on the left of the road, whilst the Thirty-seventh, Thirty-third and Eighteenth were held in reserve, in a ravine about one hundred and fifty yards in their rear. Receiving no further orders from you in regard to the reserve, and finding the pressure

greater than my two regiments could sustain, the remaining three regiments were placed in action on the right of the road. My brigade held its ground with heroic tenacity, but must have been driven back, by overwhelming forces, but for the timely arrival of reinforcements. The Seventh regiment, having been the first engaged, and having remained constantly under heavy fire, suffered most severely in officers and men. Colonel Reuben P. Campbell, who might be justly classed among "the bravest of the brave," fell while bearing in his hands the colors of the regiment. Brave and honorable as a man and skillful as an officer, his loss to the brigade is irreparable.

The enemy having been driven from the field, my brigade bivouacked near it. During the march of Sunday and Monday in pursuit of the enemy, nothing noteworthy occurred until Monday afternoon about two o'clock, when I was ordered by Major-General Hill to mask my brigade in a wood to the right of the road. I remained in that position, when the shells of the enemy's artillery commenced falling near us, and I was ordered to proceed and attack. Having no guide and no knowledge of the enemy's position, I took the direction whence came the shells, which carried me to the right of the road. Forming my line of battle in a cleared field, and advancing we soon encountered the enemy, and drove them for nearly a mile. This was done under the fire of two batteries—one of which we silenced and the other of which enfiladed the left of my line. After proceeding about this distance, the enemy's force rapidly accumulated as they fell back, and finding that the enemy extended much beyond my right flank, no further advance was attempted. At dark I placed my brigade in bivouac on the edge of the battlefield, and having reported to Major-General Hill through a member of my staff, was ordered to remain there until daylight, and then return to the point from which I had started into battle on the previous afternoon. In this engagement, I had the misfortune to lose Colonel Charles C. Lee, of the Thirty-seventh regiment. A thoroughly educated soldier and an exemplary gentleman, whose life had been devoted to the profession of arms, the service lost in him one of its most promising officers.

During the afternoon of Thursday I received marching orders, and after proceeding a short distance down the road on which we had previously been moving, was ordered to return to camp. I was returning, when a heavy fire of artillery and small arms on the left showed that attack had been made on Malvern hill, and it

was clear that our forces were being driven back. Orders were given to me to move in quickly to the support of our forces engaged, and I did so at a double-quick across the fields. On arriving near the field of battle, a staff officer of some of the commands engaged volunteered to direct me to the position in which I could render much service. Under his direction, I had posted two of my regiments and was in the act of posting the remainder, when I ascertained that I had been misled. Taking the troops I still had present with me, I proceeded towards the left, and reached a position near the enemy's batteries, but still too far for my short range guns and in full range of their artillery. Making my men lie on the ground, they remained in the position until the firing from our side had ceased; then collecting my brigade, I returned to my camp of the morning. Thus ended the actual fighting of this memorable week —the enemy having, during the night, evacuated Malvern hill. During the whole of it, officers and men alike had been without cooking utensils or their baggage. My loss was about seven hundred and fifty in killed and wounded, and about fifty missing. A list of the names having been furnished, a more precise statement in this report is not deemed necessary.

Colonels Lane and Cowan, and Lieutenant-Colonels Haywood, Barbour, Hoke and Purdie, all of whom commanded their regiments during the whole or part of the week, merit especial commendation. There are many officers whose good conduct would cause me to take pleasure in making special mention of them, but it is necessary that I confine myself to commanders of regiments, referring, as I do, to their reports for the names of officers under them who distinguished themselves. I take pleasure in recommending to the favorable consideration of the Government those thus mentioned.

My staff suffered in an unusual degree. My Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain W. E. Cannady, had been with me since my appointment to the command of a regiment, and in all situations had shown himself true and faithful. After leaving Mechanicsville, he was obliged to return to the hospital, and before the close of the expedition died of typhoid fever. My Aid-de-Camp, W. A. Blount, was severely wounded at Cold Harbor, and Lieutenant Francis J. Hawks, Assistant Engineer, was severely injured on Tuesday. My Ordnance Officer, Lieutenant James A. Bryan, though instructed to remain with his train in the rear, placed it in charge of an assistant and continued with me on the field throughout the expedition.

My Quartermaster, Joseph A. Engelhard, did the same as soon as it was possible.

All the gentlemen named bore themselves with marked gallantry and devotion. Captain Marmaduke Johnson's battery was attached to my brigade until so much disabled in action as to render it necessary to order it to the rear for repairs. I have reason to think that it performed very important service, but as it was not under my eye, and I have received no report from the Captain, I am not able to report the particulars of its action.

I beg leave to say, in conclusion, that it was a week of hard fighting and hard marching with my brigade, presenting few incidents to be committed to paper. I herewith present reports from the commanders of my regiments, to which I ask the attention of the Major-General commanding the division.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. O'B. Branch, *Brigadier-General.*

REPORT OF COLONEL COWAN.

Headquarters Eighteenth Regiment N. C. Troops,
Near Richmond, Va., July, 1862.

General—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of this regiment under my command in the recent battles around Richmond.

Our march across the Chickahominy, on the morning of Thursday, June 26th, and down its northern banks to Mechanicsville, having been conducted under your personal direction, it is not necessary to refer to its incidents.

We reached Mechanicsville Thursday afternoon in time to participate in the attack upon the batteries which commanded that crossing, but were not prominently engaged. Thursday night we were ordered to defend the batteries planted upon the position which had been taken from the enemy, from any attempt that might be made to retake them during the night. Consequently we slept upon our arms in the immediate vicinity, with the proper picket force out on all sides; but no demonstration was made by the enemy. Friday morning, at dawn of day, he opened upon us with his artillery, and the fire was continued until his position was turned and he was thus forced to abandon it. In all these engagements, however, my men were but little exposed, and my loss was very slight—only three men being wounded by the explosion of a shell.

Friday afternoon, at four o'clock, we were put into the fight at Cold Harbor. By your order, my line of battle was formed on the right of the road, and in this order I advanced through the dense woods in which the enemy was posted. A small ravine, deep and boggy, compelled us to flank still farther to the right. By this means I became separated from the remainder of the brigade (which had been formed on the left), and for a long time was wholly without assistance in my attempts upon the enemy's position. Again and again was that position assailed, and again and again were we repulsed by vastly superior numbers. Regiment after regiment sent into the same attack shared the same fate; and it was not until late in the afternoon, when the continuous arrival of fresh troops had given us somewhat an equality of forces, that any decided impression was made upon the enemy. His position was carried in that late general charge which swept his whole army from the field in a perfect rout. In his flight I was perfectly satisfied with the conduct of my regiment. The position of the enemy was such that we were exposed to a heavy fire from the flank as well as from the front; and though the regiment was frequently broken and compelled to fall back, yet I did not once lose the command of it. The men reformed with great alacrity, and my commands were obeyed with the promptness, if not the precision of drill. My loss, in killed and wounded, was sixty-eight. Nothing but the thickness of the woods saved us from total destruction in our first unassisted effort upon the enemy's position. Saturday we were engaged in burying the dead. Sunday morning we crossed to the south of the Chickahominy in pursuit of the enemy. Monday we continued the pursuit until we engaged the enemy at Frazier's farm. Here my regiment joined the brigade in a series of charges upon the enemy's batteries. Without a sign of faltering, shouting the battle cry of "Stonewall," which they adopted of their own accord, they advanced across two open fields in face of a perfect shower of grape and musketry, until they reached the small ravine, traversed by a fence, within a short distance of the enemy's line of battle. Taking advantage of this slight shelter, they maintained themselves in this position until the arrival of reinforcements, when they joined in the general charge which won the batteries. My loss here was very heavy—killed and wounded, one hundred and fifty men; among them, First Lieutenant W. A. Houstin, of Company I, and my Sergeant-Major, A. Dunmore, both of them young

men of brilliant prospects, and as gallant, as daring, as devoted to the cause as any officers in the Confederate servive.

Tuesday, at Malvern hill, we were marched to the field, but were held in reserve, and had no opportunity to deliver a fire. Three of my men, however, were killed by fragments of shell. My total loss has been 224 in killed and wounded—a detailed statement having already been furnished you. When it is stated that I entered the series of battles with less than four hundred men, it will be seen that the proportion is very heavy.

That there were many stragglers from the field of battle is not to be denied. There have been stragglers from every field since the war began. As a general rule, however, it appeared to me that the men fought throughout the whole army as if each individual were thoroughly impressed with the belief that it was necessary that we should be victorious in the field before Richmond. Amid this army of heroes, I have no reason to be dissatisfied with my regiment. Whether on a march or in the field, exposed to fatigue and privation, in the midst of danger and in the face of death, they were cheerful and obedient, prompt and daring. No order was given that they did not cheerfully and faithfully *attempt* to execute. Where all behaved well, it is difficult to make distinction. My field and staff did their whole duty. Still, I desire to make special mention of my Lieutenant-Colonel, Thomas J. Purdie. He was everywhere in the thickest of the fight—cool and courageous—encouraging the men and directing them in their duty. His services were invaluable. I desire also to make special mention of Captains Savage, Barry, McLaurin and Byrne. They were all conspicuous in the discharge of their duties, and all wounded on the field—the last three very seriously, Captain Byrne having lost an arm.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, &c.,

ROBERT H. COWAN,

Colonel Commanding Eighteenth North Carolina Troops.

Report of General Forrest of Operations against W. Sooy Smith in February, 1864.

HEADQUARTERS FORREST'S CAVALRY DEPARTMENT,
COLUMBUS, MISS., March 8th, 1864.

Colonel—I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements and operations of my command against the Federal forces under command of General Smith, in the engagements of the 20th, 21st and 22d ultimo.

Learning on the 14th ultimo at Oxford that the enemy was moving in heavy force in the direction of Pontotoc, and believing his destination to be the prairies, and from thence a junction with Sherman, I withdrew all my forces from the Tallahatchie and Yazoo rivers and moved rapidly to Starkville, which place I reached on the evening of the 18th ultimo. On the 19th the enemy were reported at Okalona, but his movements or intended course was not developed; and fearing he might cross the Tombigbee, I ordered Bell's brigade to Columbus, and also dispatched General Ruggles to use all his effective force to prevent them from doing so. At the same time, I ordered Brigadier-General Chalmers, commanding division, to send Forrest's brigade to Aberdeen, or in that direction, to meet and ascertain the movements of the enemy, and also with McCulloch's brigade of his division and Richardson's brigade, under Colonel Neely, to move out to West Point—leaving General Richardson at Starkville in command of all the dismounted men of the command, to protect my wagon train, and send out scouts in the direction of Houston in order to give timely notice, should the enemy divide his forces and move in that direction.

On the morning of the 20th, Colonel Forrest met the enemy in force and fell back towards West Point, skirmishing with them, but avoiding an engagement. In repelling their attacks, he lost two men killed and several wounded and captured. I moved over to his assistance with General Chalmers and his remaining brigade, taking with me also Richardson's brigade and two batteries of artillery, joining Colonel Forrest within three miles of West Point. Finding the enemy in heavy force, and having been informed that General Lee was moving to my assistance, and desiring to delay a general engagement as long as possible, I determined at once to withdraw my forces south of Sookatouchie creek, which I did,

camping a portion of them near Ellis' bridge and the remainder at Siloam. After crossing the river a courier reported the enemy as having crossed the river eight miles above Ellis' bridge, destroying mills and taking horses and negroes. With five companies of Faulkner's regiment and my escort, I moved rapidly to the point, clearly designated by the smoke of the burning mill, gained the bridge, and succeeded in capturing the squad, which proved to be a lieutenant and twenty-two privates of the Fourth regulars, United States cavalry. Fearing the enemy might attempt to cross at the upper bridge during the night, I ordered its destruction, and concentrated my force at Ellis' bridge, three miles from West Point. This bridge I determined, if possible, to defend and preserve, because it was necessary, in the event we could drive back the enemy, to use it in advancing on them; and had I allowed the enemy to cross it, and then suceeeded in driving them back, they would have burned it behind them, rendering pursuit impossible without heading the stream.

During the night all was quiet. On Sunday morning, the 21st, the videttes and pickets were driven in, and the enemy reported advancing from West Point in full force. I had ordered General Chalmers to dismount his division, throwing Forrest's brigade across the creek in front of the bridge, while McCulloch's brigade took possession of the south bank of the stream, to support Colonel Forrest and protect him in the event he was compelled to retire and recross the stream. Dispatches were sent to General Richardson to move up all his force to the bridge across Line creek, eight miles of Starkville and four miles in my rear; also to Colonel Barteau to move across the Tombigbee, to keep on the flank, and, if possible, to gain the enemy's rear. I ordered Colonel Neely to move his (Richardson's) brigade at once, and to guard all the ferries and fords across Tibbee river from the mouth of Line creek to Tibbee station; sending Major-General Gholson and the State forces under his commond to Palo Alto, to watch any movement of the enemy from the direction of Houston. In making these necessary dispositions, my effective force in front of the enemy was reduced to Chalmers' division, my escort and two batteries. The enemy attacked Colonel Forrest at eight o'clock, and after a fight of two hours, were repulsed with considerable loss. The hastily improvised breastworks of rails and logs, thrown up by Colonel Forrest, greatly protected his men, and our casualties during this fight were seven men wounded.

As the enemy withdrew, I followed them with my escort and a portion of Faulkner's regiment mounted; also with a section of Morton's battery, supported by a regiment from McCulloch's brigade on foot. Our advance at first was necessarily slow and cautious. I soon ascertained, after a few well directed shots from our artillery, that the enemy had begun a rapid and systematic retreat, and dashed on after them—sending back orders to General Chalmers to send forward to me, as rapidly as possible, two thousand of his best mounted men and Hoole's battery of Mountain howitzers. I soon came on their rear guard, charged it with my escort and Faulkner's command, and drove it before me. They made several stands; but Colonel McCulloch, with his brigade, having caught up, we continued to charge and drive them on, killing and wounding fifteen or twenty of them, and capturing a number of prisoners. Night came on, and we kept so close to the enemy that my men mistook each other for the enemy and fired a volley at each other, without, however, doing any damage. Fearing a recurrence of such mistakes, and considering the great risk necessarily incurred in following and fighting a superior force after dark, I determined to camp for the night and resume the chase at daylight next morning.

Early next morning, the column moved forward. Taking a different road with my escort, I came upon and charged the enemy four miles from Okalona, and drove their rear guard into town, where I found them drawn up in line of battle and apparently awaiting our arrival. Colonel Barteau, with Bell's brigade, had also reached Okalona, and was in line of battle awaiting the arrival of the balance of my forces. Leaving my escort in line as skirmishers, with my staff I made a circuit around the town, took command of Bell's brigade, and advanced upon them. They received us with a volley and charged with yells, but were handsomely repulsed in the open field and forced to retreat, which they did rapidly and in confusion—using every exertion to check pursuit by ambuscading and forming regiments on either side of the road, who would fire and retreat successively. Before attempting or being able to make a stand of any kind, they were crowded so closely that they cut out the horses and abandoned five pieces of artillery—some of the pieces spiked—and gaining the broken and hilly country on the Pontotoc road, their resistance became more stubborn. They had every advantage in selecting position, and to drive and dislodge them I was compelled to dismount the most of

my command, and fought the last nine miles on foot. About five miles from Okalona, they formed and awaited us, making a determined stand. McCulloch's and Forrest's brigades both arriving, with Hoole's battery, after a short but obstinate resistance, the enemy gave way. In this engagement Colonel Forrest was killed, whilst rallying and leading his men. In a few miles they again formed, and having dismounted a portion of their men and made breastworks of the fences on each side of the road, they were with some difficulty and hard fighting compelled to retire. In driving them at this point, Lieutenant-Colonel Barksdale, commanding Fifth Mississippi regiment, fell mortally wounded. Ten miles from Pontotoc, they made a last and final effort to check pursuit, and from their preparations, numbers and advantageous positions, no doubt indulged the hope of success. They had formed in three lines, across a large field on the left of the road, but which a turn in the road made directly in our front. Their lines were at intervals of several hundred paces, and the rear and second lines longer then the first. As the advance of my column moved up, they opened on us with artillery. My ammunition was nearly exhausted, and I knew that if we faltered they would in turn become the attacking party, and that disaster might follow. Many of my men were broken down and exhausted with clambering the hills on foot and fighting almost constantly for the last nine miles.

I determined, therefore, relying upon the bravery and courage of the few men I had up, to advance to the attack. As we moved up, the whole force charged down at a gallop, and I am proud to say that my men did not disappoint me. Standing firm, they repulsed the grandest cavalry charge I ever witnessed. The Second and Seventh Tennessee drove back the advance line, and as it wheeled in retreat, poured upon them a destructive fire. Each successive line of the enemy shared the same fate and fled the field in dismay and confusion, and leaving it strewn with dead and wounded men and horses, and losing another piece of artillery.

Half of my command were out of ammunition; the men and horses exhausted and worn down with two days' hard riding and fighting. Night was at hand and further pursuit impossible.

Major-General Gholson arrived during the night. His command was small, but comparatively fresh. I ordered him to follow on the next morning and press them across the Tallahatchie. Having received no official report from him, I cannot give any details of his pursuit after them.

Considering the disparity in numbers and equipments, I regard the defeat of this force—consisting, as it did, of the best cavalry in the Federal army—as a victory of which all engaged in it may justly feel proud.

It has given, for a time at least, peace and security to a large scope of rich country, whose inhabitants anticipated and expected to be overrun, devastated and laid waste; and its moral effect upon the raw, undisciplined and undrilled troops of this command is in value incalculable. It has inspired them with courage, and given them confidence in themselves and their commanders. Although many of them were but recently organized, they fought with a courage and daring worthy of veterans.

I herewith transmit you a list of casualties, which, under all the circumstances, is small, and especially so when compared with that of the enemy.

The killed and wounded of the enemy who fell into our hands amount to over one hundred. We captured six pieces of artillery, three stands of colors, and one hundred and sixty-two prisoners. By pressing every horse, buggy, carriage and vehicle along the road, they were enabled to take off all their wounded, except those severely or mortally wounded; and it is but reasonable to suppose and a low estimate to place their loss in killed, wounded and missing at eight hundred. My force in the fight did not not exceed twenty-five hundred men, while that of the enemy was twenty-seven regiments of cavalry and mounted infantry, estimated at seven thousand strong.

I regret the loss of some gallant officers. The loss of my brother, Colonel J. E. Forrest, is deeply felt by his brigade, as well as by myself; and it is but just to say that, for sobriety, ability, prudence and bravery, he had no superior of his age. Lieutenant-Colonel Barksdale was also a brave and gallant man, and his loss fell heavily on the regiment he commanded, as it was left now without a field officer.

I desire to testify my appreciation of the skill and ability of Colonels McCulloch, Russell and Duckworth, commanding brigades. Colonel McCulloch, although wounded on the evening of the 22d, continued in command; Colonel Russell assumed command of Bell's brigade after the injury to Colonel Barteau, and Colonel Duckworth took command of Forrest's brigade after Colonel Forrest fell, on the morning of the 22d ultimo.

I have formally congratulated and returned my thanks to the

officers and troops of my command for their gallant and meritorious conduct, for their energy, endurance and courage; and it would afford me pleasure to mention individual instances of daring and dash which came under my own observation, but for fear of doing apparent injustice to others who, in other parts of the field, perhaps did as well.

My escort deserves especial mention. Commanded by Lieutenant Thomas S. Tate on 21st and by its commander, Captain Jackson, on the 22d, its battle-flag was foremost in the fray, sustaining its reputation as one of the best fighting cavalry companies in the service.

I also desire to acknowledge, as I have often done before, my indebtedness to Major J. P. Strange, my Adjutant-General; Captain Charles W. Anderson, my Aid-de-Camp, and Lieutenant Tate, Assistant Inspector-General, for prompt and faithful services rendered in the delivery and execution of all my orders on the field.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

N. B. Forrest, *Major-General.*

The Cavalry—Remarks of Private James N. Dunlop, at A. N. V. Banquet, October 29th, 1879.

Mr. Dunlop was called on to respond to a toast to the cavalry, and spoke as follows:

> "To horse, to horse; the sabres gleam,
> High sounds our bugle call;
> Combined by honor's sacred tie,
> Our watchword, *laws and liberty!*
> Forward! to do or die."

Mr. Chairman and Fellow Comrades—The simple melody of our bugles when, in days of yore, they called us to "mount," or sounded "the advance," is heard anew in the sentiment just proposed and in our ears again ring their commands—set to the notes of Scotland's chief minstrel—breathed from the magic touch of the "Wizard of the North."

And so the events of those times, that "tried men's souls," the homely detail of the soldier's daily life—no less than the splendid achievement of "peril's darkest hour"—shall furnish material for the solemn, stately muse of history and thrilling theme for story and for song.

The sentiment, sir, is an epitome of our struggle, and by a single happy touch delineates the instinct of the citizen soldiery of the South, as, bound together less by the iron bands of discipline than the golden cords that draw the patriot's heart, they stood to defend their people's liberties, to vindicate a violated Organic Law. In this behalf your "cavalry" was privileged to do battle. For this they "drew sabre."

> "Combined by honor's sacred tie,
> Their watchword, laws and liberty."

Grave views of the philosophy of our struggle, or of its bearing upon the future of the country, were illy obtruded on this occasion of sacred memories and of chastened mirth. Thus much, at least, the sentiment suggests in the "watchword" it utters—For "laws and liberty," for constitutional freedom, our war was the grandest protest a century has witnessed, and its principles will prove the only sure bulwark for that freedom through centuries yet to come. Deep down, beyond the fate of passing issues, the upheaval of local institutions, the tottering of a fair social fabric—broader in import, undiminished in vitality—repose these principles, universal, eternal. Before the government was born, they were. They rocked the cradle of Liberty on this continent, and when they perish Liberty will have found her grave.

For one, I cannot, in the light of the sacred past, remit the future to the chilling counsel of a desolate despair. Nay, rather, from the altar of our memories, I would kindle the flame of our hopes, and in these "reunions" pour annual libation to the Truth, that "had its being" incarnate in our cause.

Truth, subjected to mock trial and condemnation, scourged and spitted on, betrayed by secret foes, denied by avowed friends, staggering under its Cross, and sealed to-day in its sepulchre, bursts to-morrow the gates of death, rises with the crown, triumphant reigns throughout the world.

In our momentous struggle, what part "the cavalry" bore the tongue of your minstrel alone might fitly tell; representatives at home and in distant States, among the living and the dead, proclaim the stuff whereof it was made. Its chief glory is that it shared the glory of the Army of Northern Virginia. But discrimination may be made of peculiar excellence where comparison would be as odious as impossible. We watched while others slept, and snuffed the first breath of hostile approach. We were now in the van—now in the rear. Active movement often "multiplied our presence." Ubiquity scarce filled the measure of our duty. Eyes were we for those that were blind—ears for those that were deaf—without us. And the hundred hands of Briareus, though moved by a giant's arm, were powerless without the hundred eyes of Argus to see where they should strike.

But sense of sight and hearing and delicate touch were not all. What has been truly said in general of the individuality of the Confederate soldier, with special force applies to the cavalier. The training of an establishment of regulars may give power to machinery in obedience, moved even by mediocrity in command. The unavoidable absence of such previous training for our war, left greater scope for the unaided resources of individual genius in commanders and individual valor in men—the native prowess and intelligent obedience of a patriotic soldiery "combined by honor's sacred tie." The Virginia cavalry was "born, not made." The soil of this State seemed to be its habitat, and at the call of war, it—

> "Rose from the ground like feathered Mercury,
> And vaulted, with such ease, into its seat,
> As if an angel dropped down from the clouds
> To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship."

When, in the Syrian desert, a place where no man meets a friend, Saladin and a knight of the Red Cross met and prepared them for deadly encounter, the Soldan of Egypt and Syria, ere the crusaders' mace could be hurled at him, with matchless dexterity, turnd his barb and thrice rode around his ponderous enemy. But when, in these latter days, like black clouds in the firmament of heaven, surcharged, sulphurous and ready to burst on the hushed, expectant air, great armies, not men, stood facing for the death-grapple, in sight of this fair city, then the peerless leader of "the cavalry," as on winged steed, like another Saladin, with magnificent sweep, encircled the foe and blazed the track of his coming doom.

The prophet Elijah with his garment parted the waters of the Jordan, and passed in a whirlwind from the sight of Elisha, who re-

ceived the falling mantle and repeated upon the waters his Master's miracle. But on the banks of another stream, now become historic, when our Great Captain's great Lieutenant had fought his last fight, and was making ready to doff the habiliments of earthly command, a successor for that field it was the glory of the cavalry to furnish—a successor, who, as we heard in the capitol to-night, with the very ring of the fallen hero's metal, ordered the men, when ammunition had failed, to "hold their ground with the bayonet!" And thus did the spirit of the great Elijah, who was passing from the whirlwind of that battle, out of his followers' sight, rest upon Elisha, and Stuart bore the mantle of Stonewall Jackson!

Among the legends of ancient Rome was one that at the battle of the Lake Regillus, the victory was due to the twin sons of thundering Jove, who were seen to ride in the fight.

There be twain still with us, bearers of a name—we utter with reverence because of the illustrious dead—a name that thrilled with electric power devoted followers, drew the plaudits of the civilized world, and wrung from foes even the tribute of admiring respect—a name that we shall repeat to the latest posterity as borne by one, the model of all that was godlike in man—I name the name of Lee—there be these twain, not brothers indeed, according to the flesh, but sons of brethren, our orator of the capitol and our absent President, who rode in the fight like Castor and Pollox: To your sentiment, Mr. Chairman, "the cavalry" responds with these! These—

> "Be the great twin brethren,
> That fought so well for Rome!"

Explosive or Poisoned Musket or Rifle Balls—Were they Authorized and Used by the Confederate States Army, or by the United States Army during the Civil War?—A Slander Refuted.

By Rev. Horace Edwin Hayden.

The following remarkable statement occurs as a note to the account of the battle of Gettysburg, on page 78, volume III, of "The Pictorial History of the Civil War in the United States of America, by Benson J. Lossing, LL. D.":

Many, mostly young men, were maimed in every conceivable way, by every kind of weapon and missile, the most fiendish of which was an explosive and a poisoned bullet, represented in the engraving a little more than half the size of the originals, procured from the battlefield there by the writer. *These were sent by the Confederates. Whether any were ever used by the Nationals, the writer is not informed.* One was made to explode in the body of the man, and the other to leave a deadly poison in him, whether the bullet lodged in or passed through him.

Figure A represents the explosive bullet. The perpendicular stem, with a piece of thin copper hollowed, and a head over it of bullet metal, fitted a cavity in the bullet proper below it, as seen in the engraving. In the bottom of the cavity was fulminating powder. When the bullet struck, the momentum would cause the copper in the outer disc to flatten, and allow the point of the stem to strike and explode the fulminating powder, when the bullet would be rent into fragments which would lacerate the victim.

In figure B the bullet proper was hollowed, into which was inserted another, also hollow, containing poison. The latter being loose, would slip out and remain in the victim's body or limbs with its freight of poison if the bullet proper should pass through. Among the Confederate wounded at the College were boys of tender age and men who had been forced into the ranks against their will.

The italics I am responsible for. It is difficult for those who live at the South to realize how extensively such insinuating slanders as the above against the Confederates are credited at the North, even by reading people.

I purpose in this paper to examine the statement of the author of this Pictorial History, and to show, by indisputable proof, its recklessness and its falsity. In the above quotation, he states that he had picked up, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, an *explosive* and a *poisoned* ball. "*These*," he adds, "*were sent by the Confederates. Whether any were ever used by the Nationals, the writer is not informed.*" I do not desire to be severe beyond justice; but it does seem that

as no one ventured to inform him to the contrary, this author accepted the silence of the world and deliberately put into print this slander against the Confederates without having made any apparent effort to learn, as he could have done with ease, whether his statement had any basis of truth.

It is with entire confidence in the facts presented in this paper that I *deny* this author's statement, above, to be a statement of fact. I do more than this—

I. *I most emphatically deny that the Confederate States ever authorized the use of explosive or poisoned musket or rifle balls.*

II. I most emphatically assert that the United States *did purchase, authorize, issue and use explosive musket or rifle* balls during the late civil war, and that they were thus officially authorized and used at the battle of Gettysburg.

It happened in 1864, the day after the negro troops made their desperate and drunken charge on the Confederate lines to the left of Chaffin's farm and were so signally repulsed, that the writer, who was located in the trenches a mile still further to the left, picked up, in the field outside the trenches assailed by the negroes, some of the cartridges these poor black victims had dropped, containing the very "*explosive*" ball described in the above quotation and charged to the Confederates. I have preserved one of these balls ever since. It lies before me as I write. It is similar to figure A, and with a *zinc* and not a *copper* disc. *It never contained any fulminating powder.* The construction of the ball led me to make investigations to ascertain its purpose. At first, I thought it might be made to leave in the body of the person struck by it three pieces of metal, instead of one, to irritate, and possibly destroy life. But this theory appeared to me so "fiendish" that I was unwilling to accept it, and I became convinced, after more careful examination, that the purpose of the ball was to increase the momentum, by forcing in the cap and expanding the disc so as to fill up the grooves of the rifle. The correctness of this view will be proven in this paper.

In the first place, although the charge made by the author of the Pictorial History of the Civil War against the Confederates of having used explosive and poisoned balls, has been made before, and often repeated since, it has never been supported by one grain of proof. How did this author ascertain that the balls he picked up on the battlefield of Gettysburg were sent by the Confederates? How did he learn that one was an *explosive* and the other a *poisoned*

projectile? Did he test the explosive power of the one and the poisonous character of the other? He gives no evidence of having done so, and advances no proof of his assertions.

It is a very remarkable fact that no case was ever reported in Northern hospitals, or by Northern surgeons, of Union soldiers having been wounded by such barbarous missiles as these from the Confederate side.

I have very carefully examined those valuable quarto volumes issued by the United States Medical Department and entitled "The Medical and Surgical History of the Rebellion," and as yet have failed to find any case of wound or death reported as having occurred by an explosive or poisoned musket ball, excepting that on page 91 of volume II of said work there is a table of four thousand and two (4,002) cases of gunshot wounds of the scalp, *two* (2) of which occurred by *explosive musket balls.* To which army these two belonged does not appear.

A letter addressed to the Surgeon-General of the United States by the writer on this subject, has elicited the reply that the Medical Department is without any information as to wounds by such missiles. I do not find such projectiles noticed as preserved in the museum of the Surgeon-General's Department, where rifle projectiles taken from wounds are usually deposited.

In the *second* place, the manufacture, purchase, issue or use of such projectiles for firearms by the Confederate States, is positively denied by the Confederate authorities, as the following correspondence will show:

BEAUVOIR, MISS., 28th June, 1879.

My Dear Sir— . . . In reply to your inquiries as to the use of explosive or poisoned balls by the troops of the Confederate States, I state as positively as one may in such a case that the charge has no foundation in truth. Our Government certainly did not manufacture or import such balls, and if any were captured from the enemy, they could probably only have been used in the captured arms for which they were suited. I heard occasionally that the enemy did use explosive balls, and others prepared so as to leave a copper ring in the wound, but it was always spoken of as an atrocity beneath knighthood and abhorrent to civilization. The slander is only one of many instances in which our enemy have committed or attempted crimes of which our people and their Government were incapable, and then magnified the guilt by accusing us of the offences they had committed. . . . .

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

General Josiah Gorgas, the Chief of Ordnance of the Confederate States—now of the University of Alabama—writes, under date of July 11th, 1879, that to his "knowledge the Confederate States never authorized or used explosive or poisoned rifle balls during the late war." In this statement also General I. M. St. John and General John Ellicott, both of the Ordnance Bureau, Confederate States army, entirely concur.

The Adjutant-General of the United States also writes me, under date of August 22d, 1879, as to the Confederate archives now in the possession of the National Government, as follows: "In reply to yours of the 18th August, I have the honor to inform you that the Confederate States records in the possession of this Department furnish no evidence that poisoned or explosive musket balls were used by the army of the Confederate States."

Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, has written me to the same effect as to the archives in the possession of the Society.

In the *third* place, a brief examination of the United States Patent Office Reports for 1862–3, and the Ordnance Reports for 1863–4, will show that the "*explosive and the poisoned balls*" which the author of the "Pictorial History of the Civil War" so gratuitously charges upon the Confederates, were patented by the United States Patent Office at Washington, and were purchased, issued and used by the United States Government, and, what is still more remarkable, that *neither of the aforesaid projectiles were in any sense explosive or poisoned.*

In the Patent Office Report for 1862–3 will be found the following, with the corresponding illustration in the second volume:

No. 37,145—Elijah D. Williams, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania—*Improvement in Elongated Bullets*—Patent dated December 9, 1862.

This invention consists in the combination with an elongated expanding bullet of a leaded pin and a concave expanding disc, the disc having its concave side against the base of the bullet, and the pin entering the cavity thereof and operating to produce the flattening of the disc, by which it is caused *to expand against the walls of and enter the groves of the gun.*

Claim—First, the combination with elongated expanding bullets of a pin, C, and expanding disc, B, applied substantially as herein specified. Second, fitting the pin to the cavity of the bullet in the manner substantially as herein specified, whereby the expansion of the bullet is caused to commence in the front part of its expanding portion and to be gradually continued toward the rear as herein set forth.

So much for the *explosive* ball "*sent by the Confederates.*"

In the same volume of the Patent Office Reports will be found also the following:

No. 36,197—Ira W. Shaler, of Brooklyn, New York, and Reuben Shaler, of Madison, Connecticut, assigned to Ira W. Shaler aforesaid—*Improvement in Compound Bullet for Small Arms*—Patent dated August 12, 1862.

This projectile is composed of two or more parts which fit the bore of the barrel and so constructed that the forward end of each of the parts in the rear of the front one enters a cavity in the rear of the one before it, and is formed in relation to the same in such a manner as to separate from it after leaving the barrel of the gun and make a slight deviation in its line of flight from that of its predecessor.

Claim—The projectile hereinbefore described, made up of two or more parts, each of equal diameter, constructed as set forth so as to separate from each other.

No illustration of this projectile appears in the illustrated volume of patents; but an official drawing of it from the Patent Office lies before me. The ball is slightly different from figure B (*supra*), in that it is here perfect, and figure B gives but two parts of the missile.

So much for the *poisoned* ball "*sent by the Confederates.*"

Any person ought to know perfectly well that it was not necessary to invent or construct a rifle ball especially adapted to carry poison, when the common minnie ball itself, dipped into liquid poison and coated, as ball cartridges are usually finished, with wax or tallow, would have effected the same purpose.

To what extent the bullets of Williams and Shaler were used during the late war by the United States troops, the following official communication from the War Department at Washington, under date of September 16, 1879, will show:

Sir—In reply to your letter of the 9th instant to the Secretary of War, I have to inform you that during the late war a great many of the bullets patented by Elijah D. Williams and about 200,000 of those patented by Ira W. Shaler were used by the United States.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. C. Lyford, *Acting Chief of Ordnance.*

In the *fourth* place, in repelling and refuting the charge against the Confederates of having used explosive musket or rifle projectiles, I charge the United States Government with not only patent-

ing, but purchasing and using, especially at the battle of Gettysburg, an *explosive musket shell;* nor do I trust to my imagination, but I present the facts, which are as follows:

In April, 1862, the Commissioner of Public Buildings at Washington brought to the attention of the Assistant Secretary of War—then Mr. John Tucker—the explosive musket shell invented by Samuel Gardiner, jr. The Assistant Secretary at once referred the matter to General James W. Ripley, who was then the Chief of the Ordnance Bureau at Washington. What action was taken will appear when it is stated that in May, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance at the West Point Military Academy made a report to the Government of a trial of the Gardiner musket shell. In May, 1862, Mr. Gardiner offered to sell some of his explosive musket shells to the Government at a stipulated price. His application was referred to General Ripley with the following endorsement:

Will General Ripley consider whether this explosive shell will be a valuable missile in battle?

A. Lincoln.

General Ripley replied that "it had no value as a service projectile."

In June, 1862, Brigadier-General Rufus King, at Fredericksburg, made a requisition for some of the Gardiner musket shells. On referring this application to the Chief of Ordnance, General Ripley, that old army officer, whose sense of right must have been shocked at this instance of barbarism, a second time recorded his disapproval, replying that "it was not advisable to furnish any such missiles to the troops at present in service."

In September, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance of the Eleventh corps, United States army, recommended the shell to the Assistant Secretary of War, who ordered 10,000 rounds to be purchased—made into cartridges. Of this number, 200 were issued to Mr. Gardiner for trial by the Eleventh corps. In October, 1862, the Chief of Ordnance of the Eleventh corps, then in reserve near Fairfax Courthouse, sent in a requisition, endorsed by the General commanding the corps, for 20,000 Gardiner musket shells and cartridges. The Assistant Secretary of War referred the matter to the Chief of Ordnance, General Ripley, who for the *third* time recorded his disapproval of such issue. Nevertheless, the Assistant Secretary of War ordered the issue to be made to the Eleventh corps of the remaining 9,800 shells and cartridges, which order was obeyed.

In November, 1862, Mr. Gardiner offered to sell to the United States his explosive musket shell and cartridge at $35 per thousand, calibre 58. The Assistant Secretary of War at once ordered 100,000, of which 75,000 were calibre 58 for infantry, and 25,000 calibre 54 for cavalry service.

In June, 1863, the Second New Hampshire volunteers made a requisition for 35,000 of these shells, and by order of the Assistant Secretary of War, they received 24,000. Of this number, 10,060 were abandoned in Virginia and 13,940 distributed to the regiment. The report of this regiment, made subsequently, shows that in the third quarter of 1863—that is, from July 1st to October 1st—about 4,000 of these shells were used in trials and target firing, and about 10,000 were used in action. The Second New Hampshire regiment was in the battle of Gettysburg, and 49 of its members lie buried in the cemetery there.

The above statement shows that the Assistant Secretary of War, against what might be regarded as the protest of the Chief of Ordnance, purchased 110,000 of the Gardiner explosive musket shells, and issued to the troops in actual service 35,000, leaving 75,000 on hand at the close of the war.

In 1866 the Russian Government issued a circular calling a convention of the Nations for the purpose of declaring against the use of explosive projectiles in war. To this circular the then Chief of Ordnance of the United States, General A. B. Dyer, made the following reply, which I have but little doubt expresses the sentiment which actuated General Ripley in his disapproval of the purchase and issue of the Gardiner musket shell:

ORDNANCE OFFICE, WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, August 19, 1868.

Hon. J. M. SCHOFIELD, *Secretary of War:*

Sir—I have read the communication from the Russian Minister in relation to the abolishment of the use of explosive projectiles in military warfare, with the attention and care it well deserves.

I concur heartily in the sentiments therein expressed, and I trust that our Government will respond unhesitatingly to the proposition in behalf of humanity and civilization. The use in warfare of explosive balls, so sensitive as to ignite and burst on striking a substance as soft and yielding as animal flesh (of men or horses), I consider barbarous and no more to be tolerated by civilized nations than the universally reprobated practice of using poisoned missiles, or of poisoning food or drink to be left in the

way of an enemy. Such a practice is inexcusable among any people above the grade of ignorant savages. Neither do I regard the use in war of such explosive balls as of any public advantage, but rather the reverse; for it will have the effect of killing outright, rather than wounding, and it is known that the care of wounded men much more embarrasses the future operations of the enemy than the loss of the same number killed, who require no further attention which may delay or impede them.

There is a class of explosive projectiles now used, the discontinuance of which is not demanded by humanity, and the use of which may be considered legitimate. These are the projectiles which can only be exploded by contact with hard, resisting substances, and which are generally used for destroying ships, caissons, or light fortifications, and not directly against men or animals in the opposing ranks. These latter ought not and probably cannot be included in an agreement or treaty to prohibit their use in warfare; but I strongly advocate an agreement or treaty binding all civilized nations to discontinue and forever abandon the use in war of that class of missiles or projectiles which may be used in small arms and be so sensitive as to explode on contact with animal flesh.

The papers in the case, received through the State and War Departments, are herewith returned.

In this connection, I also notice a letter from the Hon. C. M. Clay, our Minister to Russia, which has been referred to this office and herewith returned, and on which I have to report. If the civilized nations persist in refusing to discontinue and abandon the use of sensitive explosive balls, then it would be well for this Government to enter into the agreement suggested by Mr. Clay, whereby we may be enabled to secure their use in case of necessity, by an agreement with him, or his named authorized agent, for the payment of a stipulated royalty on each that may be procured from him, or may be used in the Government service.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. B. DYER,
Brevet Major-General, Chief of Ordnance.

I have recorded enough to show the recklessness and falsity of the charge against the Confederates of using such missiles in small arms during the late war, and the public is hereby specifically "*informed whether the Nationals ever used them.*"

In the Patent Office Report for 1863–4 will be found the following account of the Gardiner musket shell:

No. 40,468—Samuel Gardiner, jr., of New York, N. Y.—*Improvement in Hollow Projectiles*—Patent dated November 3, 1863.

The shell to form the central chamber is attached to a mandrel, and the metal forced into a mould around it.

Claim—Constructing shells for firearms by forcing the metal into a mould around an internal shell supported on a mandrel.

I have a box of these shells in my possession. They are open for examination by any persons who may desire to see them.

This summer the distinguished officer who commanded the 143d regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers, United States army, at the battle of Gettysburg, informed me that during the last day of the battle, he and his men frequently heard, above their heads, amid the whistling of the minnie balls from the Confederate side, sharp, explosive sounds like the snapping of musket caps. He mentioned the matter to an ordnance officer at the time. The officer replied that what he heard was explosive rifle balls, which the Confederates had captured from the Union troops, who had lately received them from the Ordnance Department.

From the fact that the Gardiner shell is not fitted with a percussion cap at the point of the projectile, and is not easily exploded by hand, and from the additional fact that only about ten thousand are reported as having been used in action, I am willing to believe that the primary purpose of the Government of the United States in using them was the exploding of caissons. There is, moreover, no evidence that any of these shells were issued from the Ordnance Bureau after the year 1863. The Gardiner shells are so constructed as to have no different appearance in the cartridge from the common minnie ball—only the title on the box, and an examination of the ball when separate from the cartridge, giving any indication of its explosive character.

I know not *certainly* if any other such projectiles were used by the United States troops, nor have I any especial desire to prosecute the investigation further than to prove the position taken in this paper.

It would be disingenuous in me if I failed to notice the fact that a charge somewhat similar to that which begins this article was made by a correspondent in the *Scientific American* for September 6th, 1862, volume VII, page 151, as follows:

Recently it was my privilege to examine, in the hands of a man just from Fortress Monroe, an explosive bullet, such as was used by the Rebels in the six days' battle. It is conical in shape, about one inch long, made of lead, and consists of two parts—viz: a solid head piece and a cylindrical chamber, which are united together by a screw. From the point of the bullet projects a little rod, which passes down through a small hole in the head piece into the chamber below, where it was connected with a percussion cap. The chamber contains about a tablespoonful of powder. You can readily perceive that if the bullet should encounter a

bone or other hard substance when entering a man's body, it will explode and thereby produce a fatal wound.

F. J. C.

PHILADELPHIA, August 23, 1862.

In the Patent Office Report (United States) for 1863-4 will be found a shell exactly corresponding to this one:

No. 39,593—Joseph Nottingham Smith, New York, N. Y.—*Improvement in Elongated Projectile for Firearms*—Patent dated August 18, 1863.

It consists of an elongated cylinder having a charge chamber in its rear portion, which contains powder for propulsion. The point is a pointed axical bolt, whose rear is furnished with a percussion cap, to be exploded by the forward motion of a striker on the concussion of the projectile.

Not having seen this ball, I cannot *certainly* identify it with the ball mentioned by F. J. C., but it is evidently the same.

The inference is very natural that if these several projectiles, patented by the United States Patent Office, as the invention of Northern men, during the war, and used by the United States armies, were ever used by the Confederates, it was only as captured ammunition. It was hardly possible, at any reasonable cost, to run them through the blockade to the South.

In conclusion, it may be well to draw attention to Mr. Lossing's intimation in the note quoted at the beginning of this paper, that the men of the South were forced into the Confederate ranks against their will, while those of the North were volunteers. Does Mr. Lossing purposely forget the United States drafts made to fill up the depleted regiments in the field, and especially the draft of May, 1863, two months before the battle of Gettysburg, and the riots that occurred in New York city as the result of that draft? Does he purposely forget that the United States established recruiting offices in Europe to procure men for her armies?

It may be questioned whether as a historian Mr. Lossing is deserving even the notice of a novice in history; for, while he is known to be a voluminous writer of American history, he is also known to be a writer of many and great inaccuracies. A writer who has allowed himself to be so easily imposed upon as in his ready acceptance as true history of the Morgan Jones Welsh Indian fraud (American Historical Record, I, 250); who makes such glaring historical mistakes as his statement that General Braddock was defeated and killed at the "battle of the Great Meadows"

(History of the Revolutionary War), and that Captain John Smith, the Virginia explorer, had explored the Susquehanna river as far north as the Wyoming Valley (Harper's Magazine, November, 1860), and who draws so largely on his imagination, and is so much controlled by his prejudices in his "History of the Civil War," cannot be considered an entirely trustworthy historian. But because Mr. Lossing's histories have flooded the North, and are largely accepted as authentic narrations of events, it is due to the Confederates and the cause for which they so long and nobly battled, against such fearful odds, that the truth be made known and Mr. Lossing's misstatements exposed.

It is earnestly to be hoped that the facts presented in this paper will forever set at rest the malicious slander so often repeated against the Confederates, by many who are so willing to believe anything against them, of having authorized the use in military warfare of such atrocious and barbarous missiles as "*explosive and poisoned*" musket or rifle balls.

H. E. H.

BROWNSVILLE, PA., September 1, 1879.

Two Specimen Cases of Desertion.

We by no means excuse or palliate desertion to the enemy, which is universally recognized as one of the basest crimes known to military law; but most of the desertions from the Confederate army occurred during the latter part of the war, and many of them were brought about by the most heart-rending letters from home, telling of suffering and even starving families, and we cannot class these cases with those who deserted to join the enemy, or to get rid of the hardships and dangers of the army. Some most touching cases came under our own observation, but we give only the two following incidents as illustrating many other cases.

A distinguished Major-General in the Western army has given us this incident. An humble man, but very gallant soldier from one of the Gulf States, had enlisted on the assurance of a wealthy planter that he would see that his young wife and child should not lack for a support.

The brave fellow had served his country faithfully until one day he received a letter from his wife, saying that the rich neighbor

who had promised to keep her from want now utterly refused to give or to sell her anything to eat, unless she would submit to the basest proposals which he was persistently making to her, and that unless he could come home she saw nothing but starvation before her and his child. The poor fellow at once applied for a furlough, and was refused. He then went to the gallant soldier who is my informant and stated the case in full, and told him that he must and would go home if he was shot for it the day he returned. The General told him that while he could not give him a permit, he did not blame him for his determination.

The next day he was reported "absent without leave," and was hurrying to his home. He moved his wife and child to a place of safety, and made provision for their support. Then returning to the neighborhood of his home, he caught the miscreant who had tried to pollute the hearthstone of one who was risking his life for him, dragged him into the woods, tied him to a tree, and administered to him a flogging that he did not soon forget. The brave fellow then hurried back to his regiment, joined his comrades just as they were going into battle, and behaved with such conspicuous gallantry as to make all forget that he had ever, even for a short time, been a "deserter."

The other incident which we shall give was related by General C. A. Battle in a speech at Tuscumbia, Alabama, and is as follows:

During the winter of 1862–3 it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts-martial of the Army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground and the winds howled around our camp, I left my bivouac-fire to attend the session of the court. Winding for miles along uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court-ground at Round Oak church. Day after day it had been our duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military law; but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted by such anxious spectators as on that morning awaited the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "The Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper" was called—charge, desertion. A low murmur rose spontaneously from the battle-scarred spectators as a young artilleryman rose from the prisoners' bench, and, in response to the question, "Guilty or not guilty?" answered, "Not guilty."

The Judge-Advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court, observing that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, interposed and inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel." Supposing that it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the Judge-

Advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witnesses." Astonished at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what he regarded as inevitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defence? Is it possible that you abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?" He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court." I said, "Perhaps you are mistaken; you are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions." For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam in tears. Approaching the president of the court, he presented a letter, saying as he did so, "There, Colonel, is what did it." I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles wept like little children. Soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the prisoner's defence. It was in these words:

"My Dear Edward—I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate army I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world; but before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die! Last night I was aroused by little Eddie's crying. I called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry!' And Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner and thinner every day. And before God, Edward, unless you come home we must die.

"YOUR MARY."

Turning to the prisoner, I asked, "What did you do when you received this letter?" He replied, "I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected; again I made application, and it was rejected; a third time I made application, and it was rejected; and that night, as I wandered backward and forward in the camp, thinking of my home, with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking in my brain, I was no longer the Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went to my home. Mary ran out to meet me; her angel arms embraced me, and she whispered, 'O, Edward, I am so happy! I am so glad you got your furlough!' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and, catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come without your furlough? O, Edward, Edward, go back! go back! Let me and my children go down together to the grave, but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of our name!' And here I

am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but in obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of your court."

Every officer of that court-martial felt the force of the prisoner's words. Before them stood, in beatific vision, the eloquent pleader for a husband's and a father's wrongs; but they had been trained by their great leader, Robert E. Lee, to tread the path of duty though the lightning's flash scorched the ground beneath their feet, and each in his turn pronounced the verdict: Guilty. Fortunately for humanity, fortunately for the Confederacy, the proceedings of the court were reviewed by the Commanding-General, and upon the record was written:

"Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia.

"The finding of the court is approved. The prisoner is pardoned, and will report to his company.

"R. E. Lee, *General.*"

During a subsequent battle, when shot and shell were falling "like torrents from the mountain cloud," my attention was directed to the fact that one of our batteries was being silenced by the concentrated fire of the enemy. When I reached the battery every gun but one had been dismantled, and by it stood a solitary Confederate soldier, with the blood streaming from his side. As he recognized me, he elevated his voice above the roar of battle, and said, "General, I have one shell left. Tell me, have I saved the honor of Mary and Lucy?" I raised my hat. Once more a Confederate shell went crashing through the ranks of the enemy, and the hero sank by his gun to rise no more.

"General Lee to the Rear."

By J. William Jones.

General Lee's affectionate regard for those under his charge, and his tender solicitude for their welfare, were equaled only by their admiration and love for him. Unlike some military chieftains, who would sacrifice thousands of men without scruple if their fame demanded it, he was willing at any time to allow his own reputation to suffer in order to preserve his men. His soldiers knew that he would not expose them when he could avoid it; that it was through no fault of his if their rations were scant and their hardships many; and that he regularly robbed his own poorly supplied mess table of luxuries which friends would send him, in

order that they might go to his ragged, suffering boys in the hospital. They knew that their great Chieftain cared for their welfare, and did all in his power to promote it; and their admiration for his splendid genius as a soldier was even excelled by their love for him as a man. Time and again have I seen these brave men—many of them the very elite of Southern society, who had been raised in luxury and never knew what want was before—ragged, barefooted and hungry, and almost ready to break out into open revolt at the idea that their sufferings were due to the inefficiency of the quartermaster and commissary departments; but a single word from General Lee, assuring the men that the supply department was doing all that it could to relieve their wants, would act like a charm; and the magic words, "Marse Robert says so," would hush every murmur and complaint.

When he rode among his troops he was always greeted with enthusiastic cheers, or other manifestations of love and admiration. I one day saw a ragged private whom he met on the road (while riding alone, as was his frequent custom), stand with uncovered head, as if in the presence of royalty, as he rode by. General Lee instantly took off his own hat and treated the humble man with all possible courtesy and respect, and, as he rode on, the soldier enthusiastically said: "God bless Marse 'Robert'! I wish he was emperor of this country, and that I was his carriage driver."

Nothing so pleased the private soldier as to see his officers willing to share his dangers; and among our Confederate soldiers especially, the officer who did not freely go himself wherever he ordered his men soon lost their confidence and respect. But General Lee was an exception to this rule. The soldiers could never bear to see him exposed to personal danger, and always earnestly remonstrated against it.

On the morning of May 6th, 1864, in the Wilderness, as Heth's and Wilcox's divisions of A. P. Hill's corps were preparing to withdraw from the line of their gallant fight of the day before, to give place to Longstreet's corps, which was rapidly approaching, the enemy suddenly made upon them a furious attack with overwhelming numbers. These brave men were borne back by the advancing wave. General Lindsay Walker with his artillery (superbly served under the immediate eye of Lee and Hill) was gallantly beating back the enemy; but they were gathering for a new attack, and it was a crisis in the battle, when the head of Longstreet's corps dashed upon the field. General Lee rode to meet them, and found

the old Texas brigade, led by the gallant Gregg, in front. The men had not seen him since their return from Tennessee, and as he rode up and said, "Ah! these are my brave Texans. I know you, and I know that you can and will keep those people back!" they greeted him with even more than their accustomed enthusiasm as they hurried to the front. But they were soon horrified to find that their beloved Chief was going with them into the thickest of the fight. The men began to shout: "Go back, General Lee! Do go back! General Lee to the rear—General Lee to the rear!" A ragged veteran stepped from the ranks and seized his horse's reins, and at last the whole brigade halted and exclaimed, with one voice, "We will not advance unless General Lee goes back, but if he will not expose himself, we pledge ourselves to drive the enemy back." Just then General Lee saw Longstreet, and rode off to give him some order, and these gallant Texans rushed eagerly forward and nobly redeemed their pledge. The rest of Longstreet's corps hurried to the front; Hill's troops rallied; the enemy was driven in confusion, and only the wounding of Longstreet at this unfortunate juncture prevented the utter rout, if not the crushing, of that wing of Grant's army.

On the 12th of May, 1864, the Confederate lines were broken near Spotsylvania Courthouse; the Federal troops poured into the opening, and a terrible disaster seemed imminent. As Early's old division, now commanded by General John B. Gordon, was being rapidly formed to recapture the works, General Lee rode to the front and took his position just in advance of the colors of the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment. He uttered not a word—he was not the man for theatrical display—but as he quietly took off his hat, and sat his war horse the very personification of the genius of battle, it was evident to all that he meant to lead the charge. Just then the gallant Gordon spurred to his side, seized the reins of his horse, and exclaimed, with deep anxiety: "General Lee, this is no place for you! Do go to the rear. These are Virginians and Georgians, sir—men who have never failed—and they will not fail now. Will you boys? Is it necessary for General Lee to lead this charge?" Loud cries of "No! no! General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear! We always try to do just what General Gordon tells us, and we will drive them back if General Lee will only go to the rear!" burst forth from the ranks.

While two soldiers led General Lee's horse to the rear, Gordon put himself in front of his division, and his clear voice rang out

above the roar of the battle, "Forward! Charge! and remember your promise to General Lee!" Not Napoleon's magic words to his Old Guard—"The eyes of your Emperor are upon you!"—produced a happier effect; and these brave fellows swept grandly forward, stemmed the tide, drove back five times their own numbers, retook the larger part of the works, established a new Confederate line, and converted disaster into a brilliant victory.

General Lee's horse was led back through the color company of the Fifty-second Virginia regiment, which was then commanded by Captain James Bumgardner, Jr., who was an eye-witness of the scene.

At the last "Memorial Day," June 9th, 1879, of the Augusta Association, presided over by Colonel James H. Skinner, of the old Fifty-second Virginia regiment, Captain Bumgardner made an eloquent address, from which I take the following description of the above battle picture, which I obtained from another eye-witness:

There is one incident in the history of the Army of Northern Virginia, so similar in many respects to an incident in the history of the army of Italy, which occurred during that campaign, conceded to be the most successful and splendid of all the campaigns of Napoleon, which so strikingly illustrates the character and spirit of the Confederate soldier, that I cannot forbear repeating it here, though at the risk of telling a twice told tale.

The success of the entire Italian campaign turned upon the successful passage of the bridge of Lodi. The Austrian army with its artillery were massed upon the other side, and the narrow pass must be won in the face of the concentrated fire. The French column was formed and ordered to advance. They staggered under the withering fire and retreated; but failure was ruin, the pass must be won. They were rallied, brought back to the charge, but again retreated; yet the pass must be won; when Napoleon himself, and, by his order, Massena, Berthier, Cervoni, Dalmagne and Lannes, placed themselves at the head of the column—"Follow your Generals!" was the order. They followed their Generals, passed the bridge, pierced the Austrian centre, and won the victory.

In the earliest dawn of a misty morning—the morning of the memorable 12th of May, 1864—one of those tremendous massed columns, which, from time to time during that frightful campaign, were hurled against the Army of Northern Virginia, dashed against our line with the fury and force of a tornado, and burst it asunder; and, through the breach, poured line after line and column after column, as wave follows wave in ocean storm.

In that moment hung suspended the fate of the Army of Northern Virginia. In the instant, just on the spot, that rushing, solid,

ever-increasing mass must be met, stopped, hurled back, or all is lost. Nearly in rear of the breach were two brigades, lying along the line of their stacked arms. In a few seconds after the order to "fall in," they were ready for action, and General Lee rode to their front. And the picture he made, as the grand old man sat there on his horse, with his noble head bare, and looked from right to left, as if to meet each eye that flashed along the line, can never be forgotten by a man that stood there.

And every soldier along that line knew what that look meant; that it meant—"Soldiers, follow your General"; knew that work so desperate was to be done, and that interests so tremendous hung upon its successful doing, that everything, even the life of our great Chief himself, must be put to the dreadful hazard, if necessary to secure the result. But those men needed no such order and no such example. They wanted no general or field marshal dismounted in *their* front to stimulate them to do and dare all in mortal power.

From three thousand lips at once burst the cry, "*General Lee to the rear*"—and not a foot would stir until he was led back through a gap in the line; and then the word was given, and the line moved forward, without pause, or waver, or break, right on up to the very face of the solid opposing mass; on, till sabres clashed and bayonets crossed; on, till the first line was driven back in confusion upon the second, and first and second upon the third; on, into the angle of the salient, where batteries, massed on right and massed on left, poured in a storm of shot and shell upon either flank; and still on, pressing back the stubborn heavy mass, covering the earth in piles with the slain, till the enemy, his organization lost in confusion, retired from the dreadful carnage, yielded back the captured works, and the crisis passed, and the field was saved.

Of the French engaged in what Napoleon calls the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi, the loss was one in four. The proportion of loss in the force engaged in that charge on the 12th of May I do not know; but in one regiment—the centre regiment of one of the brigades, and if more exposed than others I know it not and know not why—the loss was one in two.

There was still another account of this scene, but agreeing with the two given above in all of the essential points, written at the time by the now Professor W. W. Smith, of Randolph-Macon College—then a beardless boy serving in the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment—which was so graphic that I will publish it so soon as I can obtain a copy.

A similar scene was enacted on the same day near the "bloody angle," where General Lee was only prevented from leading Harris' Mississippi brigade into the thickest of that terrible fight by the positive refusal of the men to go forward unless their beloved Chieftain would go to the rear.

These three incidents are all well authenticated; but Miss Emily Mason, in her biography, gives a correspondence between Hon. John Thompson Mason and General Lee, in which the fomer details the incident as it occurred with Gregg's Texas brigade, and asks the General about it. The reply is characteristic, and is as follows:

LEXINGTON, VA., December 7, 1865.

Hon. JOHN THOMPSON MASON:

My Dear Sir—I regret that my occupations are such as to prevent me from writing at present a narrative of the event which you request in your letter of the 4th instant.

The account you give is substantially correct. General Gordon was the officer. It occurred in the battles around Spotsylvania Courthouse.

With great respect, your friend and servant,

R. E. LEE.

The world's history can produce no more splendid battle pictures than these, and yet so unconscious was General Lee of their bearing that he mingles two into one, and seems to have forgotten the other altogether.

J. WILLIAM JONES.

RICHMOND, VA., December 10, 1879.

Reminiscences of Lee and Gordon at Appomattox Courthouse.

By A Private Soldier.

Having served during the late unpleasantness only as a private, sometimes in the rear and at other times in the front rank, I have no official report to make; but there are incidents of the war which come up before me now as vivid as when they occurred fifteen and eighteen years ago.

Perhaps some of these might serve to *punctuate* or help to emphasize the many admirable "official reports" which are now appearing in the *Southern Historical Papers.* These reports must in a great measure make up the correct history of our lost cause—that history in which we, the makers of it, and our children feel so lively an interest.

The leading acts of the great drama, the movements of armies, *causes*, *effects*, &c., must be obtained from those whose high official positions enabled them to take in the whole field. I purpose only to allude to small events which came under my own observation, but such events as seldom find a place—indeed, would be out of place—in official reports.

Among the first troops to leave the State of Alabama was the Third regiment, which proceeded by rail to Lynchburg, Virginia, and was there mustered in by Kirby Smith; thence to Norfolk, where we remained in camp twelve months. During that time we had leisure to meditate upon the situation, criticise field operations, visit pleasant acquaintances, and many of the boys, as the sequel proved, made serious love to the girls, for when the orders to march came there were those who vainly pleaded the Scriptural excuse of having "married a wife and could *not* go." Nevertheless we marched, and there was many a tearful leave-taking—for from the cordial reception given us by the noble women of Norfolk had grown many sincere friendships, and I recall no other occasion of the war which so much resembled the home-partings as the day our regiment left the city. To many of us our sojourn there was *the* oasis in the social desert of the war.

Next, to Seven Pines, the Seven Days to Malvern Hill, and Mahone's "bandbox brigade" (as the veterans of Manassas jocularly taunted us) were part and parcel of the Army of Northern Virginia, under the direction of the great leader of war and his lieutenant, whose dash always won the hearts of his men.

But I will at once pass over the three years which followed—years of hard marches, "hard-tack," short fare and *short wear*,

victories and reverses—to the 9th of April at Appomattox—years pregnant with the unfinished history of a people whose efforts in support of principles can only be appreciated by those a generation removed from the prejudices of the hour—a people whose endurance and fame will be *the* theme for poetry and romance until the celebration of the next centennial.

The 9th of April, 1865, was Sunday. The morning sun shone bright and lovely. The last charge of the last day, of Rodes' division, had been made under the lead of Brigadier-General Cox, of North Carolina (General Grimes having been wounded), directed by General Gordon, and the solid blue ranks had given way before the tattered, half-starved line of gray. But all at once the firing ceased, and the division was withdrawn to a ravine crossing the main road along which General Lee was moving towards Appomattox Court-house. The contour of the ground was such that from my point of observation the advance of both armies, and each movement made, could be distinctly seen. Not the least observant private but knew something extraordinary had happened.

A white flag passed! "Surrendered" was softly suggested by some, and the idea indignantly spurned by others. Groups of officers and men began to gather along the road, and in a few minutes the painful fact was realized that the army of General Lee had been "compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources." Just at this moment, General Pendleton and staff rode past us. He was endeavoring to console one of his aids, as we supposed, who deliberately broke his sword over his knee and threw it away. This strong man, who but an hour before had braved death at the cannon's mouth, now wept at the thought of final defeat.

It was now known that General Lee had gone to meet General Grant (under the mythical apple tree?), and anxious inquiries as to the terms of surrender were heard from every side. Some officers, fearful of harsh treatment by the Federals, tore off their insignia of rank, but received a quiet rebuke from Colonel Hobson, commanding a brigade, whose promotion to a colonelcy had been too recent to admit of his adding another star to his collar. He quietly clipped a star from one side of his collar and pinned it to the other, remarking that he was "ready to meet the consequences of his offending, whatever they might be."

But we were not long in suspense. Soon Gordon came galloping down the road from the direction of the Federal lines and announced the terms of surrender as he passed, and asked the

men to give General Lee, who was following him, "a hearty cheer, for he was feeling greatly depressed." By this time the men had so pressed into the road that the speed of the General and staff had slackened to a walk, and as the men gave, in good old battle style, "three cheers for General Lee," he lifted his hat (Traveler stopped) and bestowed upon them only such a look as a father could upon his suffering and disappointed children! In a single tear was the expression of volumes of sorrow, pity and sympathy. The old hero wore his best coat, sword and sash, and never appeared grander to his army during the trying struggle than on that occasion. Again strong men wept.

As soon as the confusion incident to the first day after the surrender had subsided, General Gordon assembled his corps to give them a parting talk. I was near enough to hear him, and shall never forget his calm, philosophical, not to say prophetic manner, as he addressed his troops. Clouds had gathered, a light rain had fallen, and a storm threatened to break upon us. His opening words were: "Fellow soldiers, our hearts are as heavy as the murky clouds above us; yet we must not despair. Our duties in the field and camp are ended." He then admonished them to observe the conditions of their paroles; that grave responsibilities as citizens would now devolve upon them, and if faithfully met, would only make their heroism as soldiers shine the brighter. As for himself, "hope hath not departed forever." He believed in the righteousness of our cause, and could not doubt but that the blood which had been so freely shed in defence of the right would in time spring up and bear its fruits, and that "many now within hearing of my voice will live to see my hopes verified. It may be ten, it may be twenty years, perhaps longer; but the day will surely come when history will vindicate the sincerity of our actions and the justice of our cause." This was, perhaps, Gordon's last review in soldier's uniform. I have never seen him since; but the utterances of his well-grounded faith seemed to carry in them a personal prophecy—since strikingly fulfilled in his own election to the United States Senate, where the same energy that bouyed the hope of the warrior, from Manassas to Appomattox, is none the less conspicuous in the career of the statesman.

If such reminiscences—minus, of course, of both exordium and peroration—find favor with and a place in the *Historical Papers*, there may be others from one who served four years in the Third Alabama regiment as—

A Private.

General Forrest's Report of Operations in December, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF WEST TENNESSEE,
HOLLY SPRINGS, December 29, 1863.

Major-General S. D. LEE, *Commanding Cavalry in Mississippi:*

General—I arrived with the greater portion of my troops in this vicinity this morning, regretting very much that I had to leave West Tennessee so early. The concentration of a heavy force compelled me to move on the 24th from Jackson.

The Corinth force of the enemy reached Jack's creek, within 25 miles of Jackson, on the 23d. I sent out a force to meet and develop their strength and retard their progress. They were found to consist of three regiments of cavalry, a brigade of infantry and four pieces of artillery.

We drove the cavalry back to the infantry, and then retired. I moved my force to Estnaula, on the Hatchie, crossing it by the night of the 25th. Met a cavalry regiment, and routed them. Fought the enemy again on the 26th at Somerville, killing and wounding eight or ten and capturing about thirty-five prisoners.

I then moved a part of my force, under Colonel Faulkner, to Raleigh, and with the balance moved square to the left to Lafayette bridge, on Wolfe river. On the morning of the 27th my advance reached the bridge and attacked the bridge-guard; drove them back and put to flight the force at Lafayette station, killing several and capturing four or five prisoners. Cavalry advanced on me from Collierville, which we met and drove back. The enemy also sent reinforcements by train from Moscow, which we held in check until all my wagon train was safely across the river and on the road in the rear of my advance on Collierville.

We closed the fight at Collierville about eight o'clock at night, driving the enemy into their fortifications. Not being able to hear anything of General Chalmers, and my men being worn out, I felt it to be prudent to retire, which I did, and my command is camped about seven miles west of this place. Another difficulty in the matter was that all my men armed with Austrian rifles were out of ammunition, having had the misfortune to lose my Austrian ammunition by the upsetting of a wagon at Forked Deer river.

I have brought out about 2,500 men. Colonel Faulkner, who is to cross at Raleigh, has with him about 800 men. I hope to hear that they have gotten out safely by to-morrow. If I could have

stayed there ten days longer, I could have almost doubled that number. I brought out my wagon train and artillery safely, although I have never experienced such weather and roads. My stock, however, is much jaded, and requires rest.

I have a lot of prisoners, and General Tuttle has signified his willingness to exchange man for man. Would I be justified in doing so?

I think of moving my headquarters to Oxford, and will encamp my command in Panola in order to organize it and arm and equip it. The locality is a good one for forage, unless my command can be supplied with forage from the railroad. If so, I would prefer to be south of the Tallahatchie to organize.

I will advise you positively of my location as soon as made.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

N. B. FORREST, *Major-General Commanding.*

Battle of Gettysburg—Report of General G. Doles.

HEADQUARTERS DOLES' BRIGADE, July 19th, 1863.

Major H. A. WHITING, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—This brigade was formed into "line of battle" about one o'clock P. M., July 1st, 1863, in front of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. We occupied the left of Major-General Rodes' division.

The enemy's cavalry picket appearing in force on our front and left flank, skirmishers from this command were ordered to dislodge him. After a short engagement, he was driven from his position, when we occupied his position (a hill to our left), about 3½ o'clock P. M. The enemy moved his force from our front; made a strong demonstration on our left, driving our skirmishers from the hill from which we had driven him. The command was then moved by the left flank to meet any attack the enemy might attempt on our left and rear. We found the enemy strongly posted with infantry and artillery on the hill from which our skirmishers had been driven. The brigade of General Gordon, of Major-General Early's division, having made a conjunction with our left, we moved forward to attack the enemy in his position. Our effort was successful. He was driven from behind a rock fence with heavy loss

in killed and wounded and a large number of prisoners sent to our rear. We suffered severely from the enemy's batteries and musketry in this attack. While we were in pursuit, a strong force of the enemy appeared on my right flank and rear. We changed our front to meet this force. General Gordon continued the pursuit of the enemy toward the town. We met the force on our right, attacked and routed him, pursuing him across the plain in front of Gettysburg; but few of this force escaped us. We then moved towards the "Theological College," to the right of Gettysburg, where the brigades of Generals Daniel, Ramseur, Iverson and Colonel O'Neal were engaged with the enemy. As we advanced towards the enemy—our position at that time being on his right flank—the enemy withdrew his forces from the College hill to the railroad. We then moved rapidly by the left flank to cut him off from the town. We did not succeed, as he retired faster than we advanced. We followed as far as the outer edge of town, when I received an order to halt the column, and to form line of battle in the street running east and west through the town. We remained in line here until about 8 o'clock P. M., July 2d, when we moved by right flank, forming line and advancing towards the enemy's position on Cemetery hill.

This column of attack was composed of Generals Ramseur, Iverson, and this brigade. We moved forward until the line arrived within one hundred yards of the enemy's line. After consulting with Generals Ramseur and Iverson, the line was ordered to fall back to a dirt road, some three hundred yards to the rear. We remained in this position until 1.30 o'clock A. M., July 4th. We were then ordered to fall back to the heights near the Theological College.

This command was actively engaged in heavy skirmishing during the 2d, 3d and 4th July.

In the action of July 1st, Lieutenant-Colonel Winn was killed and Lieutenant-Colonel Lumpkin fell severely wounded (leg since amputated) while gallantly leading their respective regiments in a charge against the enemy. To Colonel Edward Willis and Major Isaac Hardeman, of the Twelfth Georgia regiment; Colonel J. T. Mercer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. W. Hooper and Major T. C. Glover, of the Twenty-first Georgia regiment; Major W. H. Willis, of the Fourth Georgia regiment, and Major W. H. Peebles, Forty-fourth Georgia regiment, I attribute the success of this command. The

conduct and gallantry of each of these officers on the march and during the engagement around Gettysburg is worthy of emulation.

The company officers and men all did their duty nobly. To Captain Pryor, Twelfth Georgia; Captain Reese, Forty-fourth Georgia; Lieutenant Stephens, Fourth Georgia; Lieutenant Wilder, Twenty-first, who were in command of the sharpshooters of the brigade, too much praise cannot be awarded.

To Captain F. T. Snead, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant C. A. Hawkins, Aid-de-Camp, and C. T. Furlow, of my staff, I am under obligations for valuable services rendered.

I have the honor to report and return one flag captured by the Twelfth Georgia. We lost no colors.

The brigade went into action with 131 office and 1,238 enlisted men; total, 1,369.

List of Casualties.

	Officers Killed.	Officers Wounded.	Men Killed.	Men Wounded.	Men Missing.		
Fourth Georgia	2	3	7	26	7	Killed	24
Twelfth Georgia	.....	2	4	33	10	Wounded	124
Twenty-first Georgia	.....	.....	1	11	5	Missing	31
Forty-fourth Georgia	.....	6	10	43	9	Total	179
Total	2	11	22	113	31		

Brigade field and staff killed and wounded, none.

Respectfully submitted.

GEORGE DOLES, *Brigadier-General.*

Supplemental Report.

HEADQUARTERS DOLES' BRIGADE, July 9th, 1863.

Major—As an appendix to my official report of the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, July 1st to 4th, 1863, I respectfully submit the following: While my command was advancing against the enemy on the evening of July 1st, 1863, my line was subjected to

and did receive a severe fire from one of our own batteries, from which fire I lost several men killed and wounded. This was from a two-gun battery (brass pieces), stationed on the side of the hill where General Rodes' headquarters were at the opening of the engagement. Again, on July 3d, while my command was lying in line of battle, I sent a request back for our batteries, stationed on the hill near the pike leading from Gettysburg to Fairfield, to shell some houses in my front for the purpose of dislodging the enemy's sharpshooters. The battery opened fire—its fire taking effect on my men. We raised our flag, and sent them word that they were firing on us. They did not cease fire. I lost several men wounded by the fire of this battery.

I make this statement for the purpose of putting on record my protest against such indifference and negligence on the part of those in command of those two batteries. I have made every effort to find out the batteries, and have failed so far.

I am, Major, yours, &c.,

GEORGE DOLES.

General J. B. Gordon's Report of Battle of Hatcher's Run.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND CORPS, A. N. V.,
February 9, 1865.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. TAYLOR, *A. A. G., A. N. V.:*

Colonel—I have the honor to submit the following brief report of the fighting on the west side of Hatcher's run on the 6th instant.

On the morning of that day, Pegram's division moved out from camp to reconnoitre—one brigade moving near the run and the other farther to the right and along the Vaughn road. In these positions the brigades were vigorously attacked by both cavalry and infantry in heavy force. They were pressed slowly back, bravely resisting the enemy's advance. Gordon's division, Brigadier-General Evans commanding, sent forward in support, formed on Pegram's left, charged and drove the enemy before it, but was finally forced by superior numbers to retire. It was readily reformed near the enemy's lines, and again advanced with spirit, while Pegram charged on the right. The enemy was again driven back; but General Pegram, who was riding immediately with his troops, being killed, and Colonel Hoffman, commanding brigade, severely wounded, a portion of the line was thrown into confusion. The battle had been obstinately contested for several hours, when Mahone's division arrived, and was placed in position to fill a gap between Evans and Pegram. The whole line now advanced to the attack, and drove the enemy in confusion to his works along the bank of the creek.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. B. GORDON, *Major-General Commanding.*

Editorial Paragraphs.

Our Papers for 1880 will not only not show any diminution of interest, but we pledge ourselves to make them more readable and more valuable than ever before.

On the one hand, we shall not lose sight of the fact that we are preparing "material for the future historian," which shall vindicate the name and fame of the heroic men who made our great struggle for constitutional freedom; but on the other hand, we shall see to it that each number is of *popular* interest, so as to be acceptable to the general reader as well as to our comrades who wore the gray. We desire to give as much variety and interest as posible to the *Papers*, and to this end we ask that our friends will send us well authenticated anecdotes, incidents and reminiscences of the camp, the bivouac, the march, the battlefield, or the hospital—illustrating the patience, the heroism, the humor, the fortitude, or the general *morale* of our soldiers. Let these be brief, vivid and to the point, and always authenticated by some responsible name.

And we once more call on our friends to help us extend our circulation, not only by subscribing themselves, and seeking to induce others to do so, but by recommending to us *efficient canvassers*, to whom we would pay liberal commissions.

We are Under Obligations to Mr. W. R. Jones, of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad; Captain N. M. Osborne, Secretary of the Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio railroad; the authorities of the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad; and Governor J. E. Brown, President of the Western and Atlantic railroad, for kind courtesies by which we were enabled to make an exceedingly comfortable and pleasant trip from Richmond to Atlanta and return. We regretted that we were not able to avail ourselves of a similar courtesy extended us by Mr. J. W. Thomas, Superintendent of the Nashville, Chattanooga and Saint Louis railroad.

A Recent Trip to Georgia, although necessarily more hurried than we could have wished, was made exceedingly pleasant by meeting many old comrades, and by being made to feel that our Society has a warm place in the affections of the people, and that they mean to give practical proof of their appreciation of our work by subscribing to our *Papers* and sending us material for our archives.

Where all were so kind, it might not seem proper to particularize; but we must mention especially Captain R. E. Park, Captain T. L. Massenburg, Mr. Charley Herbst, Rev. Dr. E. W. Warren, Rev. S. Boykin, and the editors of the *Telegraph and Messenger* of Macon.

Mr. Herbst is Librarian of the Macon Library Association, and his enthusiasm for everything pertaining to the Confederacy, together with his intelligent zeal, has enabled him to gather a very interesting and valuable collection of "war material," while there is no danger that the young men of Macon who come in contact with him will ever forget "the boys in gray." The library (Captain Park, the late President, has been succeeded by Major Chesney, formerly of General Elzey's and General Ewell's staffs) is one of the institutions of Macon, and is very justly the pride of the city. It is, of course, a subscriber to our *Papers*, as all libraries ought to be.

THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA MEMORIAL VOLUME has been delayed by causes over which the compiler has had no control; but the printing is now all done, and it will be ready for delivery just as soon as it can be gotten from the binders—in a few days, we hope. Meantime, be sure to send on your subscription.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR IF HE HAS RENEWED HIS SUBSCRIPTION for 1880, and remind him that the terms are *strictly* $3 *per annum in advance;* and be sure that you send us *at least one new subscriber.*

Book Notices.

Jackson's Valley Campaign. By Major I. Scheibert, of Prussia.

We are indebted to the distinguished author for a copy of this valuable paper, which originally appeared in the May and June numbers of the Prussian "*Jahrbucker fur die Armee und Marine*," and was then bound into a neat volume, accompanied with a very accurate map of the campaign, drawn by Major Scheibert.

This able review recognizes and does justice to the wonderful genius displayed in that campaign; and the intelligent zeal of its author entitles him to our grateful consideration for setting before his countrymen so graphic a picture of the exploits of a Confederate leader and army. It is based mainly on Colonel Allan's address, delivered last year before the Army of Northern Virginia Association. While following this in the main for his facts and figures, the author invests his review with the value and interest of an original production, speaking, as he does, from personal acquaintance with many of the actors of the drama, and with intimate knowledge of the country, derived from personal observation. The introductory paragraph of his review expresses, in appreciative language, the author's estimate of Jackson's genius and achievements. It is with feelings of grateful pride, that we find our admiration for native genius justified and confirmed by the judgment of so able a critic, when he says: "Unquestionably, one of the most attractive events in the history of modern war, is Jackson's Valley campaign of 1862. While many episodes of war history so soon as brought to light, and thus

divested of their legendary character, lose in interest and what may be called poetic attractiveness, this campaign of the celebrated 'Rebel' General, conducted with such extraordinary skill, gains in interest in exact proportion to the development of our knowledge of the different elements of its skillful structure."

This is but another of the many instances in which Major Scheibert has sought to put us right on the record before his people, and we owe him a debt of gratitude for his able vindication of the truth of our history.

He has recently translated from our *Papers* Stuart's report of Gettysburg, and has written a graceful and appreciative criticism of the work of our Society, which we will publish in our next number.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., February, 1880. No. 2.

Sherman's Meridian Expedition and Sooy Smith's Raid to West Point.

A Review by General S. D. Lee.

In the October number of the *Southern Historical Society Papers* of 1879 is the address of General Chalmers before the Society at the White Sulphur Springs in August—his theme being "Forrest and his Campaigns." This address is a valuable contribution, and paints, with a comrade's partiality, the character and deeds of Forrest. General Chalmers, however, makes some statements and draws certain conclusions from which I feel compelled to dissent, and I think I am sustained by the facts of the case.

Lieutenant-General Polk was killed in battle. Forrest is dead. Is it necessary, when General Chalmers desires to eulogize Forrest, that he should censure Polk? I think it a duty to give my version of Sherman's Meridian expedition to do General Polk justice. General Chalmers dwells almost entirely on the operations in which he personally took an active part. He forgets that while Forrest was encountering seven thousand (7,000) Federal troops another cavalry command, in the same State, at the same time, no larger than his own, was encountering twenty-six thousand (26,000)

infantry; and that possibly General Polk, commanding the Department, and directing both bodies of troops, could see and comprehend more than was within the scope of his (Chalmers') vision—General Polk being cognizant of all the surroundings, and General Chalmers having only a limited field of observation. The prominent position of General Chalmers will pass his utterances into history unless controverted.

The paragraph alluded to reads as follows: "Thus ended Sherman's effort to crush Forrest and set free the large number of men required to hold him in check. Mississippi, with its immense stores of corn and beef, was still held, and the railroads soon repaired to feed our army in Georgia. But the student of military operations will be puzzled to understand how Sherman, with four divisions of infantry and a small force of cavalry, crossed such streams as the Big Black and Pearl rivers, and passed through the centre of Mississippi, in the face of two divisions of infantry and four splendid brigades of well-equipped and well-drilled cavalry, under West Point officers, almost without firing a shot, while a man who could not well drill a company, with three thousand (3,000) cavalry, one-half raw troops, saved the State by defeating General Grant's Chief of Cavalry with seven thousand (7,000) picked troops."

The expedition of Sherman from Vicksburg to Meridian, Mississippi, in February, 1864, with an army of twenty-six thousand men, supported by W. Sooy Smith's cavalry raid from Collierville, Tennessee (near Memphis), to West Point, Mississippi, with seven thousand picked men, has been regarded by competent military critics as one of the very singular and erratic moves of that Federal General, who, ranking next to Grant among Federal Generals, can point to no pitched battle of his own risk and conception in a four years war, to sustain his reputation.

In July, 1863, the Confederacy was cut in two by the capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, including the Confederate States armies used in keeping closed the Mississippi river. This great river—and even most of its tributaries—was in the full and complete control of the Federal Government, being policed from Memphis to New Orleans so thoroughly that it was difficult for even an individual to cross. It was essentially free from annoyance, even of field batteries and riflemen. This was fully comprehended by General Sherman, who previously, by General Grant's direction, had penetrated Mississippi beyond Brandon, pushing

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General Joe Johnston and his small force almost to Meridian. Raymond, Jackson and Brandon had already felt the "Sherman torch," and monumental chimneys marked the localities of these towns. The country from Vicksburg to Brandon had already been laid waste and desolated, and beyond Brandon towards Meridian was a poor, piney-woods country, destitute of supplies for either army. Notwithstanding this condition of affairs (well known to Sherman), there remained at Natchez a large division of Federals under General Davidson; at Vicksburg, McPherson's Seventeenth army corps; at Memphis, Hurlbut's Sixteenth army corps, and about ten thousand cavalry under his command, including General W. S. Smith's in West Tennessee—amounting in all to about forty thousand effectives, guarding the Mississippi bank of the river, and not including the immense gunboat fleet on the river itself. Pemberton's and Gardner's Confederate States armies having been captured, there remained in observation of this large force in Mississippi two small divisions of Confederate States infantry, Loring at Canton, and French at Morton—about nine thousand men. S. D. Lee, with four brigades of cavalry—Stark and Ross of Jackson's division and Ferguson's and Adams' brigades—covering the country from opposite Yazoo City to Natchez, numbering about three thousand five hundred (3,500) effectives.

Forrest was south of Tallahatchie river in northwest Mississippi, picketing towards Memphis and the Memphis and Charleston railroad; his command being principally at Panola, Abbeville, Oxford and Grenada—his aggregate force for duty being about thirty-five hundred (3,500) in the four brigades of Jeff. Forrest, Bell, McCullough and Richardson. The entire Confederate force in Mississippi not exceeding sixteen thousand (16,000).

This was the condition of affairs in January, 1864. About January 23d the spies in Vicksburg reported that Sherman would soon leave Vicksburg for the interior with an army of at least four divisions of infantry. This information was at once reported to Lieutenant-General Polk, commanding the Department, who discredited such a movement—saying it was impossible, as such an expedition had no objective point which could hurt the Confederacy, excepting Mobile or Selma, and a march over the country could not benefit or advance the cause of the Federals. He further said a concentration near Selma or Mobile (by virtue of interior lines) could readily crush such an ill-advised movement should it be attempted; and to these views he steadily adhered. It was

soon apparent that the spies had reported correctly. Adams' brigade of cavalry was drawn from the vicinity of Natchez; Ferguson was placed between Canton and Big Black, covering Loring, and Ross near the Yazoo river above Mechanicsburg. The Big Black was picketed heavily towards the railroad bridge and Messenger's ferry, six miles above.

On January 28th a gunboat expedition, accompanied by three regiments of Federal infantry, ascended the Yazoo river. On same date Federal cavalry moved from the direction of Vicksburg towards Mechanicsburg, on road to Yazoo City. This force was met by Ross, and defeated and driven back in numerous skirmishes from January 28th to February 5th, when they retired towards Vicksburg. One of these affairs is worthy of special mention. Two regiments, the Sixth and Ninth Texas, and two guns of King's battery met and repulsed near Liverpool three Federal regiments of infantry twice, driving them to the gunboats—the Texans drawing their six-shooters and charging the enemy when they were within twenty paces. On the evening of February 3d, Federal infantry commenced crossing Big Black river at the railroad bridge, and at Messenger's ferry (which they always kept picketed strongly), distant from Vicksburg twelve or fifteen miles, and rapidly drove in our pickets on the two roads leading towards Clinton. Early on the morning of the 4th, there was severe skirmishing on both of the roads; the enemy deploying his force in the open country, and steadily driving back the brigades of Adams and Starke in their front, their troops being in full view. This day's operations, from actual observation and from information derived from scouts and prisoners, both on the flank and rear of the enemy, fixed Sherman's force as consisting of two corps (of two divisions each), commanded by Major-Generals McPherson (Seventeenth corps) and Hurlbut (Sixteenth corps); a brigade of cavalry, under Colonel Winston; about forty pieces of artillery, with a considerable wagon train. The entire force was estimated at twenty-six thousand (26,000) effectives. The skirmishing on this day was handsomely done, as the large force of the enemy was visible to almost every member of the Confederate States command.

An incident near the old battlefield of Baker's creek is worthy of being recorded. The enemy, deployed, was moving forward. Adams' brigade, dismounted, was hotly contesting their advance through a swamp. While thus engaged, a Federal brigade of cavalry came charging down on their flank and on their led horses.

The moment was critical, as Adams was almost too hotly engaged to withdraw on the short notice. The two escort companies of Generals S. D. Lee and W. H. Jackson alone were mounted—numbering about ninety men all told. Major W. H. Bridges, of Texas, was temporarily connected with the command—an officer for just such an emergency. He was ordered to lead the two companies, and check the advancing Federals. It was a choice command, fearlessly led, and did the work assigned it, but with the loss of the noble leader and many of his followers. The charge saved Adams' brigade, which was retired, mounted and moved over Baker's creek. Griffith's Arkansas regiment was thrown into the woods near the crossing, thus permitting the two companies to sweep over the bridge when gradually pressed back by the superior numbers engaging them, and punishing the Federals for following too closely.

On the 5th the cavalry was steadily pushed back to Jackson, where it arrived about dark, passing out on the road towards Canton, to enable General Loring's infantry division to cross Pearl river from Canton, moving towards Morton on the Jackson and Meridian railroad; Ferguson's brigade, moving on the road from Clinton towards Madison station, on the railroad from Jackson to Canton, to more completely cover Loring's march. A regiment was sent to keep in front of the enemy, in case he moved towards Brandon and across Pearl river.

As soon as it was ascertained that Sherman was crossing at Jackson, Adams, Starke and Ferguson were crossed over Pearl river—Ferguson placing himself in front of the enemy, and Jackson, with his two brigades, moving on his flank at Brandon and Pelahatchie stations. At the same time, Ross was ordered to abandon the Yazoo country and join his command operating against Sherman. Jackson did his work well, forcing the enemy to abandon all foraging and confine his march to one road. On the night of the 9th, while in rear of the enemy, General Polk directed all the cavalry to move and get between Sherman and the Mobile and Ohio railroad on the south, to cover that road and permit troops to be sent to Mobile, as he believed Mobile to be Sherman's destination and not Meridian. At Newton station, on the 11th, the three cavalry brigades met, Ferguson having been ordered there from the front by General Polk. General Lee here became convinced that General Polk was mistaken, and ordered Ferguson to return to Sherman's front, while he, with Adams and Starke, moved on

the flank of the enemy at Decatur. The enemy was found moving with every possible precaution; his trains perfectly and judiciously guarded; no foraging parties out, and his large infantry force ready to punish any ill-advised attempt on his column. On the 12th, seeing a road unguarded, Colonel Robert Wood's Mississippi cavalry was ordered to make a dash at some wagons, and see what could be done. He disabled quite a number of wagons, and for a little while created quite a panic; but in a few moments the infantry of the enemy advanced from both directions, and Colonel Wood was recalled. On the 13th, General Polk ordered the cavalry to move to the north of Sherman's line of march, as he proposed to evacuate Meridian and march with his infantry towards Demopolis, Alabama. The enemy arrived at Meridian at 3 P. M. on the 14th of February—the Confederate cavalry retiring north towards Marion station. On this date (14th February), General Polk issued an order placing Major-General S. D. Lee in command of all the cavalry west of Alabama, and that officer at once put himself in communication with General Forrest.

From the 15th to the 20th, Sherman, while at Meridian, was engaged in destroying the railroads north, south, east and west; for this purpose placing two divisions of infantry on each road. The roads were destroyed for twelve miles in every direction from Meridian. Attempts to stop the work were made by the cavalry, but the enemy's force was too large to hinder him. Sherman started on his return to Vicksburg February 20th.

On the evening of February 17th, General Polk ordered Lee to leave only one regiment to observe Sherman, and to move with every disposable man, unite with Forrest near Starkeville, Mississippi, and to beat a Federal cavalry force, estimated by Forrest at eight thousand, and moving from Memphis towards Meridian. Lee put his four cavalry brigades in motion on the morning of the 18th—Ross having joined him the day before in the vicinity of Marion station. Lee's command reached Line creek (Forrest's headquarters), north of Starkeville, on the morning of February 23d, where Forrest had been on the 22d, and it was found that the enemy's cavalry (under W. Sooy Smith) had commenced a hurried retreat twenty-four hours previously. Lee had been led to believe by Forrest that the Federal cavalry was superior in numbers to their united commands, and that the difficulty was in avoiding a general engagement till his arrival.

The Federal General Smith left Collierville, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, near Memphis, February 11th, marching towards Oxford. At Wyatt, on the Tallahatchie, with a brigade of infantry, he attempted a crossing; at the same time moving with all his cavalry in the direction of New Albany, on the Yallabusha river, where, without opposition, he crossed, and moved south through Pontotoc to within a few miles of Houston, when he moved almost due east to Okalona, which he took without resistance. He then moved south again down the Mobile and Ohio railroad to Prairie station, where he concentrated his command, and on the 20th moved on and through West Point—Forrest retiring across the Sookatouchie, in accordance with his understanding with Lee, to avoid an engagement till his arrival.

Jeff. Forrest commmenced fighting Smith with his brigade on the 18th February, towards Aberdeen.

Forrest soon divined Smith's intentions at Wyatt, and concentrated his command at West Point, where they commenced to arrive on February 17th—the average march of his brigades being about 92 miles, while Smith marched double that distance before meeting Forrest in the vicinity of West Point. On February 20th, at West Point, Forrest received a dispatch from Lee, saying he would arrive on the 22d. Smith, at West Point, the same day heard of this dispatch, and also had it confirmed from prisoners and deserters taken in the evening of that day, when Forrest was retiring across the Sookatouchie stream. He (General Smith) determined at once to retreat rapidly before Lee joined his forces with Forrest, and to draw Forrest after him. Forrest, with his usual perception and vigor, at once comprehended a change of programme in Smith's plans, and commenced one of his headlong pursuits, following Smith to vicinity of Pontotoc. Considerable skirmishing took place in the pursuit, and at Okalona Forrest captured six guns.

On February 24th Lee ordered General W. H. Jackson, with his division and Adams' and Ferguson's brigades, to move towards Canton, and harass Sherman, then on his return march to Vicksburg. This duty was well done, Jackson killing and capturing a considerable number of the enemy and taking twenty wagons. The last of Sherman's forces recrossed the Big Black on March 4th, not forgetting the "Sherman torch" at Canton as a memento to the defenceless citizens.

Lee's official report estimates the loss inflicted on the enemy by

his command during the campaign at 300 killed and wounded and 400 prisoners. The Federal loss by Sherman is 21 killed, 68 wounded, 81 missing. Forrest's estimate of the loss inflicted by his command on the enemy is 600 killed and wounded and 300 prisoners. Federal General Smith's official report places his loss from Forrest's command at 47 killed, 152 wounded and 120 missing. Total loss, 319.

The movement and concentration by Forrest at West Point showed caution and great sagacity. He felt doubtful of meeting Smith successfully and overcoming his 7,000 men with his 3,500, and he felt that he must overcome this disadvantage. His point of concentration was far to the southeast and in front of several almost impassable swamps, in a pocket formed by several streams, where he could offer formidable resistance, and be near enough to receive assistance from General Polk, if he could furnish it. He could have concentrated at a shorter distance, at Pontotoc, Houston or Okolona, but he might have been interfered with before he was ready, and the country was not so suitable for defence as that selected.

Smith commenced his retreat before Forrest offered him any serious resistance, and because he knew of Lee's near approach and junction with Forrest. In his official report, Smith says, of his retreating from West Point: "Exaggerated reports of Forrest's strength reached me constantly, and it was reported that *Lee was about to reinforce him with a portion or the whole of his command.*" He also says: "Under these circumstances, I determined not to move my encumbered command *into the trap set for me by the Rebels.*" Again: "*I would have lost my entire command*, and of course could have rendered him (Sherman) no assistance." Again: "Information since obtained *fully justifies the decision to retire before Forrest's force from West Point.* General Sherman's expeditionary force had withdrawn from Meridian before my arrival at West Point, on a line that could not have been known to me, cut off, as I was, from any communication with him. Forrest's force is ascertained to have been rather above than below my estimate. Chalmers was moving with two brigades by way of Houston to my rear, *while Lee, with from three to four thousand men, was ordered up to join Forrest in front.*" Again: "Our march [retreat] was so rapid that the enemy could not outstrip and intercept us, which he constantly endeavored to do."

Major S. L. Woodward, United States army, who was Adjutant-General on General Grierson's staff in this expedition, the General

being second in command to General Smith, under date of March 20th, 1879, from Fort Davis, Texas, writes: "When in the vicinity of West Point, Mississippi, or in the pocket formed by the junction of the Tombigbee, Houlka and Sookatouchie rivers, this brigade being in advance, met, engaged and repulsed a force which we supposed to be under General Forrest, driving them across Sookatouchie, when, being considerably ahead of General Smith and the rest of the command, and it being nearly dark, General Grierson halted, and immediately prepared a crossing of the stream to be used in the advance. General Smith soon arrived, and placed the whole command in camp. During the night considerable movement was heard in the enemy's camp on the opposite side of the river, *and a number of prisoners and deserters were brought in.* These were taken to General Smith, who questioned them. He (General Smith) was very sick during the night, his mind at times bordering on delirium, and he sent for General Grierson, and told him he was very sick, and that he (Grierson) would have to take command. He then asked General Grierson what he would do in the morning. The reply was that he would proceed towards Meridian. General Smith then said, '*No! that will never do. General Stephen D. Lee is in front of us with his whole force, including infantry and artillery.*' *He* (*Smith*) *immediately reassumed the direction of affairs, gave orders for a retrogade movement at dawn*, and directed General Grierson to hold the rear with this brigade heretofore mentioned. *There is no doubt that General Smith learned from the deserters, whom he interviewed, that you had reinforced Forrest, and that his orders for the retreat were on that account.* The engagement of the first day was but a sharp skirmish, in which only a part of one brigade was engaged; the opposing force was easily repulsed, and there was no reason whatever why we should have retreated before the force which was then in front of us. *General Grierson's recollection of the affair coincides with mine, and I have from his own lips the report of the conversation herein related between himself and General Smith.*"

In the official report of General S. D. Lee, dated Tuscaloosa, Alabama, April 18th, 1864, is the following, viz: "*The enemy, on reaching West Point, heard of my approach on the 21st, and immediately commenced their retreat.* Forrest on the 22d, in the evening, commenced the pursuit, and caught up with the rear guard, inflicting severe punishment on them, capturing six pieces of artillery and many prisoners. My command was much disappointed at the result of this action, having anticipated a fight with their own arm of the service and with equal numbers."

These extracts are given to show that Smith's retreat was caused by the movement of Lee to reinforce Forrest, in obedience to the orders of Lieutenant-General Polk, Department commander.

These are the facts, as understood by the writer, connected with Sherman's Meridian expedition and W. Sooy Smith's cavalry raid from Memphis to West Point, Mississippi.

Lieutenant-General Polk, in the exercise of a wise discretion, determined from the first not to fight Sherman, if his army was as large as represented, for he felt that he was too weak to inflict a telling blow unless he was considerably reinforced. He determined to let Sherman expend himself in the piney woods, unless he moved to the Tombigbee river towards Selma, or towards Mobile, in which case he expected to receive assistance from Johnston's army in Georgia, and to crush Sherman. The movement of troops for this purpose (Hardee's corps) was at the time in progress.

General Polk's orders to Lee, operating against Sherman, plainly showed he did not want Sherman materially interfered with, but rather encouraged to move as far as he would. 'Tis true, Sherman's march was skillfully conducted, and he gave Lee but little opportunity to hurt him. In fact, Lee could only keep in his foragers and stragglers, and aid him in keeping compact while in motion.

General Polk, in carrying out his plan, at once seized the opportunity offered by W. S. Smith's cavalry expedition against Forrest, to order Lee's entire cavalry force to leave Sherman in his loneliness, and to unite with Forrest and beat Smith before he could reach Meridian, while he (Polk) was at the same moment arranging a similar concentration for Sherman's benefit, as soon as Smith was discomfited. Both Sherman and Smith displayed sagacity on this occasion. Smith, in his candor, says he retreated to avoid falling "into the trap set for me by the Rebels." While Sherman, to cover his discomfiture, protests in his book that he *never had any idea of either Mobile or Selma*, but, as on a previous occasion (December, 1863, at Chickasaw bayou), he lays all the blame on a subordinate. The two campaigns, as to conceptive development and results, are quite similar from a military standpoint.

Now let us examine into the object and result of this campaign. General Sherman, in his book, says: "The object of the Meridian expedition was to strike the roads inland, so to paralyze the Rebel forces, that we could take from the defence of the Mississippi river the equivalent of a corps of twenty thousand men, to be used in the next Gorgia campaign, and this was actually done. At the same

time, I wanted to destroy General Forrest, who, with an irregular force of cavalry, was constantly threatening Memphis and the river above, as well as our routes of supply in Middle Tennessee. In this we failed utterly, because General W. S. Smith did not fulfill his orders, which were clear and specific. . . . I waited at Meridian till the 20th to hear from General Smith, but hearing nothing whatever, and having utterly destroyed the railroads in and around that junction, I ordered General McPherson to move slowly back towards Canton."

It is necessary for General Sherman to explain the object, for otherwise it might not be discovered by the military student. *He did* "strike the roads inland," *but did not* "utterly destroy them." Major George Whitfield, now at Columbus, Mississippi, in twenty-six working days had the trains on the Mobile and Ohio railroad running the same through Meridian as before Sherman's trip. Major Pritchard, in about the same working time, had the other road in running order. There was no infantry in Mississippi to receive supplies from these roads, and the cavalry did not need them. The "Rebel forces" *were not* "paralyzed," *but kept out of the way to let the General enjoy the breezes of the piney woods.* The 9,000 Confederate infantry which was in Mississippi was only observing the large Federal force (40,000). Of course the Federals could have moved 20,000 out of this number (40,000) *from the fortified posts of Vicksbury, Port Hudson, Natchez and Memphis*, without any serious danger, to be used in the next Georgia campaign. Sherman says this was actually done. *It could have been done without his Meridian expedition.* Does the General forget that the Confederate infantry (Loring and French), which was in Mississippi at the time of his expedition, *was also in Johnston's army when his* 20,000 *men were moved there from the Mississippi river. They got there, too, by moving on interior lines, while his had to move on exterior lines.*

He says he "failed utterly" to destroy Forrest. So what was the military gain by his expedition? He "utterly failed" to paralyze the Confederate States forces, the infantry moving to counteract the movement of Federal troops for the Georgia campaign.

Sherman, so far as his and Smith's expeditions were concerned, was completely outgeneraled by Polk and Forrest.

There were other objects and results of these two expeditions not deemed fit for record in General Sherman's book. The track of Sherman and Smith was marked by the wanton destruction of private property—burning houses, &c. Sherman alone carried

back to Vicksburg about three hundred wagons more than he started with. These wagons and their teams he took from an impoverished and already desolated country, and the very poorest (pecuniarily) class of people, living in the thin piney-woods country through which he passed. Over 10,000 bales of cotton and 2,000,000 bushels of corn were burned. Over 8,000 slaves, mounted on as many mules (stolen), belonging to citizens of the country, were carried off. A Federal writer estimates the damage at $50,000,000. *As over three-fourths of this was private property*, the future historian may possibly ask, Was this and the towns burned (Meridian, Canton, &c.) the warfare of the civilization of the nineteenth century waged against those who had a few years before been brothers, and among whom General Sherman had lived and derived his livelihood?

General Smith, in his official report, seemed to attach more importance to taking care of the captured and refugee slaves flocking to him, *to make soldiers out of them after his return to Memphis, than executing the essence of his orders. He was so encumbered, that with his* 7,000 *splendid cavalry, he permitted Forrest, while he was retreating, to run him out of Mississippi with* 3,500 *men, and lacked the vim to turn on him and seriously check him.*

The "student of military operations," alluded to by General Chalmers, owes it to himself to look into this campaign, and he may find some reasons for General Polk's action. He, too, may discover that both Polk and the "four splendid brigades of well-equipped and well-drilled cavalry, under West Point officers," did a duty in causing General Smith to retreat; also, that General Polk is entitled to the credit of saving the State of Mississippi as well as General Forrest. 'Tis true General Sherman "crossed such streams as the Big Black and Pearl rivers, and passed through the centre of Mississippi" to Meridian, about one hundred and fifty miles; but the facts and the official reports show that General Chalmers is mistaken about its being done "almost without firing a shot." An examination of the casualties, both Confederate and Federal, will show very little difference in the damage done by the two cavalry commands of Forrest and Lee. Sheman's 26,000 men were met by Lee at the Big Black, and fought every day till its arrival at Meridian, in such manner as was deemed best for the interest of the Confederacy. Smith, with his 7,000 cavalry, marched about one hundred and eighty miles, crossing numerous streams, before any of Forrest's command met him, although by interior

lines his four brigades only had to march an average distance of ninety miles, just one-half of what Smith marched. Forrest did right in not striking him till he did, and displayed splendid generalship. Had General Chalmers been in front of General Sherman, he possibly might have seen enough to make him deal more leniently with Polk and the Confederate troops operating against Sherman.

S. D. Lee.

Columbus, Mississippi, December 20th, 1879.

Lieutenant Charlie Pierce's Daring Attempts to Escape from Johnson's Island.

By Lieutenant M. McNamara.

Early in November, 1863, after General Lee had successfully driven Meade across the Rapidan back to Centreville, and retired with his entire force south of the Rappahannock for the purpose of going into winter quarters, Hays' brigade was sent to picket the north bank at Rappahannock station. Here they were reinforced by the Louisiana Guard battery and a portion of General Hoke's North Carolina brigade.

After being on duty a day, a forward movement was made by the enemy in that direction, and French's entire corps, under Sedgwick, bore down upon them. The onslaught was terrific—the enemy being ten to one—but the gallant brigade held them in check until night, when their lines were broken and they were cut off from their only pontoon bridge. The Rappahannock was at that point not fordable, and the night was intensely cold; so that their capture was inevitable. Nevertheless, they resisted to the last.

The Louisiana Guard battery discharged their pieces when the enemy were upon them, and two of their number were bayoneted at the guns. Many of the officers threw away their swords to avoid surrendering them, and Lieutenant Charlie Pierce, of the Seventh Louisiana, broke his sword on his knee and handed the hilt to the officer—the effect of which can easily be imagined. The weapon was a highly prized one, being a trophy of the battle of Winchester. General Harry T. Hays ran the gauntlet of the pontoon bridge under an enfilading fire of the enemy. Colonel

Monaghan swam his horse across the river. Colonel Terry and a few others successfully swam across, but many lost their lives in the attempt. Leon Bertin, the color-bearer of the Seventh Louisiana, tore the flag from the staff and concealed it in his bosom. In fact, everything possible was done by the gallant fellows to render their capture as barren of trophies as possible, while in point of casualties it was a dearly-bought victory for the enemy.

The entire force captured numbered about fourteen hundred men, consisting of the Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Louisiana regiments, the Louisiana Guard battery, and about two hundred of Hoke's North Carolina brigade.

The capture was witnessed from the south bank by Generals Lee and Early, who accepted it as a sacrifice that had to be made, and under its cover successfully retired the remainder of the army across the Rapidan.

But the writer's mission is to record the daring and chivalric deeds of a member of the command that surrendered. The captured prisoners were marched to General Sedgwick's headquarters, and when assembled around the camp-fire at night, surrounded by Federal pickets, Leon Bertin, by the advice of Colonel D. B. Penn, the only field officer captured, threw the flag into the flames, as the most effectual means of preventing it from falling into the enemy's hands.

The following morning the prisoners were taken to the Old Capitol prison, where they were confined three days, when the officers were sent to Johnson's Island and the privates to Point Lookout.

As soon as the captured officers reached their future prisons, the bouyancy of their natures asserted itself, and during the winter months every species of amusement possible was indulged in to drive away the *ennui* and render prison life bearable.

A minstrel company was formed, of which Charlie H. Pierce was among the leading performers, and their entertainments were witnessed and appreciated by many outside as well as inside the prison, and by none more eagerly than the officers of the garrison, who invariably assembled to witness them.

They also organized base-ball clubs—the Southern nine, composed of those below the rank of captain—of which Charlie Pierce was captain and catcher, and the Confederate nine, composed of the higher officers. Their championship game was considered one of the best ever played, and was witnessed by upwards of 3,000

people, including the prisoners, officers and citizens of Sandusky, Ohio, who eagerly embraced the opportunity to be present. So apprehensive were the prison officials that the game was gotten up for the purpose of covering an attempt to break out, that they had the slides of the port holes drawn back and the guns prepared for action. The Sandusky *Register* published a long and eulogistic account of the game, which was won by the Southerns, and it was made the subject of severe comment by the bitter Radical press of the North, who immediately demanded the removal of the commanding officer, for allowing the Rebels so much liberty. Their malicious efforts were successful, the commander was removed, and the amusement of the unhappy prisoners, for the time being, cut off.

In all the prison sports, Lieutenant Charlie Pierce was regarded as the leader. His versatile talent, genial humor, sterling manhood and undoubted bravery, together with his kindness of heart, endeared him to all, and even commanded the respect of his captors. But his notoriety and popularity proved disastrous to his future operations, as he was known and constantly watched by the prison spies.

Johnson's Island, it will be rembered, is three miles from Sandusky, Ohio, and about thirty miles from the Canada shore. There is, however, a strip of land twelve miles from the prison, leading to a swamp or woods on the Canada side.

The severity of the wintry season being past, the minds of many of the prisoners naturally reverted to attempts to escape, and no one was more bent on it than the heroic and daring Charlie Pierce. A tunnel had been commenced from Block 8, but the project was deemed abortive, owing to its long distance from the dead-line, and abandoned. Charlie then transferred his operations to Block 1, where he soon organized a working party, who succeeded, by incessant labor, in completing a tunnel to the extreme end of the works. But, alas! for human expectations, when the attempt was made to pass out, they were pounced upon by a guard, and their hopes blasted. Thus ended the first attempt.

On a less active and vigorous mind, such a signal failure would have had a paralyzing effect. But it only aroused the ambition of our hero to succeed at all hazards, and his thoughts were instantly turned to some plan for the future.

An opportunity soon presented itself, which he eagerly seized. One morning the offal cart was driven in by a soldier under the

influence of liquor, who lay down in Charlie's block while the cart was being filled. Charlie succeeded in securing his overcoat and cap. Quick as thought, he jumped upon the driver's seat, seized the reins, drove out the cart, passed the sentinels at the gate, who opened it for his egress, and got beyond the parapet, imagining himself at last free. But the condition of the soldier being discovered by the prison guard, a hue and cry was raised, the ruse detected, and a squad sent in pursuit of the fugitive, who was soon overtaken, and the intrepid Charlie was brought back to his prison quarters.

This daring attempt led to increased vigilance on the part of the sentinels, and rendered our hero an object to be watched and dreaded. But his darling object was not to be abandoned, and his third attempt exceeded the previous ones in strategy and execution.

With a chosen few, he conceived the project of scaling the parapet, attacking the sentinels with rocks, and breaking for the Canadian shore, the lake being frozen over.

Scaling ladders were made as secretly as possible, and a bright moonlight night selected for the attempt. There was only one pistol obtainable, and this fell, by lot, to the possession of Lieutenant Wheeler, of Morgan's cavalry. The others armed themselves with rocks. Lieutenants Pierce, Wheeler and J. B. Bowles, of Louisville, Kentucky, were the first to get their ladders in position and attempt the ascent. Our hero, however, was the only one who gained the parapet. A rock in his hand was as true as a rifle ball, thanks to his base-ball experience. With it he felled the sentinel. His cousin, Lieutenant Bowles was shot on the ladder, and his body fell inside. His dying words to Charlie were to push on, and leave him to his fate. Lieutenant Wheeler and the sentinel in front of him fired at each other simultaneously, and singularly both missed, when the Lieutenant slid down to avoid a second shot, he having no other means of defence. Lieutenant Pierce speedily pursued his way over the natural bridge of ice on the lake, under a constant fire from the sentinels, until he got beyond the range of their guns. At the same time the guns of the fort opened with solid shot, for the purpose of breaking the ice, while the signal guns could be heard for miles around booming on the still air. Unheeding the cold, for his heart beat high at the prospect of once more being with his comrades in the field, and proving with his sword the faith that was in him, he gained the strip of land twelve miles distant, and pursued his way through the woods until daylight,

when he was halted by some farmers, with shot-guns in close proximity to his body. Those fellows, when aroused by the alarm guns, were ever on the alert to capture an escaping prisoner, and claim the reward. They had no ordinary one in Charlie Pierce, and hungry, chilled and foot-sore, he was speedily marched back to his old quarters. The gallant fellow often said that he felt more chagrined and discouraged at being brought back by civilians than if captured by regular soldiers. But his fortitude soon returned, and his mind constantly dwelt upon the one darling object of escape.

It is not to be wondered at that Charlie now became an object of the strictest surveillance on the part of every agent of the enemy. His every movement was watched, so that his sole reliance was upon strategy for his fourth attempt.

Procuring a Federal uniform (it was supposed from some one connected with the hospital), he carefully concealed it in his bunk. With a piece of wood, of which there was plenty, he manufactured a gun-stock; with a lot of fruit cans, which he procured from the hospital, he manufactured a barrel, and a piece of the handle of a camp-kettle was wrought into a lock. After five months' incessant labor, he completed his task, and during that time he was exceedingly reticent, confining himself to his bunk as much as possible, keeping his own counsel, like a good general, but working like a beaver. As a piece of workmanship, it was pronounced by all who saw it a marvel of mechanical ingenuity and skill. He was fortunate enough to find an old, rusty bayonet, which he soon made look like polished steel, and how he stained the gun to make it look real no one but himself knew; but that it did look so the sequel will show. Having everything in readiness, how put them to use? The guard must be brought into the block at night, so that he could fall in with the men and march out with them. Confiding his intention to only a trusted few of his mess-mates, he requested Lieutenant Michael Long (now living in New Orleans) to inform the guard that an attempt would be made to break out that night from Block 8. The Lieutenant was thanked for the information; the sentinel called, "Corporal of the guard"; the Corporal carried the information to the Officer of the Guard; the guard was doubled for the emergency, and an inspecting party was soon going the round of the prison. While passing through Block 8, Charlie, with his Federal uniform and improvised gun, quietly fell in with them. Not finding any thing suspicious in that block, they

were marched out. All the other blocks were visited without any discoveries being made. The guard was then formed in line for inspection. The Lieutenant in command, examining the accoutrements of the men, discovered that Charlie had no cartridge box, when the following dialogue took place:

Lieutenant of the Guard—How is it, sir, that you have no cartridge box?

Charlie—Well, Lieutenant, we fell in outside in such a hurry, I declare I forgot it.

Lieutenant—Well, you are a fine soldier! no cartridge box! Suppose the Rebels were to attack us while we are in here among them? Let me see your gun, sir!

Then the Lieutenant proceeded to an inspection of arms, still upbraiding the delinquent soldier.

Charlie seeing this his last effort was defeated, straightened himself, brought his gun to "inspection arms," in true military style, and passed it to the officer. Of course, its weight told the tale. The ruse was discovered, and by neglecting the cartridge-box, the easiest of all to make, our hero was again defeated in his plans. By permission of the Lieutenant, however, he was allowed to make the experiment of passing the sentinel at the gate, which he did without eliciting any surprise. He was then taken before Colonel Charles W. Hill, of the 112th Ohio, then commandant of the prison at Johnson's Island, who showed himself a humane and considerate officer, and who frankly admitted the prisoner's right to attempt to escape, complimented him on his courage and strategy, and condemned him to no other puishment than the removal of his disguises and his money, but insisted on keeping his gun, which he deemed a fit trophy to be placed among the archives of the State of Ohio, where it is at present.

Charlie was then sent back to his quarters to brood in sorrow over his several failures, notwithstanding the indomitable courage, the strategy, the energy and the patience with which he prosecuted them. So confident was his comrades that he had been successful in this last attempt, that they prepared his bunk to lead the sentinel to believe that he was still there, and were ready to vouch for his sickness at roll-call the following morning. But vain hope, when roll-call came, the intrepid Pierce was there to answer for himself, and there he remained until paroled with the others at the close of the war.

Arriving at his home in New Orleans, like all true soldiers, he

accepted the situation as best he could, and pursued the even tenor of his way.

But the gallant spirit that could never bend to the enemy had to succumb to the yellow monster in 1867, at the age of twenty-six years, and his remains now rest, with the dust of many of his former comrades, in Greenwood Cemetery.

The brilliant record of Hays' brigade will show no name more fit to adorn the niche of fame than that of Lieutenant Charles Hatch Pierce.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 3.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND (CONTINUED)—REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOKE.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT,
NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, July 12, 1862.

General L. O'B. BRANCH, *Fourth Brigade, Light Division:*

Dear General—On the 25th June you called the commanding officers of your brigade together and informed them of the intended and manner of attack upon the enemy, who were on the north side of the Chickahominy, but at the same time ordered me to have my command ready to move at 5 o'clock P. M., with three days' rations. I having five companies on picket at the Crenshaw bridge, was ordered to take command at that point, while the other five companies, under Major Cowan, would march with the brigade and cross the river at the Telegraph bridge and move down the river, in order to drive the enemy from their position.

My orders were that I should cross the river, with the five companies, and make an attack in rear of the enemy.

About twelve o'clock on the 26th, I heard sharp skirmishing, and drew in my pickets in order to cross, and while doing so could see that the enemy were in full retreat. While crossing the river, I received a dispatch from you, ordering me to join the command; that you were in the road immediately opposite. I joined the command, and from that point we marched to Mechanicsville, and reached that place under a most terrific fire of shot and shell.

About 12 o'clock P. M., the firing ceased, and we were ordered to lie in position upon our arms. At 3 o clock A. M. of the 27th, we were ordered to be ready to march at a moment's warning; but did not take up the line of march until twelve o'clock, and then moved in the direction of Gaines' mills down the Chickahominy. We reached that point at 4 o'clock P. M., and finding heavy fighting going on, were ordered immediately into the engagement, and remained in the fight until dark, by which time the enemy had been driven back to a distance of two miles. I then reported to you, with your command at the road, and was ordered to bivouac my men and give them rest. This was a hard fought battle, and the men deserve great praise for their coolness and firmness on this occasion.

On the 28th we remained quiet all day. The enemy having been driven across the Chickahominy, we were ordered to prepare two days' rations and be ready to march at daylight.

On the 29th we crossed the river and moved down James river, marching a distance of twelve or fifteen miles and encamping.

On the 30th we again marched down the river, in order to make an attack, and reached the point about three o'clock. The presence of the enemy was soon made known by the roaring of artillery, and we were immediately ordered up the road in the direction of the enemy, by a flank movement, under a very great fire of shot and shell. Soon you, at the head of your brigade, filed to the right and moving six hundred yards in that direction, halted, faced to the front, formed a line of battle, and moved slowly through a skirt of woods until you reached an open field. You then halted, formed a perfect line of battle and charged, on the double-quick and with a yell, the enemy's batteries, which were strongly supported by infantry, across this field, a distance of five hundred yards. We at the same time were enfiladed by grape shot; but neither fire upon the front or flank at all stopped the men, but on they pressed and soon silenced the fire upon them. They seemed not to heed the falling of friends by their sides, but had the great duty of defeating the enemy foremost in their minds. Here my loss was heavy—not so much in killed as in wounded.

My men in this charge had no cover at all. I cannot refrain from asking that great praise may be given to both officers and men for their action on this occasion.

After passing through the field and entering the woods on the opposite side, my regiment became divided by the interference of

a brigadier-general unknown to me, who had ordered the left of my regiment to march to the left. I remained with a portion of my men on the field until dark, and reported to you in an old field, at which place you were encamped.

On the 1st July we were quiet until six o'clock in the evening, at which time we were ordered in to support D. H. Hill's division. In this fight I was not engaged, but was under a heavy fire of shot and shell.

On the 2d and 3d of July we were marching after the enemy; but their retreat was too speedy to be overtaken. We then bivouacked for several days, invited the enemy to battle, which was not accepted. We then marched to this point, arriving here on the 9th instant.

My loss was very heavy for a small command. The report of casualties has been sent in, as well as that of the action of the officers and men, which need no correction.

I am happy to say that, with a few exceptions, I am truly proud of the officers and men of my command. I cannot well make distinction among those officers and men who so nobly did their duty, but ask that credit may be given them to whom it is due, and action taken against those who deserve it.

Casualties—Killed, 8; wounded, 52; missing, 15. Total, 75.

Very respectfully,

R. F. Hoke, *Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.*

REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL BARBOUR.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,
NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, July 13, 1862.

General—The Thirty-seventh regiment left its camp on the 25th June, pursuant to orders, with the other regiments composing your brigade, and on the 26th crossed the Chickahominy. On the evening of the 26th my command reached Mechanicsville, and was exposed to a severe artillery fire, which wounded severely several men and two officers, but the regiment was not otherwise engaged.

On the evening of the 27th we reached Cold Harbor, and my command was ordered into action. Not knowing the position of the enemy, we moved up the road some two hundred yards, when the enemy opened a deadly fire upon us, killing several and wounding a large number. The swamp and undergrowth rendered it

very difficult to form the regiment in line of battle, which, together with the destructive fire of the enemy, threw it into considerable confusion, thereby rendering it inefficient for a short time, until order could be restored. During the rest of the engagement it behaved very well.

On Monday evening, the 30th instant, my regiment, with the other regiments of your command, charged the strong position occupied by the enemy's artillery and infantry. Throughout this engagement my command behaved with great gallantry, driving the enemy before them with great loss.

On Tuesday evening the regiment was again under arms and under fire, but was not engaged. All the officers of my command behaved well, except those whose names have been reported to General Hill under previous orders. I take pleasure in mentioning specially Captain Melton, who remained with his company during these trying scenes, although more than sixty years old and worn out by exposure and fatigue. In the action Monday evening, Colonel Lee was killed, while gallantly leading the regiment into action. He was a brave, experienced officer, and a pure man. His loss will be severely felt.

Lieutenant Isham Hartjoy was mortally wounded on Friday evening and has since died. He was an excellent officer, and a brave, true man. My total loss is one hundred and thirty-eight killed and wounded. A number of the wounded have died since the action. A list of killed and wounded has been heretofore forwarded to you.

Respectfully submitted,

WILLIAM M. BARBOUR,
Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding Thirty-seventh Regiment, N. C. T.

REPORT OF COLONEL HAYWOOD.

HEADQUARTERS SEVENTH REGIMENT,
NORTH CAROLINA TROOPS, July 10, 1862.

Brigadier-General L. O'B. BRANCH, *Fourth Brigade, Light Division:*

General—In consequence of the fall of that gallant soldier and generous gentleman, Colonel R. P. Campbell, late the commanding officer of this regiment, who was slain in the fight near Gaines' mill on the 27th ultimo, it becomes my duty, as second in command of this regiment, to report to you the proceedings of my troops in the recent battles before Richmond. His (Colonel Camp-

bell's) fittest monument is the tattered flag which drooped above our glorious dead when this fearful conflict was over.

I have the honor to report that, on the 25th of June, 1862, after orders were received from you, we proceeded, together with the rest of your brigade, from our camp on the Brooke turnpike up the Telegraph road towards the Chickahominy river.

On the following morning, at half past three (3) A. M., after bivouacking the night previous, in pursuance of orders received from you, we were in readiness to move, but did not change our position until 10 o'clock A. M., in consequence, as I was informed, of the want of information as to the position of Major-General Jackson. At this hour we were put in motion, the Seventh regiment being in front of your brigade. We soon reached the Chickahominy, upon the crossing of which I was immediately thrown forward with three companies—to wit: Companies C, F and A of the regiment—about one-quarter of a mile in front of the head of our column, for the purpose of dislodging the enemy's pickets between us and the Meadow bridge. After marching a few miles I encountered about two hundred of the enemy, whom we immediately attacked, and, after a short conflict, drove them from their position. We succeeded in capturing their flag and several of their company books and memoranda, with a slight loss of wounded and none killed on my part. The loss of the enemy we had no means of ascertaining. The next point at which we encountered the enemy was a few hundred yards beyond Atlee's station, on the Virginia Central Railroad. Here we had another severe skirmish, Colonel Campbell of the Seventh regiment, immediately ordered forward Company B. During the skirmish, one of the last named company was mortally wounded, and a few soldiers of the other companies were seriously wounded. It is a palpable duty, General, that I should express my high appreciation of the gallant conduct of the three companies that were more immediately under my command. Captain J. McLeod Turner, of Company F, had assigned him the perilous duty of covering my front, and skirmishing through woods, open fields and swamps, for the purpose of discovering the enemy's pickets. Whenever he became engaged he was promptly and fearlessly sustained by Captains R. B. McRae and J. G. Knox, of Companies C and A, under my command. Captain McRae succeeded in bringing away the enemy's flag from the first skirmish, near Crenshaw's, and Captain Knox did his best in effecting the dislodgment of the enemy. After this second

skirmish, Company F was withdrawn from the front, and Company A ordered to assume that position, in order to divide the labors of the march. Captain Knox's company was actively engaged for a while in firing upon an actual or supposed enemy in our front but there was no response.

About the middle of the afternoon, having learned that the greater portion of Major-General A. P. Hill's division had crossed the Chickahominy and was in front of us, I reported to you, whereupon I was ordered to unite my command with the rest of my regiment, under Colonel Campbell. I may confidently assert that no unnecessary time was spent in the various skirmishes just described.

About an hour and a half before dark we reached Mechanicsville, under a terrible fire of shot and shell. For a short time we were compelled to wait until we could receive orders from General Hill. Before dark, we were ordered to take our position in a road which appeared to run at right angles with the road we had previously occupied and to the left of it. Upon the appearance of General Archer, the Seventh and Twenty-eighth regiments were ordered by you to report to him, but, upon Colonel Campbell's application, we ascertained he had no immediate duty for us to perform. It was then fully dark, though the artillery conflict still continued, and, as soon as it ceased, we were ordered to take our position immediately in front of the enemy's batteries and about a quarter of a mile therefrom, being still in the front of your brigade. At this point we bivouacked for the night, and were prepared for action at three o'clock next morning, under orders from you. In a short time after this, the enemy's batteries opened upon us, as did some of their sharpshooters. Under this fire we remained for about an hour and a half, when we were ordered into the woods on the right of the road last spoken of, to which position we moved, marching by the right flank.

About 10 o'clock A. M. of the 27th ultimo, we were ordered again to take our position in the road, which we accordingly did. After remaining there for some time, it was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned his position in the batteries. We then took up our line of march for Gaines' mill, which point we reached between 3 and 4 o'clock P. M. of the same day. Almost immediately upon arriving at this point, our regiment was ordered into action. We advanced upon the right-hand road, having thrown forward two companies as skirmishers, who were immediately en-

gaged, when the whole regiment advanced steadily to their support. In this advance, Company B did distinguished credit to itself, and its commander, Captain R. S. Young, by the readiness with which it became aligned, and its marked steadiness in adadvancing under a very heavy fire. As we approached, Colonel Campbell ordered the skirmishers to form upon the right of the regiment, and the line advanced to a rail fence in front of the woods. Here we engaged the enemy, vastly superior to us in numbers. After holding this position for some time, and finding that he was not so rapidly reinforced as he anticipated, Colonel Campbell ordered his regiment to retire to the rear of the woods and reported to Major-General Hill for orders. The seven companies under Colonel Campbell, after driving the enemy through the woods, were ordered by Major-General Ewell to change their position by a movement by the right flank. After moving about a quarter of a mile, they were ordered to advance across a swamp and over an abatis of felled trees, up a hill, upon an entrenched position of the enemy. It was in this advance that our patriotic Colonel lost that life which was so dear to his whole regiment. The colors, when the advance began, were in the hands of Corporal Henry T. Fight, of Company F. He was instantly shot down, when they were again seized by Corporal James Harris, of Company I; he was also shot down, when Colonel Campbell himself seized the colors, and advancing some twenty paces in front of his regiment, ordered them not to fire but to follow him. Within twenty paces of the enemy's line he was shot down, when Lieutenant Duncan C. Haywood, commanding Company E, again seized our flag, the staff of which had been shot in two, and advanced to the front of the regiment. He also immediately lost his life, whereupon the flag of the regiment was carried out of the action by Corporal Geary, of Company C.

It was now nightfall, and Major Junius L. Hill, who had behaved with his usual distinguished gallantry, finding that more than half of our force was destroyed, and himself exhausted by long action and a severe shock from one of the enemy's bombs, formed such of his men as he could collect and reported to me.

The flag which was borne during this conflict was literally shot to pieces, and bore upon its field the marks of *thirty-two balls.* This is the best indication of the heavy fire to which our brave men were exposed.

My portion of the command, which, in obedience to orders, had

fallen back to the rear of the woods, after the first two hours of the engagement, upon my application to Major-General A. P. Hill for orders, was ordered towards the right of our lines for the purpose of supporting a portion of General Jackson's command, which he informed me was then on the field. My men cheerfully and earnestly advanced towards the right, with cheers for "Old Stonewall." We were under heavy fire for the rest of the evening, but were not so actively engaged as the rest of our regiment; the aforesaid portion of Jackson's command and Wheat's battalion being in our front.

Near nightfall, I reported to you, stating the exhausted condition of my troops, when you directed me to form on the left of the road, approaching the enemy, and post sentinels along the road so as to collect such portions of your brigade as might pass along said road, directing them to bivouac at this point.

On Saturday, the 28th, we remained quietly in our bivouac, caring for the wounded and dead.

The country and our State too painfully appreciate the loss of our most capable Colonel for *me* to say aught in his praise.

It was in this battle that Company E, under the command of Lieutenant Haywood, lost all of their officers. Lieutenants Haywood and Clap were killed in the brave discharge of their duties. Lieutenant H. C. Graham, late of the Twenty-second regiment of North Carolina troops, who had volunteered to take a command in the same company as lieutenant, had his leg broken early in the conflict.

Where almost every officer has distinguished himself, it is difficult to bestow especial praise upon any, but the serious bereavement which this company has sustained, not only in the loss of their officers but also in the loss of men, induces me to commend it to your especial consideration. I shall take occasion hereafter to recommend Lieutenant Graham for promotion if his wound will admit of his again entering the service.

In this battle it was also that Captain R. B. McRae was seriously and W. N. Peoples, of Company K, mortally wounded. Lieutenant Jos. C. Miller, of Company K, here rendered up his life, having fallen in close proximity to the point where Colonel Campbell fell while bravely leading his men in the conflict. Captain McAuley, Company I, and Lieutenant W. J. Kerr, Company D, (the color company) also sustained injuries from which they will not soon recover. Many others sustained injuries, the extent of which may be learned from official reports already published.

On Saturday, the 29th, we proceeded to recross the Chickahominy, and pursued the enemy until Monday evening, the 30th, when we overtook him and were at once formed in columns of regiments, on the right of the road, under cover of the woods. In a few minutes we were led into action by you in person. Since you witnessed the daring of my regiment while advancing towards the enemy, under a terriffic fire, and the disadvantages under which they labored in meeting retreating batteries, and in not knowing with accuracy the point for which they had been designated, I shall leave it to you, General, to say all that is necessary in their praise.

So soon as the enemy appeared in sight, the order was given for our regiment to charge, which we did without faltering, and drove him before us at least a mile, every inch of which was hotly contested. It was now near sunset, and finding that he had fallen upon his reserves which extended far beyond my right flank, and that we had driven away the immediate force that were protecting the enemy's batteries, I ordered a change of position, so as to reform in rear of General Pender's brigade, which was then advancing to our support. About this time, I was myself disabled by a slight wound on the head, but by the assistance of some of my men was enabled for a while to keep the field and send a portion of my men again into action, under command of Major J. L. Hill.

During this action, and the reformation just spoken of, I take occasion to acknowledge the eminent services rendered to me, my regiment and the cause, by Major Hill, who was always ready to expose himself to the hottest fire; to Lieutenant L. D. Stockton, my adjutant, who was at my side during the whole action, except when bearing official messages, under the enemy's fire, and did great service in assisting me in rallying the men; Lieutenant Munro, of the Second North Carolina regiment, who was acting as voluteer Lieutenant in Company E, also distinguished himself by conspicuous bravery. Captain J. McLeod Turner, Company F, and his command, distinguished themselves, as they have always hitherto done, by the eagerness with which they approached the foe. Lieutenant Murchison, Company C, also proved himself a worthy successor of his disabled captain, R. B. McRae. It was in this contest that Lieutenant J. Milton Alexander was mortally, and Lieutenants Dickey and Blackmar seriously, wounded. In this battle I have no complaint to make of any officer or man in

their advance upon the enemy; and I beg leave especially to commend the conduct, not only of the officers whom I have just named, but also of Captain J. G. Harris, Company H, and Lieutenant A. A. Pool, commanding Company K. This night my regiment spent on the field, and on Tuesday evening, about seven o'clock, while we were under marching orders, and actually on the march, we were ordered in the direction of Malvern Hill. We advanced under a heavy fire, artillery and musketry, but the darkness came upon us so rapidly that we were not actively engaged that night. We were then continued in the pursuit of the enemy until the 9th instant, when we were ordered to our present camp four miles from Richmond.

During this contest we have lost six officers killed or mortally wounded, and sixteen wounded, twenty-nine men killed on the field, and two hundred and two wounded. The number actually carried into action on Friday, 29th ultimo, was near four hundred and fifty officers and men. In specially commending certain officers, whose conduct was markedly brought to my own notice, I have reason to believe that my officers generally behaved quite as gallantly as they. * * * * * * * *

I have the honor, General, to be with much respect,
Your obedient servant,

ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD,
Colonel Commanding Seventh N. C. Troops.

Prison Life at Fort McHenry.

By Rev. Dr. T. D. WITHERSPOON, late Chaplain of the Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment.

PAPER No. 1.

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1863, when it became apparent that the army of General Lee was in quiet and undisturbed retreat from its position before Gettysburg, I found myself in the midst of three or four hundred men of the brigade in which I served, who were too severely wounded to be transported to the rear. Two alternatives presented themselves, to leave these men in the hour of their distress, or to remain within the enemy's line. The decision was soon made; and the consent of superior officers having been obtained, I stood by the roadway waving adieu as the little remnant of the gallant brigade tramped silently and sorrowfully by; and then turned to the tenderest and saddest ministry of my life, as under open flies, on the bare ground, or a mere pile of straw, these gallant men lay heroically suffering or unconsciously moaning their lives away. For a few never-to-be-forgotten days this ministry was permitted me, and then our field-hospital was broken up, the few surviving wounded were removed to the field-hospitals of the Federal army, and the Confederate surgeons and chaplains transported to Northern prisons.

On the very day before the order came to break up our field-hospital, tidings had come to us that the Colonel of the regiment in which I served, Colonel Hugh R. Miller, was lying mortally wounded at a private residence in Gettysburg, and had expressed a desire to see me. I reached his bedside just in time to receive his dying expression of his faith in Christ and his readiness to depart. Through the generosity of the kind family (a Maryland family) at whose home Colonel Miller had been so assiduously and tenderly cared for, the services of an embalmer were secured, and the body skilfully embalmed and inclosed in a metallic case. The Commandant of the Post at Gettysburg, whose name I do not recall, but who was a true gentleman as well as true soldier, on application being made to him to send the remains through the lines by flag of truce, did all he could to further this end. For he not only sent the remains to Baltimore in charge of one of the members of his staff, but he allowed Edwin Miller, the youthful son of the Colonel, and myself, his chaplain, to accompany the remains as escort with a letter to General Schenck, the Commandant at

Baltimore, requesting that we should be permitted to accompany the remains by flag of truce to Richmond.

The scene on the arrival at General Schenck's headquarters in Baltimore was one that beggars description. The polite and gentlemanly Lieutenant who had accompanied us presented the letter from his superior officer, and it was handed to Colonel Fish, General Schenck's Adjutant. He read it, and asked, "Where is the body?" The Lieutenant produced the receipt of the Adams Express Company, who had it in charge, and the Colonel, receiving it, handed it to one of his subordinates, and said, "Go and get that body and have it buried." "Where shall I bury it?" asked the surprised official—to which the answer was in substance that he did not care where, so as the body was put out of the way, adding that he had stood all that he was going to stand of this paying honors to Rebel dead. Edwin Miller, overwhelmed with the thought of the dishonor about to be done to his father's remains, plead most earnestly to be permitted to accompany the officer and see the remains interred, and it was only after a long interval, and through the intercession of friends of Colonel Fish, who were the witnesses of the boy's agony, that he was permitted to accompany the remains to their sepulture, and have them placed in a vault instead of being buried in the ground.

When the question of the disposition of the body had been finally settled, the Lieutenant in charge of us asked, "What shall I do with these men?" referring to Edwin Miller and myself. To which the reply was, "Let them go down to the guard-room." Now this guard-room was a dark basement room of the hotel in which General Schenck had his headquarters, provided with an iron door and a small grated window to admit a little light, into which the provost guard emptied the sweeping of the streets. Drunken soldiers, deserters, bummers, *et id omne genus*, constituted its ordinary population. Hence the Lieutenant was startled by the proposition, and said, "But this man is a minister of the gospel; you won't send him there?" "Why not," asked the now irate Colonel, "the preachers are more to blame for this war than any others. The best thing we could do would be to hang a few of them when we capture them." And so without further ceremony I was marched down by a sentinel to the guard-room. The iron door swung open and closed behind me, and I found myself, as the shadows of evening were coming on, in one of the vilest dens in which any respectable man ever spent the night.

The ribaldry, blasphemy, obscenity of these poor half-drunken creatures was horrible. But not only so; there were among the prisoners one or two stout, stalwart Baltimore roughs, Irishmen, whose sympathies were with the South, and who, true to the open-hearted instincts of their mother-land, were outspoken in their sentiments, and not at all averse to a submission of them to the arbitrament of battle. And so every now and then some drunken Federal soldier would cry out amidst the darkness, "I can whip any man who is for Jeff. Davis." And from across the room would come, like an ominous echo out of the darkness, "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis." Then there would be a collision about the centre of the room, partaking at first of the character of a fisticuff between two, and then of a general melee with the idea of "wherever you see a head hit it," and a very painful foreboding that your own head might be the next one to attract the attention of some accommodating belligerent.

It is hardly necessary to say that there was no sleep that night, or that, squeezing as closely as possible into an angle of the room, and protected fortunately by a kind of breastwork made of the bodies of those who were too much overcome with liquor and sleep to take part in the engagement, I maintained a strict neutrality, keeping ingloriously silent even when some besotted blue-coat would move up menacingly towards me and dare me to "chirp for Jeff. Davis." Nor need I say how rejoiced I was when the morning came, and being abandoned now by all hope of return to the South, I was ordered to Fort McHenry, and the life enacted of which some account will be given in the following pages.

On an arm of the Patapsco river, some two miles below the city of Baltimore, and guarding the entrance to its harbor, stands this old fortress, in existence as early certainly as 1794, bearing, in honor of one of the heroes of the first revolution, the name of Fort McHenry.

Its chief claim to historic interest lies in the conspicuous part which it bore in the defence of Baltimore during its memorable siege by the British in the autumn of the year 1814. Ross, the British General, having completed his work of vandalism at Washington, had taken fleet with his army and entered the Patapsco, with the design of seizing the city of Baltimore and wintering there. The whole issue of the campaign, and with it, apparently, the fate of the war, depended on the capture of the city. To effect this, a passage must be forced under the guns of Fort McHenry, held at

that time by the heroic Colonel Armistead with a garrison of only 1,000 men and an armament of guns far inferior to that of the enemy.

The attack was made by the British Admiral at early morning, with a squadron of sixteen vessels, and the engagement lasted through the day, night closing upon the combatants in the midst of a terrific storm of shot and shell—not a single vessel having succeeded in cutting its way through. At midnight the British commander made an assault by land with a picked body of 1,500 men, hoping to carry the defences by storm, but the gallant band of defenders, though wearied with the long struggle of the day, met the assailants successfully at every point, repelling them again and again with terrific slaughter until at length the British General gave up in despair, withdrew his forces, and left the fort and the city to the peaceful possession of their heroic and gallant defenders.

On one of the British transports lying just outside of the harbor was Francis Key, a patriot of Maryland, held as a State prisoner because of his loyalty to the American cause. Confined between decks, where he could hear the din of the conflict, but could learn nothing of the results, he spent the long night in anxious thought of the banner which he loved waving upon the walls of Fort McHenry, and in earnest prayer that it might not go down before the enemy's furious assault. When the morning light had broken again over the scene, and the din of conflict was hushed, and his eye caught a view of the flag of his country still waving upon the ramparts of the old fortress, his exultation found expression in that hymn which has immortalized both his name and the banner he so loved—

> "O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
> What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

He little thought that the day would come when that same banner—the emblem to him of freedom from oppression—would still wave over Fort McHenry, and beneath its folds, patriots of Maryland, as pure and noble-hearted as himself, should, under a like stigma of rebellion, waste away their lives in dreary casements and under galling fetters of imprisonment.

All this, however, is merely by way of introduction to the old fortress, of whose hospitalities I was permitted, during the summer of 1863, to partake. At the time of my first introduction, it was

used principally as a place of rendezvous for detachments of Confederate prisoners on their way to permanent places of imprisonment at Point Lookout, Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, &c.

Prisoners brought in from the lines of the Army of the Potomac in small detachments were here assorted and sent away, the officers to Johnson's Island and Fort Delaware, the privates to Point Lookout, &c.—detachments being often held for a week or two until suitable arrangements could be made for them at some of the more populous, if not more popular places of resort.

Now it chanced that after the battle of Gettysburg a number of surgeons and chaplains found their way along with other prisoners to this *point d'appui*, having either been detailed for hospital service and left behind on the retreat from Pennsylvania, or having voluntarily remained with the wounded and dying of their commands.

If any one should ask me how it came that surgeons and chaplains were held as prisoners of war by the Federal Government, I can only answer that I do not know. In all civilized warfare surgeons and chaplains being considered as non-combatants and their mission being regarded as one of mercy, are not reckoned as prisoners of war, but, when captured, are released upon their own parole and sent into the lines of the army they serve. But I also know that I was captured in the afternoon of a beautiful Sabbath day, the 5th of July, 1863, in a hospital tent, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, in the midst of a religious service, surrounded by the wounded on every hand, to whom I was ministering, and at whose urgent solicitation I had voluntarily remained within the enemy's lines.

I was sent, as already narrated, to the headquarters of General Schenck, and by him ordered to prison quarters at Fort McHenry, and although, through the influence of prominent citizens of Baltimore, General Schenck was induced to issue an order for my return to the South on the day following my incarceration, and I was actually taken on board the flag of truce boat to Old Point, yet orders were received at Fortress Monroe to return me to prison, and after a fortnight's confinement in Fort Norfolk I was returned to Fort McHenry, and kept there as a prisoner until, through the unwearied intercession of Colonel Ould, our humane and courteous Agent of Exchange, a cartel was arranged by which we could be exchanged.

Without stopping, however, to inquire into the hows and wherefores of this vexed question, suffice it to say that at the time to

which I refer about a hundred surgeons, with some thirteen or fourteen chaplains, had been collected from various points and were incarcerated at Fort McHenry. As they constituted a somewhat anomalous class, being neither, strictly speaking, officers nor privates, they could not properly be assigned to any of the permanent places of imprisonment, and therefore it was resolved to retain them as the special guests of the prison to which they had first been brought.

Battle of Gettysburg—Report of General Junius Daniel.

HEADQUARTERS DANIEL'S BRIGADE,
August 20th, 1863.

Major G. PEYTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—In compliance with orders received from division headquarters, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade from June 4th, 1863, the time the division left Grace church, to July 20th, when, in consequence of sickness, I turned over the command to Colonel Brabble.

The brigade, consisting of the Thirty-second, Forty-third, Forty-fifth, Fifty-third regiments and Second battalion North Carolina troops, in all about twenty-two hundred men, left Grace church with the division on the 4th of June, 1863, and marched in the direction of Culpeper Courthouse, which place we reached on the 7th without encountering the enemy, and encamped three miles beyond the town.

On the morning of the 9th firing was heard in the direction of Brandy station, and I received orders to proceed in that direction. About twelve o'clock I arrived near Brandy station and received orders from Lieutenant-General Ewell and General Lee to proceed to the station and report to Brigadier-General Hampton. Upon arriving at the station I reported to General Hampton and was by him placed in line of battle about one mile in advance of the station to support some cavalry that had fallen back before the enemy—their skirmishers being at this time a little in advance of their position and their artillery firing upon the enemy at long range.

A short time after this I received orders from the Major-General commanding the division to throw out skirmishers to the front and move my line some half mile to the rear. After remaining in this position a short time the enemy began to retire, and I received orders to advance my skirmishers and retire my line still further to the rear—keeping my troops concealed behind the hills during the movement. The enemy retired before my line of skirmishers.

About 5 o'clock P. M. I received orders to call in my skirmishers and move to a wood near the "Botts" house, and there go into camp. On the following day I left camp with the division, making a night march and moving in the direction of Front Royal, which place we reached about 12 M. on the 12th, and crossed the Shenandoah on the same day, taking the road to Berryville via Millwood.

Near Millwood, my brigade being in advance of the division, my advance guard came in contact with a small party of the enemy's cavalry, which retired before them and was not seen again until I reached Berryville, which place the enemy occupied in force. Upon arriving near the town I received orders to move to the left, and, in conjuction with General Jenkins, to prevent the escape of the enemy by the Winchester pike; and upon the arrival of a battery of artillery, under command of Major Braxton, to attack and carry the enemy's works on "Grindstone" hill, and after this to move upon the town and form a junction with the troops that had moved to the right of the town. In compliance with these orders I moved some three miles to the left and took a position under cover of some woods near the enemy's works, and in such manner as to prevent their escape by the Winchester pike. Upon examination I found that the enemy had abandoned their works and gone in the direction of the town. I immediately commenced moving in the same direction, when I received notice from Major-General Rodes that the enemy had retreated from the town, and was directed by him to move upon the Martinsburg pike.

Upon reaching this pike and reporting to the Major-General Commanding, a short rest was ordered; after which we commenced moving upon Martinsburg, which place the rear of the column did not reach until after dark the next day. My command having been placed in charge of the train, and the enemy's cavalry having shown some activity during the march, I was ordered to place one of my regiments in front of the train and one in the rear, and to distribute the others equally along the train. The train being several miles in length, my command was much separated. When I had arrived within three miles of the town, an officer of Colonel Carter's artillery reported to me that he had a battery playing upon the enemy, which was without infantry supports, and requested that I would give him a regiment to support it. In the absence of the Major-General Commanding, I immediately ordered the Fifty-third regiment, Colonel Owens commanding, to the support of this battery, and then, having sent a staff officer to bring up such of my regiments as were still in the rear, I proceeded with the Forty-third regiment along the road leading to the town. Having halted this regiment in the outskirts of the town, I rode forward and learned that the enemy had fled, and received orders from the Major-General Commanding to return with my command and go into camp at the "Big Spring."

The following day we marched upon Williamsport, which place we reached about dark and went into camp just opposite the town. On the 17th we crossed the river and encamped on the Sharpsburg road. On the 19th we marched upon Hagerstown and remained in camp there until 22d, when we marched upon Greencastle, Pennsylvania, and camped a little south of the town and remained until the 24th, when we marched upon Chambersburg, reaching that place about the middle of the day. At twelve o'clock at night I received orders to move with my brigade to Shippensburg, as General Jenkins was threatened by the enemy. I commenced the march about one o'clock and arrived there about 5 A. M., and relieved General Jenkins in command. On the 26th the remainder of the division came up. On the following day we marched upon Carlisle, where we remained until the 30th, when we marched upon Gettysburg by way of Heidlersburg, and arrived within two and a half miles of the town about 12 M. At this time I received orders to turn to the right and follow the trail of the troops that had preceded me. After moving some three-fourths of a mile, I received orders to form my brigade in line about two hundred yards in rear of General Iverson, my left in rear of his right wing, with instructions to protect the right of the division and to support Iverson's right.

I was also informed that Colonel O'Neal, commanding Rodes' brigade, was on the same line with myself and would support General Iverson on the left. After remaining in this position for some hour and a half, I was notified by General Iverson that he was about to advance. Immediately after commencing his advance, and when he had reached the open field a short distance in his front, he changed his line of direction considerably to the left, thus unmasking such of my regiments as were in his rear. After advancing a short distance, General Iverson became engaged with the enemy. Having received no notification of this change of direction, I allowed my line to move on and rode to the front to reconnoitre. Here I ascertained that General Iverson had changed his direction and was engaging the enemy, strongly posted in some woods in his front, and also that the enemy was threatening his right.

This change of General Iverson caused me to execute a corresponding change to the left. In order to support his right, my entire line, except the Second battalion and Forty-fifth regiment, was moved some distance by the left flank. I immediately moved the

Second battalion and the Forty-fifth regiment forward and engaged the enemy, very strongly posted along a railroad cut and in the edge of the woods in rear of the cut—their line of battle being nearly at right angles with General Iverson's line, and supported by two batteries of artillery posted near a stone barn on the right of the raiload cut, and another on the hill to the left of the railroad. This line of the enemy brought a very strong fire both of artillery and musketry upon my own and a portion of the right of General Iverson's line. Seeing that the enemy was strong, and other troops coming up to their support, I ordered the Forty-third and Fifty-third regiments from my centre and right to the left, to support General Iverson and my left. The Forty-fifth and Second battalion, under command of Lieutenant-Colonels Boyd and Andrews, moved forward under a murderous fire of artillery in the most gallant manner to a fence under cover of a slight eminence, and engaged the enemy at short range, and by their steady and well directed fire soon forced them to fall back. After seeing the Forty-third and Fifty-third regiments (which had been moved from the right) in position, I ordered the Second battalion and the Forty-fifth regiment, supported on the left by the Forty-third and Fifty-third regiments, to charge the enemy, at the same time ordering the Thirty-second regiment, Colonel Brabble commanding, to move forward on the right and get a position where he could reach the flank of the enemy posted about the barn, and in the woods in the rear of the barn.

The Forty-fifth regiment and Second battalion, gallantly led by their commanders, and supported by the rest of the line, advanced at a charge, driving the enemy from the cut in confusion, killing and wounding many and taking some prisoners; also compelling their artillery to retire from the barn. At the railroad cut, which had been partially concealed by the long grass growing around it, and which in consequence of the abruptness of its sides was impassible, the advance was stopped. Seeing that it was impossible to advance this part of the line and the ground affording no cover, I ordered the Forty-fifth and Second battalion to fall back some forty paces to the crest of the hill, which afforded some shelter.

From this position I kept up a heavy fire on the columns of the enemy that came down to the relief of the lines that had been broken, and in the meantime examined the cut from which the enemy had been driven. This I found could only be carried by moving a force across the cut to support the line advancing on the

left of the cut, and that could only be crossed by moving a regiment by the flank in *rear* and on the *right* of my position, and in *front* of some troops of General A. P. Hill's corps, who were lying down in line of battle, and to whom I had sent an officer with a request that they would act in conjunction with me in my previous advance, and with which request they had for some cause failed to comply.

Seeing that the eneemy was strengthening himself on my right, and was occupying the cut and the hill to the right and left of it in great force, and that General Iverson's left had been broken, and that one of the enemy's flags had almost gotten in his rear, I saw the necessity of carrying the hill at all hazards, and ordered Colonel Brabble to advance across the cut, keeping his left on the cut and his line perpendicular to it, and to carry the battery at the barn and drive in the line of infantry between the barn and the hill. This advance of Colonel Brabble's took the enemy in flank. At the same time I ordered Captain Hammond to proceed to the left and order all my troops to advance with the centre, of which portion I had the immediate command, and also to endeavor to get all the troops on my left to advance with me, as I intended to carry the hill.

About this time a body of troops, which I afterwards learned belonged to Major-General Pender's division, commenced a most spirited advance on my right, leaving, however, an interval of some hundreds of yards between themselves and my right. My own troops advanced in fine order under a heavy fire, the Twelfth North Carolina regiment of Iverson's brigade keeping abreast with my left.

After severe fighting I succeeded in taking the hill with a very heavy loss. Here a very large number of prisoners were captured, and in the advance my troops passed over several stands of colors that had been abandoned by the enemy. The Forty-fifth regiment captured a stand of colors of the enemy, and Sergeant McAdo, of the Fifty-third regiment, recaptured the colors of the Twentieth North Carolina regiment. My command continued to move forward until it reached the outskirts of the town, where, agreeably to instructions received through Major Whiting, I halted; subsequently having received orders from the Major-General Commanding to hold the railroad, I rested here during the night under cover of an embankment.

I feel it my duty at this point to make mention of the gallant

conduct of my troops during this action. Their loss in killed and wounded amounted to about one-third the number that entered the fight. All acted with courage and coolness, but it fell to the lot of the Forty-fifth, Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd; Second battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, and the Thirty-second, Colonel Brabble, to meet the heaviest efforts of the enemy. This they did in the most gallant manner, repulsing them at every advance, and finally driving them in confusion from the field. On the morning of the 2d, I moved under orders from the Major-General commanding the division to the right of the railroad cut and occupied the crest of the hill, my left resting near the cut, and my right connecting with the left of General Pender's division, Colonel O'Neal, commanding Rodes' old brigade, having been directed by Major-General Rodes to report to me for orders, I caused him to occupy the position under the railroad embankment which my own brigade had occupied during the night. My brigade held its position along the crest throughout the day. About 3½ o'clock P. M. the enemy's artillery opened in reply to our own, and from that time until nearly dark the portion of the line occupied by my troops was subjected to a heavy fire, from which, owing to their exposed situation, they suffered much. A little after sunset, I received orders to form in the open field in front of and below the hill, and to support Generals Doles, Iverson and Ramseur in an advance upon Cemetery hill. With Rodes' brigade on my left, I moved in the rear of General Ramseur for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, when I was notified by General Ramseur that he had halted and that it was impracticable at that time to advance further. I, therefore, halted my line and remained in that position until about 10 P. M., when I received orders to move back into the town and occupy the position formerly occupied by General Ramseur (with O'Neal on my left). Some two hours afterward I received orders to move with my own and Rodes' brigade to the left of the town, a distance of about four miles, and report to General Johnson. In obedience to this order, I moved off at about 1½ A. M. and reported to General Johnson at about 4 A. M., by whom I was immediately ordered into action to the support of Jones' brigade, Colonel Duncan commanding. I was at the same time notified that Colonel O'Neal would receive his orders during the day from General Johnson. In taking the position assigned me, the Thirty-second regiment was subjected to a heavy artillery fire in a much exposed situation, which, however, it bore with great courage and steadiness.

On coming up with Jones' brigade, I found its skirmishers engaging the enemy at long range. The hill in front of this position was, in my opinion, so strong that it could not have been carried by any force. After remaining here some two or three hours, I was ordered to move by the left flank to the left, under the guidance of a staff officer who had been sent to conduct me to the position it was desired I should occupy. In executing this movement, my troops were much exposed and many were killed and wounded. On reaching the left I received orders from General Johnson to charge the enemy's works in conjunction with General Steuart. This charge was made in a most gallant manner and the enemy driven from a portion of their works in front of my centre and right, and near the works captured the evening before by Jones' brigade. Owing to the heavy fire brought upon General Steuart, he was unable to advance further, and I was therefore unable to occupy the works of the enemy; but from a sheltered position within fifty paces, I obtained through a gorge between their lines of entrenchments a most destructive fire with the whole of the Forty-fifth regiment, for five minutes, upon a crowd of the enemy who were disorganized and flying in great confusion. And here, owing to the fact that the enemy were returning our fire at this time very feebly, and that our own aim was unobstructed, we succeeded in inflicting heavy loss upon them. This position I held, bringing a heavy though unequal fire on the fresh columns that came down to the relief of those that had been broken and were leaving their works, until ordered by General Johnson to fall back with the rest of his line about three-quarters of a miles and occupy the position along a run at the foot of the hill.

I remained in this position, with my skirmishers warmly engaged, and the enemy's fire reaching and doing some execution upon our line, from about three o'clock P. M. until nearly 12 M., when I received orders to follow General Smith's brigade with my own and Rodes' brigade back to the town, and there report to General Rodes. Having done this, my brigade was assigned a position on the left of the division; this I reached and occupied about daybreak on the morning of the 4th.

I cannot, in justice to the officers and men of my command, close this portion of my report without recording my earnest conviction that the conduct of none of the troops who participated in this engagement will furnish brighter examples of patient endurance than were exhibited by them. Entering the fight on the first day at about 1 P. M. and hotly engaged until 4 P. M., during

which time they constantly drove before them a superior force of the enemy, losing nearly one-third of their number and many valuable officers. Exposed during the afternoon of the second day to a galling fire of artillery, from which they suffered much, they moved at night in line of battle on the enemy's strong position, after which, with less than two hours' rest and having made a fatiguing night march, they reported to General Johnson and entered the fight again at 5 A. M. on the third day, and were not withdrawn until between three and four in the afternoon—their skirmishers remaining engaged until nearly twelve at night, and and the whole line being constantly exposed to and suffering from the enemy's fire. Shortly after twelve they were required to repeat the march of the preceding night and to reoccupy the position from which they had driven the enemy on the first day. Nor was there exhibited by any portion of the command, during the three days in which they were engaged, any disposition to shrink from the duties before them, or any indications of that despondency with which men similarly exposed are so often affected.

I desire here to make special mention of Captain W. M. Hammond, Assistant Adjutant-General; First Lieutenant W. R. Bond, Aid-de-Camp, and Lieutenant-Colonel W. J. Green, Aid-de-Camp; Captain Hammond for his bravery and efficient services throughout the three days' fight; Lieutenant Bond and Colonel Green for their services on the first day. Both the latter were severely wounded on the first day—Lieutenant Bond through the body and Colonel Green through the head—each acting with the most conspicuous coolness and bravery. To these officers I am indebted for most important services on that day. Lieutenant-Colonel Boyd and Major Winston, Forty-fifth North Carolina regiment, were both wounded, the former severely and the latter painfully, on the first day.

Major Winston, however, notwithstanding the painful character of his wound, did not quit the field, but remained with his regiment until late in the engagement of the 3d July, when a second wound, more severe than the first, compelled him to retire; *both* of these officers were wounded while leading their men in an advance upon the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, Second North Carolina battalion, was killed July 1st while gallantly leading his men in a charge. Major Hancock, of this battalion, at the same time received a wound through the breast. Major Lewis, of the Thirty-second, severely wounded at the close of the first day's fight, and Colonel

Kernan, of the Forty-third regiment, severely wounded on the 3d July while leading his men against the enemy's works. These officers, with the exception of Captain Hammond, are in the hands of the enemy.

I desire also to mention specially Colonel E. C. Brabble, Thirty-second; Lieutenant-Colonel W. G. Lewis, Forty-third regiment; Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Conand, Thirty-second regiment; Captain A. Galloway, commanding Forty-fifth regiment on the 3d July after Major Winston had been disabled; Captain Hopkins, of the same regiment; Captain London, of the Thirty-second, commanding skirmishers; Captain Whitaker, senior captain of the Forty-third, and Lieutenant Still, Forty-third regiment, acting Aid-de-Camp after Lieutenant Bond was wounded.

These officers all acted with bravery and coolness, as did all of my officers and men whose conduct came under my observation, but the above were more conspicuous than the rest.

I entered the engagement of July 1st with twenty-one hundred (2,100) men; the total loss up to the time my command reached Hagerstown amounted to nine hundred and ninety-six (996) men, of which number nine were lost in the skirmish at Fairfield.

About night on Saturday the 4th, I received orders to hold myself in readiness to move. Between twelve and one o'clock I received orders to commence the march, and moved off at the head of the division, taking the Fairfield road, which place we reached the middle of the afternoon the following day and encamped some one and a half miles beyond the town upon the top of the mountain.

The following morning I was notified that the division would constitute the rear guard of the army and that I would bring up the rear of the division, and was ordered to relieve the skirmishers of General Early, then coming up from the town, the enemy's skirmishers following them. I threw out skirmishers on both sides of the road and engaged those of the enemy, driving them back. The enemy's line having been ascertained to be a long one, extending nearly across the valley, General Doles was ordered by the Commanding-General to throw out skirmishers and relieve a portion of mine on the right of the road.

The Forty-fifth regiment, under command of Captain Hopkins, was ordered to occupy a hill some distance to the left and front, which, it was thought from the movements of the enemy they intended to occupy with artillery, and from which he could annoy us much in withdrawing. Upon reaching the hill Captain Hop-

kins found it occupied by a regiment of the enemy, who demanded of him a surrender, and to which demand he replied handsomely by *driving them beyond* the hill with slight loss to himself and considerable, he thinks, to the enemy.

This position I occupied until informed by the Major-General that he had taken up a position some mile or more in the rear, and under orders from him, withdrew my troops and occupied this position, holding, with skirmishers, a branch some half a mile in front of the last position.

I withdrew without loss, and in good order, the enemy not pursuing with much vigor, but moved a small force around to the left, which came in contact with some skirmishers placed by Major-General Rodes to protect my rear. Having received orders to withdraw, I did so without being pressed by the enemy, and camped near Waynesboro' that night; the following day we marched upon Hagerstown and encamped within two miles of the town.

On the 15th, the cavalry having reported the enemy as attempting to cross the "Antietam" by the dirt-road that led to Boonesborough, I was ordered to strengthen my pickets on that road, and in conjunction with Robertson's cavalry brigade to prevent the crossing.

It was afterwards ascertained to be a small force of the enemy's cavalry, which was easily driven by cavalry skirmishers supported by a line of infantry, commanded by Captain London, Thirty-second regiment. About night we marched through town, taking the "Clear spring" road and went into line of battle the following morning, on the left of the army, some two miles from town.

This position we occupied until the night of the 13th, when we recrossed the Potomac and I encamped some mile and a half beyond "Falling Waters"; the next day we marched upon Martinsburg, which place we reached on the 15th. The next morning we took up the line of march for Darkesville, near which place we remained until the 20th, when we returned to Martinsburg, where we rested during the night. The next day we passed through the town and commenced tearing up the railroad track some two miles from town. Here we received orders to return to Darkesville, at which place, in consequence of sickness, I turned over the command to Colonel Brabble.

Very respectfully,

JUNIUS DANIEL, *Brigadier-General.*

Editorial Paragraphs.

RENEWALS have been coming in from many of our friends with rather more than accustomed promptness; but we are afraid that we shall be forced to discontinue our visits to a large number of subscribers whose time has expired. *Ask your neighbor if he has renewed, and urge him to do so.*

IF EACH ONE OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS would send us a new name, or induce one of our old subscribers to renew, we should be under obligations. Will *you* not try to do this *at once?*

GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE writes us, after the form containing his article had been printed and consequently too late to make the change, that he desired the figures given in General Forrest's report, published in our January number, substituted for the report of his loss, which he took from General Jordan's "Forrest and his Campaigns." General Forrest says: "The killed and wounded of the enemy who fell into our hands amount to over one hundred * * * and one hundred and sixty-two prisoners * * *; and it is but reasonable to suppose, and a low estimate to place, their loss in killed, wounded and missing at eight hundred."

THE LEE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION has done the secretary of the Southern Historical Society the honor of electing him to the secretaryship of the Association, made vacant by the resignation of Colonel S. Bassett French.

We propose to do all in our power to *push* this grand work to completion, and bespeak the active co-operation of admirers of the great chieftan everywhere.

We have a proposition from one of the most devoted followers of Lee to be one of fifty persons to give five hundred dollars each to secure at once a sum which would justify the beginning of the work. Can we not find forty-nine more who will respond to this proposition?

Meantime, subscriptions, large or small, from individuals or from associations would be acceptable.

Any information concerning the Lee Monument Association can be obtained by addressing *Rev. J. Wm. Jones, Secretary, box 61, Richmond, Va.*

A FEW GENEROUS RESPONSES were made to our appeal for help to pay off the old debt of the Society, we have received a number of kind promises which will doubtless be redeemed before long, and others of our friends are no doubt *intending* to respond. One of our friends proposes to be one of fifty to give fifty dollars each to raise $2,500 for the Society. We have two other

responses, and are now looking for forty-seven others who will do likewise.

Another zealous friend sends us one dollar for the fund, and suggests that each subscriber do the same. This is a good suggestion, and we hope that a large number will adopt it. Others have sent us for this special purpose sums ranging from two dollars to twenty dollars.

We are confident of being able to more than meet our current expenses in the future, and if our friends will only provide for the old debt, we shall have no further trouble.

Literary Notices.

Army Northern Virginia Memorial Volume. Compiled by Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Secretary Southern Historical Society, author "Personal Reminiscences of Lee," etc.—at the request of the Virginia Division Army of Northern Virginia Association.

We are indebted to the publishers, Randolph & English, Richmond, for a copy of this book, which is now ready for delivery.

It is a book of 348 pages, and contains:

1. A report of the great Lee Memorial Meeting in Richmond in November, 1870, with the splendid orations delivered on the occasion by President Davis and others.

2. Reports of the *annual reunions* of the Virginia Division Army of Northern Virginia, together with the addresses of Colonel C. S. Venable in 1873; Colonel Charles Marshall in 1874; Major John W. Daniel in 1875; Captain W. Gordon McCabe in 1876; Leigh Robinson, Esq., in 1877; Colonel William Allan in 1878; and General Fitzhugh Lee in 1879.

3. A carefully-prepared Roster of the Army of Northern Virginia.

4. A statement of the Relative Numbers of the Army of Northern Virginia and the Army of the Potomac at their principal battles.

As to how the compiler has done his work *we* may not speak; but we may say that these splendid addresses should find a place in every library.

The publishers have done their part of the work in really superb style. The printing (executed by our printer, Mr. G. W. Gary) is as fine a specimen of such work as can be found; while the paper, binding and general *get up* of the book reflects the highest credit on the taste and skill of the publishers.

The book is sold for $2, $2.50, $3.50 and $5, according to binding, and will be mailed, or sent by express, to any address on receipt of the price.

The five-dollar edition contains the best steel engraving of General Lee we have ever seen, and a beautiful Confederate battle-flag, and is superbly bound in fine diced Russia.

Orders may be sent either to the Publishers or to the Compiler Box 61, Richmond, Va.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for January has been received and is a rich number, beautifully illustrated and full of good things.

"*The United States Life Saving Service*," "*Success with Small Fruits*," "*Young Artists' Life in New York*," "*The Acadians in Louisiana*," "*A Revolutionary Congressman on Horseback*," "*American Arms and Ammuni-*

tion," "*A Personal and what came of it*," "*Topics of the Time*," "*Home and Society*," and other articles are very cleverly done and beautifully illustrated.

But we were especially interested in "Extracts from the Journal of Henry J. Raymond," the famous Editor of the *New York Times*. This number gives a vivid descriprion of his visit to Army of the Potomac in January, 1863, his private intercouse with Generals Burnside, Sumner, Wadsworth, and other officers, and a good deal of the *inside* history of the battle of Fredericksburg, the plan of Burnside to cross the river again below Fredericksburg, which was prevented by a telegram from Mr. Lincoln, and the celebrated "stick in the mud expedition," which was defeated before the column reached the place of crossing.

Mr. Raymond tells a good deal of the dissensions among the generals of the Army of the Potomac at this time, and narrates a good many things which form pleasant reading for an old Confederate, and some of which we may hereafter have occasion to quote.

Scribner is certainly among the very best of our monthlies, and it is just to say that is not often marred by such unfair and unjust attacks on our section as Dr. Holland had last year, and for which our Southern papers generally took him so severely to task.

THE AMERICAN ART REVIEW MONTHLY, published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston, has been sent us by the Agent, Henry Fleetwood, 27 North Calvert Street, Baltimore, Maryland.

It is admirably gotten up, is illustrated with superb steel engravings, and is a work in which artists and all lovers of art would delight, and which might very appropriately find a place in our libraries, or on our centre tables.

This is the second number of the *Review*, and if its able art criticisms, beautiful engravings, and valuable information about art and artists are to be taken as an earnest of what future numbers are to be, we can most cordially commend it as a valuable auxiliary, which at the same time pleases and cultivates the taste of our people.

THE MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY, edited by John Austin Stevens, Esq., and published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, has been for several years one of our most valued exchanges.

The December number contains interesting papers on "The Battle of Buena Vista," "The Case of Major Andre," "The Seventy-six Stone House at Tappan," "Arnold the Traitor and Andre the Sufferer—Correspondence between Josiah Quincy, Jared Sparks and Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge," and other articles of interest and value.

We cannot agree to all that the distinguished editor writes (especially when he gets an opportunity of indulging his partisan bitterness against the South) and may take an early opportunity of expressing our dissent; but the Magazine is admirably edited, beautifully gotten up, and is of great interest to the general reader and value to the student of history.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, published by Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston, is conducted with very great ability, and contains much of varied interest and value. We cannot, of course, always agree with the sentiments of its articles; but we have been reading it with great pleasure and are prepared to accept the assurance of its publishers that it will be more readable than ever during the coming year.

THE SOUTH ATLANTIC, published at Wilmington, N. C., by Mrs. Cicero W. Harris, editor and proprietor, is a very well conducted and creditable Magazine, which we should be glad to see in every home and library of the land.

The contents of the December number (we have not yet received the January number) are: Carmelita (continued), W. H. Babcock; Who was Robin Adair? —— ——; Athens to Trieste, W. C. Johnstone; Trial of Titus Oates, John W. Snyder; Unreturning—A Poem, J. L. Gordon; Notes on Southern Literature, —— ——; Thiers (continued), Th. von. Jasmund; His Only Love, A. L. Bassett; A Legend of the Roanoke—A Poem, P. Copeland; Editorial—The American Cyclopædia; Recent Literature—Babcock's Poem's, Petals, Hand Book of Church Terms.

In "Notes on Southern Literature" the writer could not, of course, make any complete catalogue of the books that have been written by Southern men since the war, yet one is surprised to find omitted from the list given Rev. Dr. A. T. Bledsoe's able discussion of the secession question in "Is Davis a Traitor?" Rev. Dr. Dabney's life of "Stonewall Jackson"; John Esten Cooke's "Life of Lee," and "Military Biography of Stonewall Jackson"; Colonel Charles C. Jones' "Siege of Savannah," "Chatham Artillery," "Life of Commodore Tatnall," &c.; General Basil W. Duke's "History of Morgan' Cavalry"; General Jordan's "Forrest and his Campaigns," Admiral Semmes' "Service Afloat"; Boykin's "Life of Howell Cobb"; Handy's "United States Bonds"; Stevenson's "Southern Side of Andersonville"; Brevier's "First and Second Confederate Missouri Brigades"; Hodge's "First Kentucky Brigade"; Wilkinson's "Blockade Runner"; Alfriend's "Life of Jefferson Davis"; Miss Emily Mason's "Popular Life of General R. E. Lee"; Hotchkiss and Allan's "Chancellorsville" with their superb maps; General J. A. Early's "Memoirs of the Last Year of the War"; Miss Mary Magill's "Women, or Chronicles of the War," and her History of Virginia; and a number of other similar books.

If another had written them we should have added to the list, Jones' "Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General R. E. Lee," and the "Army of Northern Virginia Memorial Volume," but we, of course, would not violate good taste by mentioning them in such illustrious company.

We thank the writer for kindly mention of the *Southern Historical Society*, and we trust that its *seven* volumes of back numbers may find a place in many libraries this year.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., March, 1880. No. 3.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 4.

BATTLES AROUND RICHMOND (CONCLUDED)—REPORT OF COLONEL LANE.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-EIGHTH REGIMENT,
NORTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, Near Richmond, July 12, 1862.

Brigadier-General L. O'B. BRANCH,
Commanding Fourth Brigade, Light Division:

General—I have the honor to report that on Wednesday, the 25th of June, I left camp with my regiment, numbering four hundred and eighty, and with the balance of your brigade proceeded up the Telegraph road, crossed the Chickahominy on the morning of the 26th, and advanced towards the Meadow bridge. Two of my companies were ordered to Mrs. Crenshaw's bridge to apprise Lieutenant-Colonel Hoke, with a portion of his regiment which was doing picket duty on the south side of the Chicka-

hominy, that the way was clear. We then continued our march towards Mechanicsville.

The fight had commenced on our reaching this place, and we were ordered to support a battery which was firing from the works to the left of the road. I had one man wounded that evening. We slept upon the field, and were held as a support again next morning, when the artillery opened upon us and another one of my men was wounded. As soon as it was ascertained that the enemy had abandoned his position and was in full retreat, we were ordered to follow, and on reaching Cold Harbor, the Seventh North Carolina troops and my regiment were ordered into the woods to the left of the road leading to the battlefield. The Seventh preceded us, and when I was about to form my regiment on its left, a sharp fire, both of infantry and shells, was opened upon us, causing one of the wings of the Seventh to give way. On asking the cause of this, I was informed by some of the company officers of the Seventh, whose names I do not know, that Colonel Campbell had ordered them to fall back, and as there was a large pond of water in my rear, I led my regiment out of the woods by the left flank, when I met you and was ordered back. I then marched up the road and wheeled my entire regiment into the same piece af woods. Colonel Lee followed with his regiment, which he intended posting on my right, but the enemy opened upon him just as he was about to turn the angle of the road, and his right was thrown into confusion. This caused Companies D, A and I, of the right wing, and Company H, to the left of the colors, in my regiment, to give way. Company D promptly reformed and came into line; the other three companies, I am told, reformed and attached themselves for the remainder of the day to other regiments. They were not with me. Colonel Campbell's regiment, seven of my companies, Lieutenant Webb, of Company H, and a few rank and file from the three missing companies, engaged the enemy in the woods, and were exposed to a hot fire, when fresh troops came up and relieved us temporarily.

Major James Barbour, General Ewell's Assistant Adjutant-General, approached me soon afterwards and requested me to take my command to the support of a portion of his forces, which had advanced into the open field in front of the woods. My command advanced most gallantly through the woods and into the open field, although exposed to a front and right enfilade infantry fire, and bravely remained there until General George B. Anderson's

brigade debouched from the woods to our left and charged across the field. I ordered my men to cease firing when the brigade was nearly in front of us, and, forming on its right, assisted them in clearing the field of the enemy.

At the "advice" of General Anderson, my men being now very much fatigued, I remained with a portion of his brigade in a somewhat sheltered position until nightfall, when I rejoined you. Our loss in this engagement was thirteen killed and seventy-eight wounded.

Sunday evening we recrossed the Chickahominy, and on Monday evening (the 30th) were among the first to engage the enemy. The whole brigade advanced, driving the foe before us, notwithstanding the character of the ground. My regiment, in its advance, had to pass through two skirts of wood, containing swampy ground, and an intermediate open field, in which there was a dwelling, surrounded by a yard and garden, all of which, I am told, had been converted into a temporary breastwork by the enemy. All of my men behaved well in this action, notwithstanding they were exposed to a murderous fire of shell, grape and small arms. I did not remain with my regiment until the close of the fight, as a flesh wound in the right cheek forced me to leave the field. Our loss was six killed and fifty wounded.

We were not actively engaged in the Tuesday's fight, though we were ordered out late in the evening and were exposed to a terrific shelling, first in the open field in front of the enemy's guns, and then to the left, in a small piece of woods. Fortunately we had only one man wounded and none killed.

With only one field officer, three captains, but few lieutenants, and our ranks greatly reduced by sickness, caused by the hardships we had to undergo in our retreat from Hanover Courthouse, we had to contend with the enemy in the recent terrible engagements before Richmond under many disadvantages; but our loss—one hundred and fifty killed and wounded out of an effective force of four hundred eighty, including the ambulance corps, about one-third—will show how nobly the Twenty-eighth behaved in this great struggle for independence.

I would respectfully call your attention to Captain T. James Linebarger, of Company C, and Captain D. A. Parker, of Company D; First Lieutenant N. Clark, of Company E; First Lieutnant E. G. Morrow, of Company G; First Lieutenant W. W. Cloninger, of Company B, and Second Lieutenant Robert D. Rhyne, of Com-

pany B. All of these officers behaved with great gallantry and bravery.

Sergeant-Major Milton A. Lowe, on the battlefields of the 27th and 30th, more than once proved himself a brave and fearless young defender of Southern rights, and has won the admiration of all who saw him.

Color Bearer J. P. Little, of Company C, was wounded on the 27th, but was at his post again in a short time.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE,
Colonel Commanding Twenty-eighth N. C. V.

P. S. Our entire loss in all the battles before Richmond was subsequently ascertained to be one hundred and seventy-seven (177).

It is due to Company H that I should state that I never had cause to complain of it after the Cold Harbor fight. In all the battles from that time to the close of the war, it behaved most gallantly, and always in a manner to reflect credit both upon itself and the brigade to which it belonged.

JAMES H. LANE.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL A. P. HILL'S REPORT.

Mechanicsville—General Branch having come up, was ordered forward as a support to the brigades already engaged, and Johnston's battery took position near McIntosh and Braxton.

Cold Harbor—Arriving at the creek, upon which Gaines' mill is located, half mile from Cold Harbor, the enemy was discovered upon the opposite bank. Gregg's brigade was at once thrown in line of battle, and the skirmishers directed to effect a lodgment. * * * * Branch was ordered up and formed on Gregg's right. Pender having cleared my right flank, to which service he had been assigned, Archer was sent to relieve him, thus putting him (Archer) on my extreme right. Anderson was formed on Branch's right, and Field on his right, and connecting with Archer. Crenshaw and Johnston were brought into battery on the left of the road and in rear of Gregg's line. I had delayed the attack until I could hear from General Longstreet, and this now occurring, the order was given. This was about half-past two P. M. Gregg, then Branch, and then Anderson, successively became engaged. The incessant roar of musketry and deep thunder of artillery told that

the whole force of the enemy were in my front. Branch becoming hard pressed, Pender was sent to his relief. * * * * * * * Gregg and Branch fought with varying success—Gregg having before him the vaunted Zouaves and Sykes' regulars. Pender's brigade was suffering heavily, but stubbornly held its own. Field and Archer met a withering storm of bullets, but pressed on to within a short distance of the enemy's works, but the storm was too fierce for such a handful of men. They recoiled, and were again pressed to the charge, but with no better success. These brave men had done all that any brave soldiers could do. Directing their men to lie down, the fight was continued and help awaited, From having been the attacking party, I now became the attacked, but stubbornly, gallantly, was the ground held. My division was thus engaged two hours before assistance was received. * * *

About 7 o'clock, the General-in-Chief in person gave me an order to advance my whole line, and to communicate this order as far as I could to all the commanders of troops. This was done. and a general advance being made, the enemy were swept from the field, and the pursuit only stopped by nightfall and the exhaustion of our troops.

Frazier's Farm—The firing becoming very heavy, I was ordered forward with my division. Branch's brigade took the route, and with springing steps pressed forward. Arriving upon open ground, he formed his line and moved to the support of the troops in his front.

Malvern Hill—Finding that General Magruder needed assistance, I sent two brigades—Branch's and Thomas' (Anderson's). They were, however, not actively engaged. My division, however, was placed in line of battle near the scene of action and under fire, but passive.

Killed and wounded—Among the general and field officers killed and wounded during these battles are Colonels Campbell, C. C. Lee, * * killed, and Colonels Cowan, J. H. Lane, * * wounded.

Especial mention for conspicuous gallantry is made of the following officers: Colonels * * * J. H. Lane and Cowan.

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

Chickahominy—Pressing on towards the York River railroad, A. P. Hill, who was in advance, reached the vicinity of New Cold Harbor about 2 P. M., where he encountered the enemy. He immediately formed his line nearly parallel to the road leading from

that place towards the McGehee's house, and soon became hotly engaged. * * * * The principal part of the Federal army was now on the north side of the Chickahominy. Hill's single division met this large force with the impetuous courage for which that officer and his troops are distinguished. They drove the enemy back and assailed him in his strong position on the ridge. The battle raged fiercely and with varying fortune more than two hours. Three regiments pierced the enemy's line and forced their way to the crest of the hill to his left, but were compelled to fall back before overwhelming numbers. The superior force of the enemy, assisted by the fire of his batteries south of the Chickahominy, which played incessantly on our columns as they pressed through the difficulties that obstructed their way, caused them to recoil. Though most of the men never had been under fire until the day before, they were rallied and in turn repelled the advance of the enemy. Some brigades were broken, others stubbornly maintained their positions, but it became apparent that the enemy were gradually gaining ground. * * * * The arrival of fresh troops enabled A. P. Hill to withdraw some of his brigades, wearied and reduced by their long and arduous conflict. * * *

Frazier's Farm—Huger not coming up and Jackson having been unable to force the passage of White Oak swamp, Longstreet and Hill were without the expected support. The superiority of numbers and advantage of position were on the side of the enemy. The battle raged furiously until 9 P. M. By that time the enemy had been driven with great slaughter from every position but one, which he maintained until he was enabled to withdraw under cover of darkness. At the close of the struggle, nearly the entire field remained in our possession, covered with the enemy's dead and wounded. Many prisoners, including a General of division, were captured, and several batteries with some thousands of small arms were taken. Could the other commands have co-operated in the action, the result would have proved more disastrous to the enemy. * * * *

GENERAL BRANCH'S CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS TO HIS BRIGADE.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE, LIGHT DIVISION,
July 29, 1862.

GENERAL ORDER NO. 6.

The General commanding the brigade having been authorized to have inscribed on the battle-flags of his regiments the

names of actions in which they have participated, avails himself of the opportunity to refer to some of these actions.

At Newberne, besides the fleet of gunboats, you fought 13,000 of the best troops in the Federal service, having reserves of 7,000. You numbered less than 4,000—not ten of whom, officers and men, had ever been in battle before. After an uninterrupted fire of four hours—which has not been exceeded by any you have since heard (except for one hour at Gaines' mill), and after you had inflicted on the enemy a loss of not less than half of your own numbers in killed and wounded—you made good your retreat out of a peninsula in which he had confidently boasted that he would capture you as he would "chickens in a coop."

At Slash church, you encountered the division of General Porter and a part of the division of General Sedgwick, numbering at least 20,000, including 5,000 United States regulars.

You, with the two other regiments temporarily acting with you, numbered about 4,000, repulsed the enemy's attack, and boldly advancing, attacked him with such vigor that after six hours' combat, you withdrew in perfect order to prevent being surrounded in the night—the enemy not daring to follow you beyond the field of battle.

Your commander might have justified himself in retiring before such superior forces both at Newberne and Slash church; but when on assuming a command, he resolved never to retreat before any hostile force without fighting it, he did not place too high an estimate on the valor and discipline of the brave men it is his pride to command.

In the late brilliant operations below Richmond, you were the first brigade to cross the Chickahominy; you were the first to meet the enemy, and the first to start him on that retreat in which the able combinations of our General-in-Chief allowed him to take no rest until he found shelter under the guns of his shipping. You captured from him a flag before any of the troops had crossed the Chickahominy.

At Mechanicsville, you were under a heavy fire on Thursday evening, the 26th, and Friday morning, which you had no opportunity to return.

At Gaines' mill you opened the fight and continued in it until the enemy had been driven from every part of the field.

On Monday, at Frazier's Farm, you were again in the heat of the engagement, from its opening to its close, driving the enemy before you for a great distance and capturing a battery.

On Tuesday, at Malvern hill, you were again under a terrible fire, which you had no opportunity to return.

Though rarely able to turn out 3,000 men for duty, you have, in six pitched battles and several skirmishes, lost 1,250 in killed and wounded.

Of five Colonels, two have been killed in battle, two wounded, and one taken prisoner by an overwhelming force.

While making this bloody but brilliant record for your brigade, you have been, as soldiers of freedom should always be, modest, uncomplaining, and regardful of what is due to others.

Your ranks have been thinned by the casualties of war, but be not discouraged. In a few days they will be filled by recruits, and yours will be the proud task of teaching them to maintain the reputation you have achieved.

The regiments of the brigade are respectively entitled to have inscribed on their flags as follows:

The Seventh regiment—"Newberne, Slash Church, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill." The same inscription is to be inscribed on the flags of the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-third regiments.

The Eighteenth regiment—"Slash Church, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill."

Branch's attillery (Captain Latham)—"Newberne" and "Slash Church."

The Quartermaster of the brigade will furnish flags inscribed as above.

L. O'B. Branch,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

"General Lee to the Rear"—The Incident with Harris' Mississippi Brigade.

We take great pleasure in publishing the following detailed account of the incident which occurred with Harris' gallant Mississippians on the 12th of May, 1864, and to which we briefly alluded in our paper in the January number as being (alike with the scene with the Texans in the Wilderness, and that with Gordon's division at Spotsylvania) "well authenticated":

Letter from General N. H. Harris.

VICKSBURG, August 24th, 1871.

Colonel CHARLES S. VENABLE,
University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.:

Dear Sir—I am about to trespass upon your kind attention in a matter which may seem at first entirely personal, but the contrary will appear to you after a full and complete statement of my object and wishes. You will recollect, Colonel, that on the morning of the 12th of May, 1864, my brigade (Mississippi), having double-quicked from the left of our lines, was halted on the Courthouse road, near Spotsylvania Courthouse; that, after a halt at this point of a half hour, General Lee in person ordered the brigade (I being at the right of the brigade) to an attention, put it on the march, left in front, and himself at the head, moved in the direction of the salient from which the troops of General Edward Johnson had been driven; that, moving at the quick-step, we were soon under a heavy artillery fire from the batteries of the enemy in front and to our right; that, whilst thus advancing, General Lee, yourself, myself and staff at the head of the brigade, a twelve pound (ricochet) shot passed just in front of General Lee, so near as to excite his horse very much, causing him to rear and plunge in such a manner as would have unseated a less accomplished horseman.

The men, seeing the narrow escape of their beloved commander, earnestly urged him to go back, and one or two of them caught hold of the bridle of his horse and turned the animal around. General Lee then spoke to the men and told them that if they would drive the enemy from the captured works, he would go back, The men responded with a hearty "we will!"

The brigade moved forward to the point of attack, drove the enemy from the captured works and held the position until 4 A. M. of the 13th, resisting effectually the repeated efforts of Grant's massed forces to dislodge them.

With this statement of facts, which I have no doubt will readily recur to you, I beg to call your attention to an entirely different version of this affair given by Major John Esten Cooke in his life

of General R. E. Lee, pages 397 and 398, in which he gives the credit to troops from another State.

Now, as you were an eye-witness of what did take place, and personally knew what troops were thus engaged, and occupying the position you did upon the staff of General Lee, I feel that I am warranted in calling upon you for a correction of what may become an error of history. Publications of this kind, often made upon newspaper reports and rumors not always reliable, work a grave injustice.

I have no doubt if General Gordon's attention was called to this publication, that he, with that noble and high sense of honor that has ever marked his conduct, both as a soldier and civilian, would himself make the proper correction, as he wears too many justly earned honors to desire those which properly belong to others. Personally, I care but little; but for the gallant men whom I had the honor to lead I care a great deal, and I feel that it is imperative upon me to see that justice is done them in the premises.

Almost a similar scene occurred on the 6th of May, 1864, in the Wilderness, between General Lee and Gregg's Texas brigade, and with a great many that has been confounded with the incident at Spotsylvania.

I trust, Colonel, if not demanding too great a concession of your valuable time, you will furnish me a statement of the facts in this matter, in accordance with your recollection.

With my best wishes for your health and prosperity,

I am, Colonel, truly your friend,

N. H. Harris.

Letter from Colonel C. S. Venable.

University of Virginia, November 24th, 1871.

To General N. H. Harris:

My Dear General—Your letter of August 24th was duly received. I sought a copy of Major Cooke's life of General Lee and read therein the myth concerning the battle scene of May 12th, 1864, at Spotsylvania Courthouse. Major Cooke has evidently confounded (in a distorted way) some incidents of the fight on a portion of Rodes' front on the afternoon of the 10th of May, when Gordon and others urged General Lee to retire from the front, with the great battle of May 12th. You do right not to permit so gross a misstatement of facts, which robs the brave Mississippians whom you commanded of their proper meed of glory, to pass unnoticed.

You ask me to relate the incidents of the twelfth of May, connecting General Lee with your brigade in the bloody battle of that day.

General Rodes had immediate charge of the troops who held the enemy at bay in the angle of our works, which they had captured at dawn, and he may justly be called the hero of the battle at the

salient. The enemy, in attempting to press their advantage, massed their troops and made repeated assaults with overwhelming odds on the troops sent to oppose their further progress within our lines. Rodes sent from time to time urgent messages for more troops. Brigade after brigade was ordered to his assistance as they could be spared from other portions of the line. On the receipt of one of these messages from Rodes, General Lee sent me to our extreme right, occupied by General Mahone, to bring up your brigade. You moved rapidly across the open space in rear of the Courthouse. When we had reached a point on the Courthouse road, near General Lee's position on the line, the brigade was halted for a few minutes. General Lee rode up alone during this halt, and gave orders that you should move on at once to General Rodes" assistance; and, as the column moved on, he rode at your side at its head. We soon came under the fire of the enemy's artillery. This excited General Lee's horse, and as he was in the act of rearing, a round shot passed under his belly, very near the General's stirrup. The men of the brigade cried out: "Go back, General! Go back! For God's sake, go back!" and perhaps some made a motion to seize his bridle. He then said, "If you will promise me to drive those people from our works, *I will go back!*" The men shouted their promise with a will. General Lee then gave me orders to guide the brigade to General Rodes. We found General Rodes near the famous spring within a few rods of the line of battle held by our exhausted troops. As the column of Mississippians came up at a double-quick, an aid-de-camp came to General Rodes with a message from Ramseur that he could hold out only a few minutes longer unless assistance was at hand.

Your brigade was thrown instantly into the fight, the column being formed into line under a tremendous fire and on very difficult ground. Never did a brigade go into fiercer battle under greater trials; never did a brigade do its duty more nobly. The entire salient was not recaptured, but the progress of the enemy was checked, and they were driven into a narrow space in the angle which they had occupied.

The disaster of the morning was retrieved, and our troops held their difficult position under a heavy, unceasing fire during the remainder of the day and the entire night. They were withdrawn before daylight on the morning of the 13th to the rifle pits constructed under Gordon's supervision, while the battle was raging a short distance in rear of the old line. The enemy abandoned the captured salient on the same day as useless to them, or perhaps as a *ruse* preparatory to a grand assault on our left, ordered by General Grant at daylight on the 14th (this we learned from captured copies of his battle orders). His troops, however, failed to come up to the attack.

The day of the salient, which began in disaster to us, did not close without many shattering blows to the attacking column.

Of the incident of the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of

May, in connection with the Texas brigade (often, as you say, confounded with the incidents of May 12th, related above), I was also an eye-witness; and I believe that few battle incidents recorded in history rise in grandeur above those two occasions when General Lee went into the charge with the Texans at the Wilderness and when he led the Mississippians into battle at Spotsylvania.

I am, General, very truly, your friend,

CHARLES S. VENABLE.

It may be well to add that there is really no conflict in the several accounts we have published. The incident certainly occurred, under somewhat similar circumstances, upon *three* occasions, viz: In the Wilderness on the 6th of May with the Texas brigade; at Spotsylvania Courthouse on the 12th of May with Gordon's division; and on the same morning with Harris' Mississippi brigade.

As completing his account of the three incidents, we quote Colonel Venable's description of the scene in the Wilderness, and with Gordon's division, as given in his address before the Virginia Division, Army of Northern Virginia Association:

THE SCENE IN THE WILDERNESS.

General Lee soon sent a message to Longstreet to make a night march and bring up his two divisions at daybreak on the 6th. He himself slept on the field, taking his headquarters a few hundred yards from the line of battle of the day. It was his intention to relieve Hill's two divisions with Longstreet's, and throw them farther to the left, to fill up a part of the great unoccupied interval between the Plank road and Ewell's right, near the Old turnpike, or use them on his right, as the occasion might demand. It was unfortunate that any of these troops should have become aware they were to be relieved by Longstreet. It is certain that owing to this impression, Wilcox's division, on the right, was not in condition to receive Hancock's attack at early dawn on the morning of the 6th, by which they were driven back in considerable confusion. In fact some of the brigades of Wilcox's division came back in disorder, but sullenly and without panic, entirely across the Plank road, where General Lee and the gallant Hill in person helped to rally them. The assertion, made by several writers, that Hill's troops were driven back a mile and a half, is a most serious mistake. The right of his line was thrown back several hundred yards, but a portion of the troops still maintained their position. The danger, however, was great, and General Lee sent his trusted Adjutant, Colonel W. H. Taylor, back to Parker's store, to get the trains ready for a movement to the rear. He sent an aid also to hasten the march of Longstreet's divisions. These came the last mile and a half at a double-quick, in parallel columns, along the

Plank road. General Longstreet rode forward with that imperturable coolness which always characterized him in times of perilous action, and began to put them in position on the right and left of the road. His men came to the front of disordered battle with a steadiness unexampled even among veterans, and with an elan which presaged restoration of our battle and certain victory. When they arrived, the bullets of the enemy on our right flank had begun to sweep the field in the rear of the artillery pits on the left of the road, where General Lee was giving directions and assisting General Hill in rallying and reforming his troops. It was here that the incident of Lee's charge with Gregg's Texas brigade occurred. The Texans cheered lustily as their line of battle, coming up in splendid style, passed by Wilcox's disordered columns, and swept across our artillery pit and its adjacent breastwork. Much moved by the greeting of these brave men and their magnificent behavior, General Lee spurred his horse through an opening in the trenches and followed close on their line as it moved rapidly forward. The men did not perceive that he was going with them until they had advanced some distance in the charge; when they did, there came from the entire line, as it rushed on, the cry, "Go back, General Lee! Go back!" Some historians like to put this in less homely words; but the brave Texans did not pick their phrases. "We won't go on unless you go back!" A sergeant seized his bridle rein. The gallant General Gregg (who laid down his life on the 9th October, almost in General Lee's presence, in a desperate charge of his brigade on the enemy's lines in the rear of Fort Harrison), turning his horse towards General Lee, remonstrated with him. Just then I called his attention to General Longstreet, whom he had been seeking, and who sat on his horse on a knoll to the right of the Texans, directing the attack of his divisions. He yielded with evident reluctance to the entreaties of his men, and rode up to Longstreet's position. With the first opportunity I informed General Longstreet of what had just happened, and he, with affectionate bluntness, urged General Lee to go farther back. I need not say the Texans went forward in their charge and did well their duty. They were eight hundred strong, and lost half their number killed and wounded on that bloody day. The battle was soon restored, and the enemy driven back to their position of the night before.

THE SCENE WITH GORDON'S DIVISION.

Gordon soon arranged the left of his division to make an effort to recapture the lines by driving the enemy back with his right. As he was about to move forward with his Georgia and Virginia brigades in the charge, General Lee, who had reached the front a few minutes before, rode up and joined him. Seeing that Lee was about to ride with him in the charge, the scene of the 6th of May was repeated. Gordon pointed to his Georgians and Virginians,

who had never failed him, and urged him to go to the rear. This incident has passed into history, and I will not repeat the details here. Suffice it to say Lee yielded to his brave men, accepting their promise to drive the enemy back. Gordon, carrying the colors, led them forward in a headlong, resistless charge, which carried every thing before it, recapturing the trenches on the right of the salient, and a portion of those on the left, recovering some of the lost guns and leaving the rest of them on disputed ground between our troops and the portion of the line still held by the enemy.

Colonel Venable, in this splendid address on "The Campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg," also gives a vivid description of the scene with Harris' brigade; but as it is substantially the same as the account given in his letter to General Harris, quoted above, we will not reproduce it here. He concludes as follows:

The homely simplicity of General Lee in these scenes of the 6th and 12th of May, is in striking contrast with the theatrical tone of the famous order of Napoleon at Austerlitz, in which he said: "Soldiers, I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if with your accustomed valor you carry disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but if victory appear uncertain, you will see your Emperor expose himself in the front of battle." It is the contrast of the simple devotion to duty of the Christian patriot, thoughtless of self, fighting for all that men held dear, with the selfish spirit of the soldier of fortune, "himself the only god of his idolatry."

I have been thus particular in giving this incident, because it has been by various writers of the life of Lee confounded with the other two incidents of a like character which I have before given. In fact, to our great Commander, "so low in his opinion of himself and so sublime in all his actions," these were matters of small moment; and when written to by a friend in Maryland (Judge Mason), after the war, as to whether such an incident ever occurred, replied briefly, "Yes; General Gordon was the General"—alluding thus concisely to the incident of the early morning of the 12th, when General Gordon led the charge, passing over the similar occurrences entirely, in his characteristic manner of never speaking of himself when he could help it. But that which was a small matter to him was a great one to the men whom he thus led.

Prison Life at Fort McHenry.

By Rev. Dr. T. D. WITHERSPOON, late Chaplain of the Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment.

PAPER No. 2.

It was my lot to be entertained successively in two of the leading hotels of this prison, and of these I will briefly speak. The first was the loft of the stable in which the horses of the officers of the fort were stalled. The floor, which separated us from our neighing neighbors beneath us, was full of broad seams from the shrinkage of the rough boards of which it was composed, so that the hot, steamy air from below had full access to us, and during the oppressive days and sultry nights of July and August, with the thin roof of shingles between us and the sun, and the hot steam arising from the stalls beneath, our situation was anything but comfortable. Nor must you judge us too harshly if I assure you that there was a general feeling of relief when we found one morning, to our surprise, that a process of summary ejectment had been served upon our four-footed neighbors and a hundred or more ragged and barefoot Confederates were being marched in *sans ceremonie* and quartered in their stalls.

The lower story of our hotel having thus come into requisition for purposes of prison transfer, it was not long until the demand was also made for the upper story, as it was near to the office of the Provost Marshal, and, therefore, convenient for the temporary herding of Confederates on their passage through.

Our next hotel was a more airy one, and, therefore, in good weather, a more comfortable one—an old shed, originally built as a barracks for Federal troops, some twenty feet wide by an hundred feet long, with dirt floor, weatherboarding of rough boards set upright and without strips to cover the seams, which were from a half inch to an inch in breadth, with roofing of the same rough boards, warped and shriveled by the sun so that the heavy September rains ran down in torrents upon us. On either side of the long apartment were rows of two-story berths (or *bunks* in soldier parlance), made of rough boards, without mattresses, or straw or bedding of any kind, our only protection from the hard board being found in the army blanket, which each prisoner had brought with him to the fort, or with which he had been provided through the generosity of friends.

In so far as concerns the provisions made for our comfort by the Federal authorities, there is nothing more to relate. The bunks were never supplied with straw. There were no chairs or stools. No basins or towels were given us for purposes of ablution. No plates or cups, no knives or forks or spoons with which to partake of our food. As to ablutions, they were performed during those hours of the day when we had access to the well by water drawn from the pump and poured from canteens into our hands. Most of us were possessors of a pocket knife and a tin cup apiece. Hard crackers served us for plates, and forks and spoons were whittled out of the soft pine wood of the boxes in which our hard tack was served.

Having thus glanced at prison accommodations, let us turn for a moment to the bill of fare. Picture to yourself an immense camp kettle, holding thirty or forty gallons, brought three times a day into our barracks, borne like the famous clusters of Eschol on a pole between two blue coats, whilst behind follows a third soldier, bearing on his shoulders a box some two feet and a half in length. Add at dinner-time a swarthy darkey to close the procession carrying on his head a camp kettle holding six or eight gallons, and you have a complete view of our peripatetic dining-room service as it might have been seen any day during the latter part of our imprisonment. The procession files in through the door of the shed. The four deposit their burdens on the dirt floor. One of them sings out, "I say, Rebs, here's your *raytions*" (why was it that the Federals always pronounced the word that way?). Then the party retire and leave the viands to be consumed after the most approved Rebel fashion.

Let us draw near and inspect the prison fare. The eager rush for the large camp kettle by all who are fortunate enough to possess a tin cup shows that it contains something to drink. What it is depends on the hour of the day. If it is morning or evening the camp kettle contains coffee (so-called). If the hour is noon, the immense cauldron contains bean soup. But as the same vessel brings coffee in the morning and soup at noon, it would be no very easy matter to decide by the taste which is coffee and which is soup.

The smaller camp kettle, which makes its visit only once a day, contains meat. One day "salt horse" (the army name for the poorer quality of pickled beef, which was sometimes issued as army rations), and the next day mess-pork, usually ancient and

rancid. Of one of these meats a half pound a day was issued for each prisoner, and considering the kind of ration this was certainly enough.

The square box contained "hard tack," a kind of ship biscuit that would have been nutritious and wholesome if in good condition, but which was always stale, often moulded, not unfrequently wormy and putrescent. These articles of diet, with once a week perhaps some Irish potatoes and an occasional change to fresh beef, constituted our prison diet. The rancid meat and the musted bread, which made the staple of it, were utterly destructive of health, and had we not been provided with better food through the generosity of friends in Baltimore, without the knowledge of the officers of the fort, few of us would have survived even the brief time of our imprisonment.

That it was the design of the Federal authorities to subject us to these hardships I seriously question. I think that in both Confederate and Federal prisons it will be found that most of the discomforts and privations came through the negligence or malice or greed of those to whom the care of the prisoners was immediately entrusted. The assistant steward, who brought our rations to us, acknowledged, when closely pressed, that the rations served to us were not those issued to us by the Government, but damaged commissary stores that had been condemned for army use and sold at auction in Baltimore, and which were bought by the steward of the prison for a mere trifle and issued to us, whilst the rations assigned us by the Government were converted to their own use and disposed of at high rates of profit.

We did not live upon these rations. Kind friends in Baltimore supplied us from time to time with money. Cooked vegetables and fruits were brought every day into the barracks for sale, and we were thus enabled to purchase what was needful to our comfort and health. Indeed, if the friends of the South in Baltimore had been permitted to do for us all that their generous hearts prompted, our every want would have been supplied. Day after day we saw carriages enter the fort laden with blankets and clothing, while the white handkerchiefs waved to us as the carriages swept by showed us that these supplies were designed for us. They never reached us, however, and though many of our number were in threadbare clothing, and during the latter part of our stay shivering with cold, the only supplies of clothing they received were those which by secret channels of communication were conveyed to us by friends.

With the daily routine of our prison life I will not weary the reader, for its only peculiarity was its dull and wearisome monotony. With nothing to occupy us from morning until night; chafing under a sense of our own unjust imprisonment, and oppressed with a sense of the misfortunes that crowded thick and fast upon our beloved country; cut off from books and ordinary sources of recreation; forbidden the privilege of receiving visits from friends in Baltimore; our only communications with home being through the doubtful and unsatisfactory medium of the flag of truce correspondence; our only news from the war coming through the fallacious bulletins of the Northern press, it required a constant struggle, as the prison discipline grew more harsh and the hope of release more distant, to ward off that prison melancholy which is so sure a precursor of debility and disease.

The usual expedients were resorted to for the purpose of driving away dull care. There was all manner of cunning artifice in wood, in gutta-percha, in ivory and in silver. Rings, chains, breastpins, lockets, charms, &c., were made and exchanged with the guard for rations or kept as mementoes for the loved ones at home. Then there was the writing and receiving of underground letters, the rehearsal of the stories of camp life, speculations upon the state of the country, discussion and criticism of military movements, the planning of imaginary campaigns, the achievement of imaginary victories, &c. As these lost their novelty, and the spirits of the party began to flag, the more bouyant amongst us resorted to fresh and somewhat juvenile methods of diversion.

First of all we organized ourselves into a regiment in burlesque of the splendidly equipped and caparisoned regiment which guarded the fort, and thus had the daily diversion of guard-mounting and dress-parade. The uniform of the regiment, it is needless to say, was not up to army regulations. Most of us had come into the fort in badly damaged apparel. Many had been supplied by the ladies of Baltimore through "underground" channels of communication; but many were still somewhat threadbare, whilst of those who were supplied the fit of the uniform was not very exact, as our kind donors could not know the size of those whom they were to supply, and were obliged to send medium sizes of clothing. And thus it occurred that when we were drawn up in line, here stood an officer of more than ordinary height of stature, his long arms protruding several inches through his coat sleeves, and by his side a small but ambitious little soldier, who looked for all the

world as if his coat had swallowed him. These fancy uniforms, capped with the far-famed Confederate hat, which assumed under exposure to the weather every hue of color and every possible transformation of shape, made up a regiment of which Falstaff himself might justly have been proud.

The soldiers of the garrison had their guard mountings, and so had we. We were their prisoners—the rats were ours. Every morning our guard was duly mounted. A sentinel was stationed at each hole where the rats were burrowing beneath our walls. When the alarm was sounded and the enemy under chase, the "Department of the Patapsco" expected every man to do his duty, and woe to the unfortunate sentinel who suffered the enemy to escape.

The great event of the day in the Federal garrison was the brilliant dress parade, held every evening a little before sunset in full view of our barracks, and attended by many elegant people from the city. Our dress parade was our *chef d'ouvre*, too, being held immediately after the other, just outside of our barracks and in view of a considerable portion of the garrison. The Federal regiment prided itself on its band of music, the leader or drum-major of which was a handsome Pole, of almost giant stature, whose tall form was rendered still more imposing by his lofty Cossack hat and plume, and by the immense mace which he balanced gracefully in his hand, marking time for his musicians as he led them along the line of flashing bayonets in the parade.

We had a drum-major, too—a noble-hearted Virginian, whose hand I have recently had the pleasure of shaking at Orange Court-house. Nearly as tall as the Pole, we made up the additional height by stacking some of our old Confederate farmer-shaped hats one upon another. He had carved out of wood a fair counterpart of the mace of his Yankee rival, and, when thus equipped, he moved up and down along the line of the regiment, followed by his band, one with a half flour-barrel suspended from his neck for a drum, another with two tin plates as cymbals, a third with an old cracked flageolet which had been thrown away by some soldier of the fort, and the fourth with a coarse comb, covered with a slip of paper, after the well-remembered mechanism of our childhood, the scene was striking beyond description, especially when, as was generally the case, the full power of the orchestra was exhausted upon Hail Columbia, Yankee Doodle, or some other favorite National *air*.

Then again, for the entertainment of lonely evenings, we organized a literary society, which held its meetings once or twice a week, immediately after supper, and which numbered some twenty or more clever debaters. Many and various were the subjects discussed; vast and heterogeneous the stores of original thought evolved by men who had no access to books, and amidst throes which attested the profoundness of that vasty deep from which the treasures were being drawn up. It is a matter of profound regret that no stenographer was present, and that thus all these purely original thoughts have been lost to the world.

> "Like snow drops on the river,
> A moment white, then gone forever."

It would naturally be supposed, the debates which awakened most interest were those in which woman was in some way involved. On these occasions not only would every Rebel be in place to hear the discussion, but Yankees, too, would crowd around us. Even Federal captains and lieutenants would swell the line of blue coats that formed a cordon about our quarters. The usual taps for extinction of lights would be disregarded, and the discussion ran on towards the hour of midnight. Then, alas for the speaker who was appointed to defend the side of the question which was unfavorable to woman, and thus go against the popular current! He might plead with the eloquence of a Demosthenes, or the smooth persuasion of a Tully; his logic might be irrefragable, his arguments conclusive, his positions impregnable; but no inspiring applause greeted his most masterly efforts, while his opponent was cheered at every point, and in the final vote the unlucky orator was sure to be in a lean and helpless minority.

Well do I remember when it was made my duty to defend the negative in the question, "Is love a safe guide in the formation of matrimonial alliances?" I traversed, as far as I could in unaided memory, all history and literature to establish the proverbial blindness of love—then entered the domain of poetry and art, painting Cupid the blind boy, as Aurora with her rosy fingers drew aside the curtains of the dawn, and Apollo, god of day, drove his fiery steeds up along the eastern sky, whilst the poor boy groped in his blindness and shot his arrows at random through the air. Then I entered the domain of Metaphysics, and with Kaut's marvellous trichotomy as my guide, showed how in that three-fold adjustment of man's nature god-like reason was designed to sit upon the

throne, love with all other passions to be in subjection to its wise control—how perilous in its subversion of the order of nature, therefore, to make love, a mere passion of the soul, our guide. Thus, mingling sentiment with argument, and alternating between pathos and invective, I gave my best energies to the subject, and sat down at length amidst a feeble effort at applause, which, as I saw, came from my colleague appointed on the same side. And when the final vote was taken, my voice was the only one heard in the negative, even my colleague having ingloriously deserted me and whipped over to the other side.

When our stock of available questions had run low and interest in our society began to flag, the expedient was resorted to of re-enacting the celebrated scene in the debating club so graphically described by Judge Longstreet in the "Georgia Scenes." Many of you remember the question in that famous debate, "Whether, in popular elections, the vote of factions should predominate according to the bias of jurisprudence, or according to the force of internal suggestion." At first it was proposed to introduce the same question, but as it was found that one of the proposed debaters was familiar with the debate in "Georgia Scenes," it was found necessary to substitute another; and so, after considerable conference amongst those admitted to the secret, the following question was agreed upon and announced, "Whether the foundations of wise legislation are to be sought in the inherent principles of social ethics, or in the philosophy of practical utility."

The first speaker in the affirmative was a youthful chaplain, who had been until recently a private in the ranks, and for whom a chaplain's commission had been procured by way of promotion for gallantry in the ranks. He was as modest and retiring as a woman, though brave and generous almost to a fault. As his name was called and he took his place upon the floor, it was evident that he was not at all at ease. He began by saying that the question was a new and difficult one, that he undertook its discussion with great diffidence and hoped all due indulgence would be given him. He then proceeded to state as clearly as he could what he conceived to be the question for discussion, and had about gotten before the house a question which was susceptible of debate, when the president interrupted him by saying that whilst the question which he was discussing was a very interesting one, he must remind him that it was not the question of the evening and he would please confine his remarks to the subject immediately under debate. The

face of the speaker crimsoned, he stammered a little, but recovered his self-possession and with heroic courage returned to the question as originally propounded, and again attempted a definition. Scarcely, however, had the question begun to assume tangible shape, when the president again called him to order, stating that he had manifestly wandered from the subject. The situation was now not only critical but perilous for our young orator. The great beads of perspiration were upon his brow. His knees, unconsciously to himself, were smiting together; his fingers were nervously plying as if to catch the thin air by his side; a faint, half-choking "Mr. President"; a somewhat more audible repetition after a long pause, "Mr. President"; a half-vacant stare around the room as if he would catch the lost thread of his argument in the look of some one of his hearers; then the light play of a smile upon his features, as he began to realize the ludicrousness of the situation, a smile followed by a simultaneous outburst of laughter and shouts of huzzah from the audience, in the midst of which the discomfited orator retired, losing himself from view in the depths of the throng.

The first speaker in the negative was then called, but was shrewd enough to baffle us by entering a plea, sustained by the president, that as no argument had been advanced on the affirmative side, he had the right to withhold his rejoinder until the second affirmative had spoken.

The second affirmative was therefore called for, and a surgeon responded, one of those ready speakers whose boast it was that he was always ready to speak, and that the more abstruse the subject the better suited to his tastes. He began by saying that he was exceedingly gratified that the subject now under consideration had been chosen for discussion. It was one to the study of which he had devoted much attention. Indeed, its importance could not be overestimated. It was the neglect of this great question on the part of our statesmen which had deluged the land in blood, dismembered a once prosperous and happy republic, arrayed brother against brother in fratricidal strife, &c. After this telling introduction, he proceeded to state that there were two great sources of knowledge—intuitive or *a priori* convictions, and inductive or *a posteori* conclusions—that from the first of these we derive the inherent principles of social ethics, and from the second the philosophy of practical utility; that the question, therefore, resolves itself into this, whether we are to be governed by *a priori* and intuitive convictions of conscience, or by *a posteori* and inductive

experiences of reason? and was just proceeding to launch out upon this question when the president very blandly interposed with the statement that he had slightly wandered from the question, which had nothing to do with *a priori* or *a posteori*, but was a question as to the true basis of legislation.

The speaker bowed politely, though it was evident that he was very much disconcerted, and, being a passionate man, somewhat angered. He said, however, pleasantly that if the president would bear with him for a moment he would convince him that his wandering from the question was only apparent and not real; that the president well remembered the two great ethical schools of Europe at the close of the last century, the one having its highest exponent in Paley, whose cardinal doctrine was that expediency was the sole ground of right; the other in Reid, the great master of the intuitional or common sense school. He was proceeding most eloquently to defend the intuitional school, when the president again called him to order. This time the rising storm of anger was apparent, but he checked it, righted himself gallantly and made a third sally and a fourth, only each time to be interrupted by the mild voice of the president, and to be provoked by a suppressed titter in the audience, until at length, when for the fourth time the president had interfered, he turned with flushed face, his eyes fairly flashing fire, and exclaimed, "But I say, sir, I *am* in order." "But I say, sir," said the president, "you are *not* in order." "Then, sir," said he, advancing and bringing his clenched fist down in a menacing attitude, "I would like to know what in the thunder you call being in order?"

The explosion that followed put an end to the discussion for the evening. The committee on questions felt it necessary for a little while to avoid the presence of the "second affirmative," but his good nature soon got the better of him, and he laughed as heartily as any of us over the joke at his expense.

General W. T. Sherman's Visit to the Misses L—— at Canton, Miss., in February, 1864.

By General S. D. Lee's Chief Surgeon.

To render the points of interest in the conversation between General Sherman and the young ladies clearly intelligible, I will mention briefly the events which were the subject of discussion. General Sherman made two campaigns in Mississippi, besides those in which he was under the immediate command of General Grant. In the first, he came down the Mississippi river with thirty-two thousand men, and landing on Yazoo river, on the side next to Vicksburg, in December, 1862, advanced upon that place by way of Chickasaw bayou. He was met about six miles from Vicksburg by General Stephen D. Lee, with twenty-five hundred infantry and eight pieces of field artillery, which were posted in a strong position. After several desperate charges, General Sherman's army was repulsed with considerable loss in killed, wounded and prisoners. This ended the campaign, and he returned up the Mississippi river.

The second campaign commenced at Vicksburg. On the 3d of February, 1864, he marched towards Meridian with twenty-seven thousand infantry, artillery and cavalry. He ordered General Smith, who was at Memphis, to march, with eight thousand cavalry and light artillery, by way of Okalona, Mississippi, and join him at Meridian.

General Polk, who was at Demopolis with his infantry corps, on hearing that General Sherman's army had reached Meridian and that General Smith was marching to the same place, ordered General S. D. Lee to march with thirty-five hundred cavalry and unite his force with an equal force under General N. Bedford Forrest, who was collecting his cavalry near West Point, Mississippi, to oppose General Smith. When General Smith reached West Point, he found Forrest on his right flank at Sookatouchie creek, four miles west of West Point, and Stephen D. Lee preparing to cross Tibbee creek, four miles south of West Point, which creek was deep and could not be forded. General Smith retreated precipitately, pursued by General Forrest, who was nearest the line of his retreat, and who succeeded in striking General Smith's rear guard a blow at Okalona and capturing six light field pieces.

General Sherman had only one brigade of cavalry at Meridian,

and without General Smith's force, he could not keep his communications open with his base of supplies, or subsist his army on the prairie region of East Mississippi; so he was compelled to fall back upon Vicksburg—each division selecting a different route, to gather subsistence from the already impoverished country. He reached Canton, Mississippi, on the 26th of February, without having fired a gun, except in constant skirmishes with Lee's cavalry, both on his advance and retreat. Having burned Canton, he encamped there a few days. While there, some young Federal officers called upon the accomplished Misses L———, celebrated for their conversational powers. While the officers were being amused and entertained by witticisms at the expense of their army, General Sherman walked into the parlor without being introduced. He had on his military great-coat, and quietly took his seat after bowing to those present. Miss L——— continued: "I suppose, gentlemen, you went to call on General Polk. I cannot account for your short stay. I hope you had a pleasant time in the hills of Leake county. It is an interesting country. I suppose you came that way to vary the amusement and to pay your respects to fresh corn-cribs. Stock is doubtless scarce along the line of the Vicksburg and Meridian road. Your protracted stay in Canton is very mysterious. But perhaps you are waiting for the wagons from Vicksburg? You need rest, too, after your terrible campaign. I suppose you paid your respects to General S. D. Lee. General Sherman got slightly acquainted with him at Chickasaw bayou."

General Sherman arose abruptly, drew himself up to his full height, threw the collar of his overcoat back, exposing the insignia of his rank, and said: "Miss, you do not know to whom you are talking," and immediately took his departure without bidding the company good evening.

As soon as General Sherman left Canton Lee's cavalry entered the town, and prompted by the same motive which induced the Federal officers to call, I went to see the Misses L——— and heard from the young ladies this account of the interview. After General Sherman left the parlor, the Federal officers informed the ladies that the person who had just left was General Sherman, and seemed much amused at the occurrence, and enjoyed a hearty laugh as soon as General Sherman was out of hearing.

SURGEON.

Sixty-nine Federals in Sight of their Army Captured by Seven Confederates.

[The following incident is sent us by Captain J. H. Carter, of Lexington, Kentucky, who got it at the time from the participants and other eye-witnesses, and vouches for its accuracy. We should be glad to receive and publish many well authenticated incidents of the prowess of our gallant "boys in gray."]

During the retreat of the Confederate army from Kentucky (Bragg's invasion), in the fall of 1862, Colonel Basil W. Duke's regiment of Morgan's cavalry was left, by order of General Kirby Smith, at Falmouth to guard the roads and watch the approach of the Federals, then advancing in large numbers from Cincinnati, Ohio, into the State—the Covington and Georgetown turnpike being their centre line of march. When they had reached a point about one mile from Walton, Boone county, and camped for the night, Duke left Falmouth about midnight, and by a hard ride reached the turnpike, about equi-distant from Walton and the Federal encampment just as day broke. The advance vidette here reported a Federal picket post of ten men in sight. These were captured by a small force under Lieutenant Messic, going round and in their rear. Duke then ordered Sergeant Will Hays, of Covington, Kentucky, to select six men from the famous "Advance guard" and proceed down the pike, find the enemy, and ascertain his position and strength. Hays chose Ash Welsh, of Cynthiana, Kentucky; Joseph M. Jones, of Paris, Kentucky; Thomas Franks, of Holly Springs, Mississippi; Frank Riggs, Hughes Conradt and Chapin Bartlett, of Covington, Kentucky, and at once commenced the dangerous mission. Each man felt the responsibility resting upon him and nerved himself for the worst. The turnpike here was remarkably crooked, and on one side was sheltered by a thick growth of small trees, vines and weeds. Reaching a point about a quarter of a mile from the starting place, and in rounding an abrupt turn in the road, our little squad found themselves plump into a picket-stand of sixty-nine infantrymen. In a moment every man of both parties had his gun cocked and leveled. The seven Confederates were all young and hot-blooded, and had, under the lead of Morgan and Duke, faced many forms of danger, but never before were the odds so great against them as now, and their mettle was to be put to the highest test. With the eye of a soldier, each

one realized the perilous position he and his comrades occupied. Hays at once, in a ringing tone, demanded an immediate surrender, saying that a regiment of John Morgan's cavalry was near at hand (it was one-quarter of a mile distant), and that if a shot was fired not a Federal should escape alive. The officer—a lieutenant—seemed bewildered to think that seven men should ride boldly into sixty-nine of his men and make such a demand, and especially when not more than five hundred yards away the entire Federal army was drawn up as if ready to march, their guns and arms glistening in the bright October sun, then just rising over the eastern hills. But the manner in which the demand was made, the bearing of each of the Confederates—each ready to "kill his man" at the word fire—together with the magical name of Morgan, combined to and did save them. The officer at once surrendered his sword to Jones—who happened to be immediately in his front with his gun drawn on him—and Hays at once placed the prisoners in position and ordered a double-quick back to the regiment. As the march began a Federal infantry regiment was rapidly advancing to the rescue of their picket comrades, but a turn in the road hid them from view, and they did not follow farther. The sight was a novel one, even for war times—seven Confederates driving sixty-nine armed Federals before them as prisoners. Duke, with a company was soon met, coming to ascertain the situation of his little squad. He was profuse in his compliments to his men for their achievement. The Federals were Michiganders, and the lieutenant's name was Clarke. In his history of "Morgan and his Men," Duke briefly refers to the affair, but does not give the names of the participants. He uses this language: "*This exploit was, perhaps, never paralleled during the war.*" The facts were reported to General Morgan, and each of the seven men—privates at that time—were soon afterwards commissioned as officers for "gallantry." These gallant troopers deserve to have their names enrolled in the future history of the mighty struggle.

J. H. Carter,
Late Captain in Morgan's Command.

Letter from a Virginia Lady to the Federal Commander at Winchester.

By Mrs. Dr. R. C. Randolph.

[The following letter, written in the winter of 1863–4, by a lady residing in Clarke county, explains itself and gives a vivid picture of life in that region during the period of which it speaks. If it had been written some months later when Sheridan was carrying out his wicked threat to "make the Shenandoah Valley such a waste that a crow flying over would be compelled to carry his own rations," there would have been a still more vivid story of outrage and oppression; but that chapter will yet be written.]

The officer in command the 26th of October may remember the capture of young Thomas Randolph at his father's house. On the Wednesday following, a part of the same command returned by this route, parties from which were visiting the yard and house for some time after the head of the column had gone by. At first their wants were supplied, so far as our present restrictions enabled us to do it; but while handing the "cup of cold water" to some, who, if not politely, at least not rudely requested it, more came into the porch, and turning to one, I asked if he wanted water. "I don't want no water," was the coarse reply. I said there was no more bread, &c., to offer. The same absence of all courtesy was shown in his second reply—"I don't want no bread." Well, what do you want? "A shot-gun, and I mean to have it." With a countenance, tone and manner indicating that he "neither feared God or regarded man," the sacredness of woman, her delicacy, her helplessness, were thoughts which never seemed to have entered a mind and heart so brutal. She would meet with no respect. Unaccustomed as we are to contact with persons of that stamp, with nerves unstrung by the trials and anxieties of the preceding days, and foreseeing that *this* was *but* the beginning, our fears were very evident, and some who seemed to possess the feelings of humanity tried to quiet them, but said they were powerless and could do nothing. Into the house these ruffians came, searched every room, took mattresses and beds from their steads, searched trunks, boxes, wardrobes, bureaus and closets, appropriating whatever suited their fancy—the winter wrappings of Dr. Randolph and my little son, coats, pantaloons (new black broadcloth), knives, candlesticks, &c. Knowing the war that these valiant men have ever waged with *colors* and buttons, the gray clothes had been placed by a female member of the family without my know-

ledge between my bed and mattress. For this I was called to account. If every button were a shell, and the poor gray material so much gunpowder to which we intended applying a match in their presence, more indignation could not be expressed, than has ever been by them, at the criminality of any one who should dare to have under his roof these instruments of so much evil.

This set had hardly left before another, to whom they had showed their booty, returned and followed in the steps of their worthy predecessors. At last roused from my feeling of helplessness, I determined to follow, and seeing one more blind to the right and more determined to do the wrong, I asked his comrades, "Do you know whether this man ever had a mother or sisters, or have any of you ever had them?" The allusion to these holy relations caused him to leave very abruptly, and the others followed, after making such appropriations as pleased each one.

I had determined not to mention these most unpleasant circumstances, but on the return of the expedition on Monday evening following, "Coles'" men (now almost as distinguished as Geary's or Pope's, &c.) called and were again supplied with food; but they insisted on searching the house—"we had Government property." A mind of the most ordinary perception might believe that the Confederate Government would not make this insecure place a depot either for clothing or arms, and after the experience of the last fortnight no Rebel would seek rest or protection here, where it failed in being a sanctuary for our own sons, who have only once before visited home and loved ones, while the country was occupied by Federal troops. Nevertheless the search was made, and you know not how contemptible it appears to see men in the garb of soldiers searching chambers, closets, garrets and cellars for those trophies which *brave* men find elsewhere. As an excuse we are taunted with what "the Southern army did in Pennsylvania," when for *two years* Virginia, in all her frontier, has been *invaded* and *desolated*.

May I tell occurrences upon this place before Lee's army had *ever* left Virginia soil? I will take it for granted that you are courteous and generous, and will therefore reply as though I had received permission. I will not go back to the horrors of Blenker's passage through this neighborhood, but will confine myself to the last spring and previous winter, and will merely touch upon such things as the searching of Dr. Randolph's person and vehicle; his being met, when performing the duties of his profession, ordered

to dismount and give up his horse, and his refusal being met by curses and threats to "shoot" or "cut off his head" (both pistol and sabre were ready for the execution of these threats); of a Sabbath's visit of the drunken soldiery to the neighboring houses, one of them shaking his fist in the face of a niece and cursing her. Prompt information of this was given to Colonel McReynolds, and to his honor be it spoken that though this occurred early in the spring, and they remained until June, there was no repetition of the offence.

I wish I could speak as honorably of our viceroy in Winchester. Three weeks previous to his departure, on Monday, just as the duties and peaceful avocations of the week were about to commence, a large party of cavalry and infantry arrived with a train of wagons the keys of our barn were demanded and we had to *endure* their presence for six hours, and on their departure the taking off of sixteen wagon loads of wheat and a buggy and horse, in which two young ladies had called to pay a visit. For neither the wheat nor vehicle was any remuneration ever offered. The following Wednesday they returned, demanded the cornhouse key, took all except a very small portion, not a sufficiency for the use of the family, and drove off all of our cattle, oxen and sheep (my little daughter begged for her cow and was graciously given that and another). The air resounded with the cries of the poor creatures until beyond our hearing.

We were told by many that the determination of these ruffians was to burn our house on the following Friday. Nothing was removed, and we quietly waited the execution of a deed which would cast so *much glory* upon the Federal army. But a few undisturbed days were granted us. On the succeeding Monday several armed men were sent from a larger party to take a saddle, the last remaining. This was achieved; but I can give no idea of the malignity and threats of their leader, who had been appealed to. Until the following Wednesday week some of our neighbors shared these persecutions. On the evening of that day, as night closed in, a hundred infantry and cavalry and four wagons—loaded with "contrabands"—collected from the neighborhood arrived and remained fifteen hours! Six officers lodged in our house and eat at our table; immediately on rising from which, the captain, without even an Indian's sense of honor, commenced the work of spoliation by appropriating a handsome pair of spurs, telling his host he would not protect his property, and giving his men permission to take

whatever they could lay their hands on. I will not attempt a description of the scene—their rudeness, their profanity, their entire want of principle, and our indescribable disgust while they were here, or relief when they departed. It is disagreeable and irksome to recall these brutalities, but very right that officers having the feelings of gentlemen should be acquainted with them. Our persecutions would not then have ended had it not been for the sudden appearance of the Confederate army on the next Saturday, the day appointed for another visitation; and no other reason was ever given for the above course except that we did not forswear country, friends, conscience and the truth itself. It is written, "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." This is not only an assertion of Holy Writ, and therefore to be believed, but our own experience has proved its truth. With such experience, we may safely leave vengeance with Him to whom it belongeth.

February 24th, 1864—This, sir, is a copy of a letter written to the officer then in command, but laid aside because, probably, our persecutions had ceased, and if so I was willing to "forgive," if I could not forget, the past; but after numberless calls for food, sixty of them came with great secrecy on the night of the 16th of January. Very abruptly, one stood, with pistol pointed before the dining-room door, and inquired for "menfolks." Seeing our small and unsuspecting party, however, he withdrew. The door was very naturally immediately locked, but several succeeded him in inquiring for milk and keys, with which they were furnished; notwithstanding they broke *every* lock to which they had access; fed their horses, and took meat from the very small quantity we now have left for our family and those who depend upon us for their supplies; broke the glasses from the carriage windows; took every instrument the Doctor had—both for teeth and amputation; went into the house of our dining-room servant, whose wife, having moved to Lynchburg, he had followed—though, not knowing when he might return, everything remained as he left it; both Dr. Randolph and myself would have felt ourselves lowered and degraded by looking into or interfering with his little possessions—*not so these philanthropists.* They broke into his presses and wardrobe, and what they could not carry off was destroyed. It was completely desolated when (just as the day was dawning) we went round to see the work of destruction. You may judge how we (two ladies and two children) passed this night of terrors. Seve-

ral of the soldiers, if not all, were intoxicated, and the officer could not be found. On the following Saturday a large body passed, and three preceded them; examined the stables, and left before the others came up, who, much to our relief, were not permitted to come in. The three still kept some distance in front; met a physician of our neighborhood; asked if he were armed; told him to throw open his coat, and then one with his pistol ready to fire, and another ready to strike, demanded his watch. He told them there was no use in his resisting three armed men, and they took it, of course—a handsome gold watch, with a hunting scene engraved on each side of the case. After taking it, they refused to let him go in the direction of the officers and force approaching; and we hope this highway robbery would not be sanctioned by those in authority, though there are many proofs to the contrary. For the sake of civilization and humanity, I wish I could say my sketches are ended; but about dusk yesterday evening an alarm was given that Federal soldiers were approaching. Though not afraid, more nervous or disagreeable sensations could scarcely be felt had they been really savages. As usual, every door and shutter were closed; but they again passed on, and we, hoping they would return another way, dismissed our uncomfortable anticipations, and after awhile my mother and my two children began their employments, while I read aloud. About half-past eight heavy steps were heard approaching the house, and the clanking of swords aroused every slumbering nerve. Down the porch they came, to the door near my chamber, where we were sitting. Admittance was immediately demanded, and on asking who was there, the reply was, "Soldiers! Open the door!" When it was opened, we were confronted by sixteen or eighteen armed men, their leader having as much audacity in his countenance as in his language and manner. "I want something for these men to eat, and I want it directly," with an effort to get in; but the entry was small, and we were all against the door, so that room for ingress could not be gained without actual force. "Is there an officer?" I asked. "Yes." "Where?" "*Here*, I am one." "Well," I replied, "I wish when these expeditions do come out they would send a *gentleman* along." This was most cutting, and continued to be throughout the visit, though it evidently restrained. Resenting the insinuation, acting very unlike a gentleman, but unwilling not to be thought one, he quickly asked, "Do you mean to insult anybody?" "Do you mean to come into a lady's chamber?" was the response, and feeling the

inconsistency of such conduct with the character to which he aspired, he turned to the direction indicated; seemed glad to get to the dining-room fire, and called for ham, milk, tumblers, &c. Finding the men who acted more civilly were really cold, I had the fire made up, and about ten, after having warmed and eaten, they left—their *effort* to be quiet and gentlemanly being highly appreciated, and we felt thankful to that Being who can shut the mouths of lions. They left the impression, from all we could observe, that Dr. Randolph was the object of pursuit, and we told them without hesitation that he had not returned; that he was visiting his children; and of this I had spoken in all my letters to my son on Johnson's island—never supposing it punishable or criminal to gratify those yearnings natural to all—to behold the faces and enjoy the society of those we love. His visit was not political, but paternal, and in punishing another for the gratification of these affections, that gracious Being is arraigned who planted them in our hearts.

Having finished my long recital, perhaps as disagreeable to me to write as to you to read—certainly more disagreeable to experience—I ask if *no protection* can be afforded the dwellers upon the roads over which these expeditions pass? Cannot officers, who are not only officers, but *gentlemen*, be appointed to the van, centre and rear, whose duty it shall be to control and report the conduct of the men and subordinate officers? There are few who have not in their hearts and memories some tender mother, sister, wife or daughter, and I presume you have one or more of these sacred ties. Oh! sir, call up those memories; place them under such circumstances, and let them plead for some protection and respect, *even for those* who cannot, as I have said, forswear country and friends, conscience and truth. In this address, I have laid aside party, and, as a helpless woman, have presented my cause and the cause of my countrywomen to *manhood*, in its strength and power —may I not hope in its *nobility* and *generosity?*

February 25th, 1864—Long as my narrative is already, it seems there is little probability of its termination, if I continue a recital of Federal visitations and depredations, which I will do, that you may have the opportunity of rectifying abuses and justifying yourself. Our Sabbaths are so often desecrated, that we have not the privilege of carrying the whole family to the sanctuary of God. On the last my mother remained at home, and after a walk of two miles we were informed that the houses of our neighbors were

being searched, and knowing that in the dispensation of such favors we were seldom neglected, a rapid return was effected, but the visit had been paid with *only* the loss of three barrels of corn and two turkeys. My mother, fearing it would all be taken, remonstrated with the officer, and requested his name, as his manner was very rude. Upon his declining to give it she remarked, "'Ashamed of your name! I am not ashamed of mine, but am very willing to tell it to any one." This slight thrust with the small sword of sarcasm, wounded him so severely, that on the following Tuesday a large scouting party was sent out who called, *took a horse*, and pressed on. In the evening, while we were sitting with a party of friends, a body of cavalry rode up and halted in front of the house. Another and another addition was made. "Surely they had come to meet a foe worthy of their steel." Into the meadow they rode and performed some evolutions; still mystery attended them, until four wagons drove into the lane. Their purpose was then easily understood. The very small supply of corn we had under existing circumstances raised and housed was carried off, the three remaining horses (one of them they returned for old, blind and lame, lest we should inform the Rebels), fifteen turkeys, and nearly all the fowls belonging to our servants. All were excessively hungry; and while the abundance of the North and the wants of the South are flaunted before the public—while we are robbed of that on which we depend for subsistance, and forbidden even to make an honest purchase of necessaries, except under certain circumstances—food is demanded of us wherewith to feed these soldiers of the prosperous North, and it is always given if we have it. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him," is a divine command. The scene was not a pleasant one, and many wonder how we are supported under such a constant succession of trials. I trust the strength we receive is from above. When they were catching the horses, one old and a pet, I flurted my handkerchief in his face, and made other attempts to frighten him beyond the reach of his persecutors, one of whom said, "Put down that handkerchief—jerk it out of her hand!" After they succeeded in taking him, I remarked that they were brave men—two hundred soldiers brought out to a solitary farm-house, to interrupt the quiet and innocent employments of the family, and deprive them of the little which former rapacity had left. Information was called for respecting the movements of the Rebels, which would not have been given had I been in possession of it, hoping

I shall never descend to the position of an informant. They then spoke of several having passed here. I replied that I did not consider myself responsible for those who traveled our public roads, or traversed the paths of our plantations; but it would be tedious to enter into the particulars of this and many other experiences.

During the revolution of '76, my grandfather, a colonel in the army, being with his command, my grandmother was visited at her country place by a party of Hessians. Her children were sent into the woods for safety, while she remained to give the slight protection of her presence to her house and property. While the work of destruction was progressing, one of the ruffians observed to her, "Where is your Rebel husband, madam?" "Where he ought to be, sir, fighting for his country," was the brave and patriotic reply—one which has gained for her a name among the matrons of that day, and for more than one of her descendants some public favor. I listened to it in my childhood as to a legend of romance, not dreaming amid the security of that far-off time that such days would ever return again. But numberless are the incidents of this present time laid up in faithful memories—as numberless are the pens ready to record them! And for the sake of reputation, had I no higher motive, were I an officer, either Confederate or Federal, I would sanction no such expeditions. The desolations at Brandon are doubtless now presented in every European paper. How many of humbler name, more limited improvements and narrower boundary, are now deserted from the same cause by their homeless and impoverished owners, and as I told one of the soldiers on Tuesday, I believed that those homes in the North, now so secure and unsympathizing, will meet with similar visitations. I cannot say how, when or by whom. Retributive justice is in other hands.

It is said special care is taken to select the property of gentlemen, with the view of lowering their estimation of themselves and humbling them in the eyes of their fellow-men. They who have this object know little of the nature and character of those who are really ladies and gentlemen—not such as are formed by wealth, pride and the grimaces of fashion—but a combination of intelligence, education and refinement of higher principles, gentle independence and modest ease—a stamp which can neither be purchased by wealth, imitated by fashion, or effaced by malice and envy, and so legible as to be recognized by all.

I am not often openly thus warm in my defence of this patrician position, not wishing those over whom I have influence to value

themselves upon anything which passes away with the present life, but to form a yet higher standard—one which the pages of God's Holy Word presents for our example; still, when it has become praise-worthy to decry that which certainly has its value, and all would have if they could, I cannot remain entirely silent.

Hoping I may have no cause for adding another page to this already very long letter, I will now subscribe myself,

Very respectfully,

MRS. DR. R. C. RANDOLPH.

Gettysburg.

Report of Brigadier-General George H. Steuart.

HEADQUARTERS STEUART'S BRIGADE, September 2, 1863.

Captain R. W. HUNTER,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Johnson's Division:

Captain—I have the honor to make the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Gettysburg. We reached the battlefield of July 1st toward evening of that day, and marching through a part of the town and along the Gettysburg and York railroad, formed line of battle to the northeast, our front facing the south and our left wing in a skirt of woods. The Fourth and Second brigades were on our right, the "Stonewall" on our left. We slept on our arms that night.

At about 3 o'clock P. M. the following day the enemy's and our own batteries opened fire, and the shelling was very heavy for several hours; the brigade, however, suffered but little, being protected by the woods and behind rising ground. Our pickets, which had been stationed three hundred yards in front of our line the night previous, were relieved at about five o'clock by four companies of skirmishers from the Twenty-third Virginia, and shortly afterward the brigade was formed in line of battle and moved forward.

The hill where the enemy was strongly entrenched and from which we were ordered to drive him lay in a southwesterly direction from our position, and accordingly our left wing was obliged to swing around by a right half wheel, and the brigade thus formed front toward the west by south.

The enemy's skirmishers fell back rapidly as we advanced

through the fields and across Rock creek, they suffering slightly and inflicting little or no injury.

The right wing of the brigade crossed the creek considerably in advance of the centre and left wing, owing to the fact that the order to move by a right half wheel was not immediately understood on the left, and also to the greater number of natural obstacles to be overcome by that part of the brigade.

The slope of the hill above referred to, at the point where the brigade crossed the creek, commences about fifty feet from the bank, and being thickly wooded the charge of our right wing was made under great disadvantages. The Third North Carolina and First Maryland, which were now entirely separated from the rest of the brigade, advanced up the hill, however, steadily towards the enemy's breastworks, the enemy falling slowly back. Our loss was heavy, the fire being terrific and in part a cross fire.

The order was now given by the Major-General Commanding to advance on our left wing as rapidly and as steadily as possible, which was done as soon as the regiments composing it could be hurried across the creek.

The left of the brigade now rested very near one line of the enemy's breastworks, which extended up the hill at right angles to the creek and then parallel with it on the summit. The enemy's attention being called more especially to our right, this fortification was not occupied in force. The Twenty-third Virginia, accordingly, under Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, immediately charged the work and scattered the enemy which was behind it.

This regiment then filed to the right until it reached the portion of the breastworks which was at right angles to the part first captured.

Forming in line on the flank and almost in rear of the enemy there stationed, it opened fire upon them, killing, wounding and capturing quite a number.

The Thirty-seventh and Tenth Virginia and First Maryland then came to the assistance of the Twenty-third Virginia and fully occupied the works.

The Third North Carolina still maintained its former exposed position, although its ammunition was nearly exhausted, notwithstanding the fact that the men had sought to replenish their cartridge-boxes from those of the wounded and dead.

The First North Carolina, which had been kept in reserve, was at this crisis led by Lieutenant McKim to its support. The bri-

gade, with the exception of the two North Carolina regiments, was then formed in line of battle between the captured breastwork and a stone wall on the left of and parallel to it, from which position it was enabled to open a cross fire upon the enemy, doing considerable execution. More, however, might have been done had not the impression at this time prevailed that we were firing upon our friends, and the fire been discontinued at intervals.

To ascertain the true state of the case, the Tenth Virginia, under Colonel Warren (which was on our extreme left and had formed a line at and perpendicular to the stone wall above referred to), changed front forward to the wall and then moved by the left flank along it, until it was supposed the regiment had gained the enemy's rear, when it opened fire and drove that part of the enemy's line back.

Finding, however, the enemy in its own rear, as evinced by their fire, the regiment was compelled to change front to the rear and perpendicular to the wall, from behind which it repulsed a bayonet charge made by a regiment of the enemy, which emerged from a wood on the left of the stone wall.

The enemy not renewing the attack, the brigade was ordered back to the works, where it was formed in line of battle, the First Maryland on the right and Tenth Virginia on the left; the North Carolina regiments still remaining outside the breastworks. This reconnoissance, as well as the reports of scouts and the statements of prisoners, gave us the assurance that we had gained an admirable position.

We had been but a short time behind the breastworks when at least two regiments advanced from the wood to the left of the works and opened fire upon us, but they were soon driven back.

The prisoners and wounded were sent a little to the rear, and our sufferers received such attention as could be given them by Dr. Snowden, Assistant Surgeon of the Maryland battalion.

The whole command rested from about 11 P. M. till about daylight, when the enemy opened a terrific fire of artillery and a very heavy fire of musketry upon us, occasioning no loss to the brigade, except to the First Maryland and Third North Carolina, which in part alternated positions behind the breastworks.

The First North Carolina, with the exception of four companies, which had been stationed as a picket on the other side of the creek, was at this time formed to the left of the brigade. At about 10 o'clock A. M. the Tenth Virginia was ordered to deploy as skir-

mishers and clear the wood on our left of the enemy's skirmishers. This was done, and the enemy was discovered in the woods, drawn up in line of battle, at not over three hundred yards from the west of the stone wall. The brigade then formed in line of battle at right angles to the breastwork—in the following order: Third North Carolina, First Maryland, Thirty-seventh Virginia, Twenty-third Virginia, First North Carolina—and charged towards the enemy's second breastworks, partly through an open field and partly through a wood, exposed to a very heavy fire of artillery and musketry, the latter in part a cross fire.

The left of the brigade was the most exposed at first, and did maintain its position in line of battle. The right thus in advance suffered very severely, and, being unsupported, wavered, and the whole line fell back, but in good order.

The enemy's position was impregnable attacked by our small force, and any further effort to storm it would have been futile and attended with great disaster, if not total annihilation.

The brigade rallied quickly behind rocks and reformed behind the stone wall which ran parallel to the breastworks, where it remained about an hour exposed to a fire of artillery and infantry more terrific than any experienced during the day, although less disastrous.

Ultimately, in accordance with orders from the Major-General Commanding, the brigade fell back to the creek, where it remained the rest of the day, nearly half of it being deployed as skirmishers. During the night the enemy advanced their line some distance beyond the breastworks, but were driven back to them again. Toward midnight the brigade, with the rest of the division, recrossed the creek, and passing to the rear of the town, occupied and entrenched itself on the crest of the hill where the enemy had been posted on the first day of the engagement.

It affords me the greatest pleasure to say that the officers and men of the brigade, with a few exceptions of the latter, conducted themselves most gallantly, and bore the fatigue and privations of several days in a soldierlike manner. The commanding officer of the different regiments of the brigade—Colonel Warren, Tenth Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Walton, Twenty-third Virginia; Major Wood, Thirty-seventh Virginia; Lieutenant-Colonel Brown, First North Carolina; Major Parsley, Third North Carolina, and Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert, First Maryland battalion, who was dangerously wounded the evening of the 2d; his successor, Major

Goldsborough, also severely wounded next morning, and Captain J. P. Crane, upon whom the command of the battalion finally devolved—handled their regiments with great skill and manifested the utmost coolness.

The following officers and non-commissioned officers are mentioned in the regimental reports as deserving of great praise for their coolness and bravery:

Adjutant T. C. James, Third North Carolina, dangerously wounded; Lieutenant R. N. Lyon, Company H, Third North Carolina; Lieutenant R. P. Jennings, Company E, Twenty-Third Virginia; Sergeant Thomas J. Betterton, Company "A," Thirty-seventh Virginia, who took a stand of colors and was severely wounded.

To the officers serving on my staff—Captain George Williamson, Assistant Adjutant-General, and First Lieutenant R. H. McKim, Aid-de-Camp, whose duties kept them constantly with the brigade; Major George A. Kyle, Confederate State Maryland troops, who was always with me when his other duties will allow, and Mr. John H. Boyle, Volunteer Aid—I am greatly indebted for valuable assistance rendered, and of whose gallant bearing I cannot too highly make mention.

I am, Captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. STEUART,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Report of General Alfred Iverson.

CAMP NEAR DARKESVILLE, July 17, 1863.

Major H. A. WHITING, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

I have the honor to report that upon arriving in the vicinity of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, where a fight was progressing between the corps of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill and the enemy on the morning of July 1st, 1863, my brigade, being in the advance of Major-General R. E. Rodes' division, was ordered by him to form line of battle and advance towards the firing at Gettysburg.

This advance brought my brigade across a wooded height overlooking the plain and the town of Gettysburg. General Rodes here took upon himself the direction of the brigade and moved it by the right flank, changing at the same time the direction of the

line of battle. Masses of the enemy being observed on the plain in front, General Rodes ordered a halt until artillery could be brought to play upon them.

During the cannonading that ensued, my brigade was in support of the battery, and having received instructions from General Rodes to advance gradually to the support of a battery he intended placing in front, and not understanding the exact time at which the advance was to take place, I dispatched a staff officer to him to learn at what time I was to move forward, and received instructions not to move until my skirmishers became hotly engaged. Shortly afterwards, however, I received an order from him to advance to meet the enemy, who were approaching to take the battery; to call upon Brigadier-General Daniel for support; that Colonel O'Neal's Alabama brigade would advance on my left, and the batteries would cease firing as I passed them. I immediately dispatched a staff officer to inform Brigadier-General Daniel that I was about to advance, and one to notify my regiments and to observe when the brigade on my left commenced to move.

Learning that the Alabama brigade on my left was moving, I advanced at once and soon came in contact with the enemy, strongly posted in woods and behind a concealed stone wall. My brigade advanced to within one hundred yards and a most desperate fight took place. I observed a gap on my left, but presumed it would soon be filled by the advancing Alabama brigade under Colonel O'Neal. Brigadier-General Daniel came up to my position and I asked him for immediate support, as I was attacking a strong position. He promised to send me a large regiment, which I informed him would be enough, as the Third Alabama regiment was then moving down on my right, and I then supposed was sent to my support. At the same time I pointed out to General Daniel a large force of the enemy, who were about to outflank my right, and asked him to take care of them. He moved past my position and engaged the enemy some distance to my right, but the regiment he had promised me, and which I had asked him to forward to the position at which I stood, and when I was being pressed most heavily, did not report to me at all. I again sent Captain D. P. Halsey, Assistant Adjutant-General, to ask General Daniel for aid, who informed me that he met his staff officer and was told that one regiment had been sent and no more could be spared. I then found that this regiment had formed on the right of the Third Alabama, which was on my right and could not be used in time to

save my brigade, for Colonel O'Neal's Alabama brigade had in the meantime advanced on my left and been almost instantaneously driven back, upon which the enemy, being relieved from pressure, charged in overwhelming force upon and captured nearly all that were left unhurt in this regiment of my brigade. When I saw white handkerchiefs raised and my line of battle still lying in position, I characterized the surrender as disgraceful, but when I found afterwards that five hundred of my men were left lying dead and wounded on a line as straight as at dress parade, I exonerated, with one or two disgraceful individual exceptions, the survivors, and claim for the brigade that they nobly fought and died without a man running to the rear.

No greater gallantry and heroism has been displayed during this war. I endeavored, during the confusion among the enemy incident to the charge and capture of my men, to make a charge with my remaining regiment and the Third Alabama, but in the noise and excitement I presume my voice could not be heard.

The fighting here ceased upon my part. The Twelfth North Carolina still retaining its position until Brigadier-General Ramseur coming up, I pointed out the position of the enemy to him, and as soon as I observed his troops about to flank the enemy, I advanced the Twelfth North Carolina and fragments of the other regiments (which Captain D. P. Halsey had already prepared for a forward movement) into the woods overlooking the town and took possession of them. Going out to the front to stop General Ramseur's men from firing into mine who were in their front, I observed that the enemy were retreating along the railroad, and immediately hastened the Twelfth North Carolina forward to cut them off. The Fifty-third North Carolina regiment, of General Daniel's brigade, joined in the pursuit, and the Twelfth and Fifty-third North Carolina were the first to reach the railroad along which the enemy were retreating. Numberless prisoners were cut off by us, but I would not permit my men to take them to the rear, as I considered them safe. Arriving in the town, and having but very few troops left, I informed Brigadier-General Ramseur that I would attach them to his brigade and act in concert with him, and we formed on the street facing the heights beyond Gettysburg occupied by the enemy, where we remained till the night of July 2d, when I was informed by General Ramseur that a night attack was ordered upon the position of the enemy to the right of the town. I had received no instructions, and perceiving that General Ramseur was acquainted

with the intentions of the Major-General commanding the division, I raised no question of rank, but conformed the movements of my brigade to that of Brigadier-General Ramseur, advanced with him, got under the fire of the enemy's skirmishers and artillery without returning the fire, and perceiving, as I believe every one did, that we were advancing to certain destruction, when other parts of the line fell back, I also gave the order to retreat and formed in the road, in which we maintained a position during that night and the whole of the 3d day of July, while the fight of that day was progressing, and from which we fell back about 3 o'clock A. M. of July 4th to the ridge near the Theological Seminary. From this position I was moved about 2 P. M. same day to escort the wagon train on the Fairfield road. I inclose herewith a list of casualties.

To the officers and men of the brigade, great credit is due for the great bravery with which they sustained the position to which they were ordered to advance. Captain D. P. Halsey, Assistant Adjutant-General, was very conspicuous throughout the day for his distinguished gallantry and energy.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. E. Coleman, Volunteer Aid, and Lieutenant J. T. Ector, Aid-de-Camp, were also especially zealous and brave in the discharge of the duties I called upon them to perform. Much credit is due the brave Captain B. E. Robinson, Fifth North Carolina, for the manner in which he handled his corps of sharpshooters. I cannot fail to commend the officers and men of the Twelfth North Carolina for the steady retention of their position, and for their bold advance without support into the woods occupied by the enemy.

I have the honor to be, your obedient servant,

ALFRED IVERSON, *Brigadier-General.*

Reminiscences of Jackson's Infantry ("Foot Cavalry").

By Colonel JOHN M. PATTON.

At the banquet of the Army of Northern Virginia, October 29th, 1879, Colonel John M. Patton was called upon to respond to the following toast:

"*The Infantry*—Though often *half* fed and *half clad*, they did their *whole* duty. We can never forget their heroic tread on the march, their bravery in battle, and the wild yell of enthusiasm and devotion which often sent dismay to the lines of the enemy."

He spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman—It would be a vain and presumptuous task were I, on this occasion, to essay an eulogy on the "half fed and half clad" infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia. They have written their own eulogy in imperishable lines on every sod of every battlefield of Virginia. That eulogy has been heard in the princely halls of imperial courts, and it has been rehearsed with pride around the camp-fires of every army, great and small, throughout the world. It has been piped to the four quarters of the earth by the winds that contend for mastery in the passes of the Alps and the Appenines, the Himalayas and the Andes, and it has been murmured as a requiem by the gentle breezes that blow at their base. It has thrilled the hearts of the brave wherever self sacrificing devotion to duty is cherished, and it has heaved with emotion the gentle breast of woman, and dimmed with sympathetic tears the bright glances of her eyes. It has found an echo in the pathless desert around the tents of the wandering Arab, and it has even penetrated as a household tale into the most secret recesses of the zenanas of the east and the harems of the Turk. Indeed, Mr. Chairman, the infantry of the Army of Northern Virginia, in common with their comrades of the other arms of the service, may well adopt the language of the heroic son of Venus—the princely warrior who led the shattered remnants of the Trojan hosts from smitten Troy and their desolated homes to found imperial dominion in distant lands—

. . . Quis jam locus . . .
Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris.

Instead of attempting such an eulogy, therefore, I will, with your permission, Mr. Chairman, narrate an incident which fell under my own observation, one like so many which are familiar to us all, and illustrative, as I think, of the tone and temper of the brave hearts that beat beneath the ragged jackets of gray—gray only for a time, and then stained with every hue from cloud and storm, from rain and sunshine, from the dust of the march and from the patriot blood that flowed through diminished veins from honorable wounds.

In May, 1862, just after the battle of McDowell, the army of the immortal Jackson lay near Harrisonburg in the Valley of Virginia, while the magnificently equipped army of the enemy, commanded by General Banks, was entrenched at Strasburg, meditating a further advance, while harassing and humiliating the noble people of the Valley in their rear. In order to dislodge him, or, if possible, to get in his rear at Middletown, by way of the Page Valley, and destroy him, Jackson ordered his army to cook three days' rations, and to be placed in light marching order. The next morning at dawn the march commenced—no man but Jackson knowing whither. The troops were accustomed to severe marches, but this was a most trying one. All day long they pushed forward under a broiling sun—unusual at that season—and with a dense and stifling dust.

Men frequently staggered from the ranks overcome by the heat, and many, footsore and weary, were left behind. The second night, about 9 P. M., after a very severe march, we encamped at Front Royal—the leading regiment having "gobbled up," as the soldiers called it, one of Banks' outlying regiments stationed at that point—about twelve miles from his left-rear.

Thus far the movement had been entirely masked by the cavalry. Early the next morning the march was directed again towards the Valley turnpike, and the troops, sore and limping, were yet pressed forward with vigor, in the hope of cutting Banks off from his line of retreat and crushing his army demoralized by such a calamity. By some means he got information about this time which induced him to retreat towards Winchester, but not early enough to prevent the advance of Jackson's army from cutting his rear in two at Middletown and capturing and dispersing it. Then commenced that hot pursuit of the main body of the flying enemy—seeking by two roads a refuge behind his entrenchments at Winchester. Jackson's immortal fame had then only begun to bud, and he was habitually severely criticised both by officers and men. Thus far the brigade to which my own regiment (the Twenty-first Virginia) belonged had not "pulled a trigger." The well known Company "F," of Richmond, was on the right of the regiment. As the men limped along with weary limbs and feet throbbing with pain, on what seemed to them an aimless march, I heard them denouncing Jackson in unmeasured terms for "marching them to death to no good end." It was my duty no doubt to have rebuked these manifestations of insubordination, but, feeling that their sufferings in some measure condoned their offence, I took no notice of the breach of discipline. Presently there appeared at every point where county-roads, bridle-roads or foot-paths entered the great Valley road, as if they had sprung from the earth, the venerable fathers and mothers, and wives, and little boys and girls of that heroic Valley—all the able-bodied men were in the army—wild with the joy of a delivered people, their hair dishevelled, their features convulsed, their voices hoarse with exultant shouts, their arms loaded with pies and biscuits, and buttered bread and buttermilk, and their lips and eyes raining down blessings and tears commingled with the gifts gleaned from their scanty stores and heaped upon those brave, hungry boys as they rushed by. For a while my murmurers were dumb with mingled emotions, and then I heard them say, with broken voices and streaming eyes, lit with the light of battle, while they raised their heads and with quickened steps *stamped* beneath them the pain of their weary limbs and aching feet, "Ah! boys, we can go anywhere with him now, we can follow him into the 'mouth of hell.'" I could not help it—unbidden tears burst from my eyes in response to the diamond drops that fell from those gallant cheeks.

All that night that entire army—pain and weariness forgotten—pressed on, with a zeal renewed and inflamed by those touching sights, through burning wagons and pontoons and through repeated

night ambuscades, fought and won the battle of Winchester at early morning, pursued the enemy through that noble little city, where similar wayside scenes were exhibited by gentle and tender women, regardless of the running fight going on in the streets where they were, left the city behind them and went into bivouac six miles beyond after twenty-seven consecutive hours of marching and fighting. Jackson afterwards called on them repeatedly for almost incredible efforts. During the same campaign he demanded of a portion of them thirty-five consecutive hours of marching and fighting, including two pitched battles; but from the time of that pathetic march down the Valley, no murmur was heard in his command. Ever afterwards, to the bitter end—even when incorporated with that grand Army of Northern Virginia under the immortal chief to whom they equally with Jackson looked up with reverence—they felt unshaken confidence in their corps commander. If at any time the thin ranks on their right or their left or in their own line were broken by overwhelming numbers, they would comfort one another with the words, "never mind, boys, *old Stonewall* is here."

Mr. Chairman, in the army of Italy there once fell a soldier of the ranks, fighting grandly beneath the eye of his General—afterwards the imperial master of Europe. Next morning orders came from headquarters that henceforth forever, when the roll of his regiment shall be called, the name of that fallen hero should be called among them, and that the answer should come back from the ranks—"Dead upon the field of glory." Oh, Mr. Chairman! Oh, God! if a solemn roll-call could be had this night of the regiment to which belonged the gallant boys of whom I have told you and of the many other regiments in which marched their comrades in peril and in trial, the answer would come back from the ranks in the great majority of cases, "Dead upon the field of glory."

One night there lay in the outer trenches, confronting a dark redan, "brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde, and from the banks of Shannon," who "sang of Annie Laurie." Next day they married immortality, and the music of their bridal march was the deep roar of the artillery and the sharp crash and rattle of the rifles and the musketry. These men illustrated for the thousandth time, Mr. Chairman, not more than the dear boys of whom I have told you, the precious truth that "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring."

Editorial Paragraphs.

WANT OF SPACE compels us to omit several things we had written and were rather anxious to publish this month, and like the famous writer who begun his description of "Snakes in Ireland," by saying "*there are no snakes in Ireland*," we must gratify our readers by having no "Editorial Paragraphs" this month.

Literary Notices.

The Army of Virginia, from Cedar Mountain to Alexandria, 1862. By Brevet Major-General George H. Gordon, U. S. Volunteers. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this beautiful specimen of the book-maker's art, which in paper, type and binding is what we may expect from the famous "Riverside Press."

We have read every page of the book with deep interest, and (reserving for the future a full review) we do not hesitate to say that it is in the main an able, candid, remarkably fair, and very valuable contribution to the history of the campaign of which it treats. General Gordon has diligently studied both the Federal and the Confederate official reports, and all other means of information accessible to him; has made skillful use of his material, and has produced, in many respects, a model book. His tribute to "Stonewall" Jackson, who was his classmate at West Point, is very beautiful. His acknowledgment of the ability of Lee, and others of his subordinates, and his tribute to the splendid fighting qualities of the Army of Northern Virginia, are very handsomely done, and we "take off our hat" to the gallant soldier who could see these qualities in "Rebels," and has had the moral courage to publish his convictions.

His criticisms of our especial *pets*—General John Pope, General Halleck, and General Milroy—are as scathingly severe as they are fully sustained by the facts.

He very ably defends General McClellan from charges made against him in connection with Pope's disasters, and makes a most triumphant vindication of General Fitz. John Porter from the charges under which that gallant soldier has suffered for these long years. And now we must regret that so good a book should be marred by some very serious blemishes, which our space does not allow us now to point out, but to which we shall hereafter fully pay our respects.

We hold ourselves prepared to show that in his treatment of the relative numbers of the two armies he has fallen into the almost universal error of Northern writers in underestimating Federal and exaggerating Confederate numbers; that in his attacks on General J. E. B. Stuart he is as unjust as he is bitter; that in his vivid description of Ewell's "precipitate flight"

from Bristoe station he has been grossly imposed on by some "romancer"; that in his patriotic outburst against the "damnable conspiracies for the overthrow of the Government," which were wont to be hatched at Warrenton Sulphur Springs by "the Lees, the Hamptons" and others, he allows the zeal of the partisan to blind the judgment of the historian; and that in other statements he has been misled.

"*Advance and Retreat.*" By Lieutenant-General J. B. Hood. New Orleans: Published by General G. T. Beauregard, for the benefit of the "*Hood Orphan Memorial Fund.*"

We have just received this book, and must reserve a notice for our next number. But we may say now that these "personal experiences in the United States and Confederate States armies," by the chivalric and lamentened Hood, cannot but be of deep interest; that his side of the story, however men may differ in reference to certain unfortunate controversies of which it treats, will be valuable material for the future historian; and that as the proceeds of the sale go to the relief of his helpless orphans, the book ought to have a wide sale in every section of the country, and ought especially to find a place in the homes of all dwellers in "the land *he* loved" so well.

"FATHER RYAN'S POEMS," in a beautiful volume, embelished with superb steel engravings of the author and of "The Conquered Banner," has just come to us from Randolph & English, Richmond. The bare announcement is sufficient to secure for these sweet lays of the "Poet Priest" of the South a wide circulation.

ST. NICHOLAS for February has the usual variety of splendid pictures, charming stories, and pretty verses, which has made this magazine, which the Scribners prepare for children, famous all over the world.

We have been receiving it at our home for some years, and the sparkling eyes with which the little folks greet it, and the deep interest with which the grown people read it, are sufficient evidence of its popularity. But, what is better, it gives us pleasure to testify that its freedom from sectional or partisan bias, its pure moral tone, and its high literary character, are such that we can with confidence recommend it as a visitor to the homes of our people, which is more than we can say of many similar publications.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for February is a really superb number, and the first paper of Eugene Schuyler on Peter the Great, and Francis R. Upton's "authorative" account of Edison's electric light, are alone worth the price of the subscription for the whole year. But these are but specimens of the good things with which the Scribners crowd their magazine from month to month.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., April, 1880. No. 4.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 5.

SECOND MANASSAS CAMPAIGN.

After the battles around Richmond, this brigade encamped below that city for a short time and was then ordered to Gordonsville, near which place it remained until just before the battle of Cedar Run, in which battle it bore a very conspicuous part, as will appear from the following report:

GENERAL BRANCH'S REPORT OF BATTLE OF CEDAR RUN.

HEADQUARTERS BRANCH'S BRIGADE, A. P. HILL'S DIVISION,
August 18, 1862.

Major R. C. MORGAN, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Sir—I have the honor to report that on Saturday, 9th August, whilst on the march to Culpeper Courthouse, I was ordered to halt my brigade and form in line of battle on the left of and at right

angles to the road. The formation was scarcely completed before I was ordered to advance in line through the woods and thick undergrowth—a heavy musketry fire being heard not far from my front. I then proceeded about one hundred yards, when I commenced meeting the men of a brigade which had preceded me retreating in great disorder and closely pursued by the enemy.

Opening ranks to permit the fugitives to pass, and pressing forward in unbroken line, my brigade met the enemy, who had already turned the flank of General Taliaferro's brigade, which was on the right of the road. Not in the least shaken by the panic cries of the fugitives, and without halting, my brigade poured volley after volley into the enemy, who broke and fled precipitately through the woods and across the field. On reaching the edge of the field, I discovered the enemy in force on the opposite side, and halting my brigade in an eligible position, opened fire along the whole line. For a time the enemy stood their ground, but we were within good range across an open field, and the execution we were doing (clearly perceptible to the eye) compelled them to commence breaking. Now it was that their cavalry attempted to charge General Taliaferro's brigade, which had partially rallied after I had cleared their flank. The cavalry moved diagonally across my front, presenting to me their flank. The combined fire of Taliaferro's brigade in front and mine in flank broke up the column and sent it flying to the rear. My brigade immediately moved forward in pursuit of the retreating enemy, and whilst I was hesitating in the field, in doubt what direction I should take, Major-General Jackson came up, and by his order I changed front so as to incline to the right, and pushed on to a point some distance in advance of the battle-field, at which he had ordered me to halt.

The battle having terminated in a complete rout of the enemy, my men slept on the ground they had so bravely won.

My officers and men behaved finely, and I refrain from discriminations. Such was their steadiness that I was able to preserve my line of battle unbroken throughout the day.

Captain F. J. Hawks and Lieutenant J. A. Bryan, of my staff, were with me, and conducted themselves gallantly.

Your obedient servant,

L. O'B. Branch, *Brigadier-General.*

EXTRACT FROM MAJOR-GENERAL A. P. HILL'S REPORT.

My order of march was Thomas, Branch, Archer, Pender, Stafford and Field. Arriving within about six miles of Culpeper Court-

house, the heavy firing in front gave notice that the battle had commenced. I was then directed by General Jackson to send a brigade to the support of Taliaferro, who was in line of battle on the right of the main road. Thomas was sent on this duty, and formed his line immediately in front of Taliaferro's. Lieutenant-Colonel Walker placed Pegram's and Fleet's batteries in eligible positions in front of Early's brigade (General Taliaferro's right). Branch, Archer and Pender, as they came up, were successively formed on the left of the road. Winder's brigade, immediately in front of Branch, being hard pressed, broke, and many fugitives came back. Without waiting for the formation of the entire line, Branch was immediately ordered forward, and passing through the broken brigade, received the enemy's fire, promptly returned it, checked the pursuit, and in turn drove them back, and relieved Taliaferro's flank. The enemy, driven across an open field, had rallied in a wood skirting it. Branch was engaged when Archer came up, and with Pender on the left, the enemy were charged across this field, the brigade of Archer being subjected to a very heavy fire. General Thomas on the right had been ordered by General Jackson to the right to support Early's brigade. Quite a large portion of both Early's and Taliaferro's brigades had been thrown into confusion, some of the regiments standing firm, the Fourteenth and Twenty-first Virginia and Twelfth Georgia. Thomas formed his line of battle along a fence bordering a corn-field, through which the enemy were advancing. After a short contest, the enemy were hurled back. Pegram's and Fleet's batteries, the latter under command of Lieutenant Hardy, did heavy execution this day, and drove back several attempts to capture their guns. The Fourteenth Georgia, under the gallant Folsom, having been separated from the rest of the brigade by our fugutives, charged the enemy, and with brilliant success. The enemy had now been driven from every part of the field, but made an attempt to retrieve his fortunes by a cavalry charge. Their squadrons, advancing across an open field in front of Branch, exposed their flank to him, and encountering a deadly fire from the Fourteenth Georgia and Twelfth Virginia, had many saddles emptied, and fled in utter disorder. * * *

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL JACKSON'S REPORT.

During the advance of the enemy to the rear, the guns of Jackson's division becoming exposed, they were withdrawn. At this critical moment Branch's brigade of A. P. Hill's division, with

Winder's brigade further to the left, met the Federal forces, flushed with their temporary triumph, and drove them back with terrible slaughter through the wood. The fight was still maintained with obstinacy between the enemy and the two brigades just named, when Archer and Pender coming up, a general charge was made, which drove the enemy across the field into the opposite woods, strewing the narrow valley with their dead. In this charge Archer's brigade was subjected to a heavy fire. At this time the Federal cavalry charged upon Taliaferro's brigade with impetuous valor, but were met with such determined resistance by Taliaferro's brigade in its front, and by so galling a fire from Branch's brigade in flank, that it was forced rapidly from the field with loss and in disorder. * * *

T. J. JACKSON, *Lieutenant-General.*

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL LEE'S REPORT.

The enemy's infantry advanced about five o'clock P. M., and attacked General Early in front, while another body, concealed by the inequality of the ground, moved upon his right. Thomas' brigade of A. P. Hill's division, which had now arrived, was sent to his support, and the contest soon became animated.

In the meantime the main body of the Federal infantry, under cover of a wood and the undulations of the field, gained the left of Jackson's division, now commanded by Brigadier-General Taliaferro, and poured a destructive fire into his flank and rear. Campbell's brigade fell back in confusion, exposing the flank of Taliaferro's, which also gave way, as did the left of Early's. The rest of his brigade, however, firmly held its ground.

Winder's brigade, with Branch's of A. P. Hill's division on its right, advanced promptly to the support of Jackson's division, and after a sanguinary struggle the enemy was repulsed with loss. Pender's and Archer's brigades, also of Hill's division, came up on the left of Winder's, and by a general charge the enemy was driven back in confusion, leaving the ground covered with his dead and wounded. * * * Night had now set in, but General Jackson, desiring to enter Culpeper Courthouse before morning, determined to pursue. Hill's division led the advance, but owing to the darkness it was compelled to move slowly and with caution.

The enemy was found about a mile and a half in rear of the field of battle, and information was received that reinforcements had arrived. General Jackson thereupon halted for the night, and

the next day, being satisfied that the enemy's strength had been so largely increased as to render a further advance on his part imprudent, he sent his wounded to the rear, and proceeded to bury the dead and collect the arms from the battlefield.

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARCHER'S REPORT.

I advanced several hundred yards in this manner, obliquing towards the right, in order to get near the left of Branch's brigade, when I overtook its left regiment, which had become separated from the main body. In passing to the front of this regiment my line became somewhat broken, and halted a few minutes for it to reform.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL LANE'S OFFICIAL REPORTS.

I earnestly objected to making the following reports, as I was not in command of the brigade until after the fall of General Branch at Sharpsburg, but General A. P. Hill peremptorily ordered me to do so—from Cedar Run to Shepherdstown, both inclusive—remarking that he hadn't the time to be reading so many regimenal reports. I was not aware then that General Branch had already made a report of the Cedar Run fight. This forced me to call for reports from the *senior* regimental officers *present*, the time allowed me being very limited, and I had to be guided accordingly.

As I did not see the Seventh regiment in the Cedar Run fight, and as "the *first*, SECOND and THIRD officers in command at that time" were absent when my report was called for, I was compelled to call for a regimental report from Captain (afterwards Major) J. McLeod Turner, who was in command of the Seventh in the absence of these ranking officers.

The order of battle from right to left was Thirty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Eighteenth and Seventh, and in the extract given from Brigadier-General Archer's report, he says that the *left* regiment (which was the Seventh) had become separated from the main body of Branch's brigade.

My report of the brigade at Cedar Run gave, I am sorry to say, great dissatisfaction to a *few* of the officers of the Seventh regiment, at the time of its appearance, *during the war*, in some of the North Carolina papers.

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J. H. LANE.

HEADQUARTERS FOURTH BRIGADE,
November 8th, 1862.

Major R. C. MORGAN:

I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this brigade in the various engagements from Cedar Run to Shepherdstown, inclusive. The report must necessarily be imperfect, as I was not in command of the brigade until after General Branch's fall, while most of the officers who commanded the different regiments are now absent, and did not leave with the Assistant Adjutant-General any account of the part taken in the various battles by their respective commands.

CEDAR RUN—AUGUST 9.

After a long, rapid and weary march, we reached the battlefield at Cedar Run on the afternoon of the 9th of August, and took the position assigned us in line of battle by General Branch in the woods to the left of the road leading to the run—the right of the Thirty-seventh resting on the road, the Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Eighteenth and Seventh being on its left. The Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third, Eighteenth and Thirty-seventh moved cheerfully and irresistibly forward, and in perfect order, through the woods upon the enemy, who "had succeeded in flanking the first (Stonewall) brigade of General Jackson's division, which was rapidly giving way." The enemy's infantry were soon driven from the woods into the field beyond, and both infantry and cavalry were finally driven in great disorder from the scene of action. "Many prisoners were taken, and many others deserted their colors and voluntarily surrendered themselves." After advancing in line beyond Cedar run, we were half-wheeled to the right and marched across the road, through a field of corn, and over an open field until we reached the left of the forces under Brigadier-General W. B. Taliaferro, where we were halted. It was then dark, and the infantry firing had ceased in all directions. During the entire engagement the officers and men behaved as well as could be desired, notwithstanding the disorderly manner in which some of the troops we were ordered to support fell back.

Lieutenants Dunn and Coltraine, of the First Virginia (Irish) battalion, tendered me their services on the field, as they had been left without a command. I put them in charge of two companies of the Twenty-eighth regiment, previously commanded by sergeants,

and both discharged the duties assigned them only as brave men can do.

Our loss was twelve killed and eighty-eight wounded.

I did not see the Seventh regiment after we were ordered forward, and as Colonel Haywood is absent, I will submit so much of Captain Turner's report as relates to the part taken by his regiment in this engagment:

"When the brigade moved forward, this regiment, for causes *unknown* to the writer, did not move for *several minutes*, and consequently was considerably behind the brigade. We were finally ordered forward, but had not proceeded more than one hundred yards when we were halted and the line dressed. By this time the brigade was entirely out of sight. We marched forward and were *again* halted and the line dressed. We next wheeled to the right, and marched into a road running nearly perpendicular to our original line of battle. Colonel Haywood at this point left the regiment to look for General Branch. The command then devolved upon Captain R. B. McRae, who, hearing heavy firing in our front, was just on the eve of ordering the regiment in that direction, when Colonel Haywood returned with orders from General Jackson. We then marched by the right flank to a wheat-field on the left of the Culpeper road, and formed on a hill in rear of and nearly perpendicular to the brigade, which was then at the bottom of the hill and in the same field. We marched forward at a double-quick to the support of General Taliaferro's division, which we found engaging a force of the enemy concealed in a corn-field. We had fired several rounds when the enemy broke and fled. We pursued them about three-quarters of a mile, taking about thirty prisoners, including two commissioned officers, when we were halted by General Taliaferro, and marched to a point on the Culpeper road, where we joined the brigade and bivouacked for the night. The regiment sustained a loss of one man killed and one wounded in this engagement."

SHELLING ACROSS THE RAPPAHANNOCK—AUGUST 24.

On Sunday, August 24th, the Eighteenth regiment was ordered to the support of McIntosh's battery. It lay during the whole of the day under a very heavy fire of the enemy's artillery, but sustained no loss. The Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third regiments were sent under my command to support Braxton's and Davidson's batteries, and to prevent, if possible, the destruction of the bridge

across the Rappahannock near the Warrenton White Sulphur Springs. I threw a portion of the Twenty-eighth far in advance into an open field, as far as practicable, to act as sharpshooters, and kept the rest of my command sheltered behind a hill. We had only three wounded, although we were under a very heavy shelling all that day. The remaining regiments were also under fire a part of the time.

MANASSAS JUNCTION—AUGUST 26.

We reached Manassas Junction the morning of the third day after the above shelling, when the Eighteenth regiment was detached "to guard the captured stores," and the rest of the brigade was halted not far from the depot near an earthwork to the left. While resting and awaiting an issue of Yankee rations, the enemy were seen advancing upon our position in line of battle. General Branch immediately put his command in motion and moved by the flank to the left of a battery planted near the earthwork. Our artillery opened upon them, soon put them to flight, and we pursued them rapidly in a diagonal direction across the field in rear of the hospital and some distance beyond Bull run, but never overtook the main body, as the Crenshaw battery advanced more rapidly than we did, and poured charge after charge of canister into their disordered ranks. We succeeded, however, in capturing a large number of prisoners.

MANASSAS PLAINS—AUGUST 28, 29 AND 30.

Next day, after marching through Centreville and across Bull run, on the Stone Bridge road, we were ordered from the road to the right into a piece of woods, fronting a large open field in which one of our batteries was placed. As soon as the engagement was opened on our right, General Archer's brigade, which was in front of us, moved from the woods into the field up to and to the right of the battery, where it halted. Our brigade also moved a short distance into the field in the same direction, when the enemy opened a left enfilade artillery fire upon us. General Branch then ordered the Twenty-eighth regiment to continue its march, and directed me to halt it in rear of General Archer, while he moved the rest of his command some distance to the left. The whole brigade, "with no protection whatever, stood this artillery fire for several hours in the open field." The Eighteenth at one time was ordered to the support of General Ewell, and was marched down,

but as "the enemy had been driven from the field it was not put in." None of us were actively engaged that day, and about nightfall the whole command moved into the railroad cut, where we slept upon our arms.

Next day we were marched a circuitous route and brought back into an open field near the spot where we had spent the night.

Captain Crenshaw, who was in command of his battery in front of us, notified General Branch of the presence of the enemy in our front. Captain Turner, of the Seventh, was immediately sent to the left of the battery with his company to act as skirmishers. Soon after General Branch ordered me to take command of the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-third regiments and dislodge the enemy, who were in the woods beyond the field of corn. On passing beyond the small cluster of woods to the right of the Crenshaw battery, we saw the enemy retreating in confusion before Captain Turner's skirmishers. We continued to advance until we saw General Gregg's brigade in the woods to our right. It was here that I learned the enemy were in force in the woods, and that General Gregg had been ordered not to press them. I deemed it advisable to inform General Branch of these facts, and was ordered by him to remain where I was. I had three companies at the time deployed as skirmishers along the fence in front of us, and connecting with those first sent out under Captain Turner.

The enemy advanced in strong force upon General Gregg soon after we halted, and General Branch, with the rest of his command, advanced to his support. The Thirty-seventh first became actively engaged. The enemy opened a deadly fire upon this regiment. The Eighteenth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Purdie, and the Seventh, under Captain McRae, went to its assistance, and the enemy were driven in disorder beyond the railroad cut. The enemy were repulsed in two subsequent attempts to drive these regiments from their position. The Thirty-third, under Colonel Hoke, also fought well in the woods to the left of these regiments, and once gallantly advanced into the open field in front and drove the enemy back in disorder. Up to this time the Twenty-eighth had not been engaged, and as the other regiments were nearly out of ammunition, General Branch ordered it to join him, intending to make it cover his front. The order was not delivered properly, and the regiment went into action on the left of General Field's brigade. It advanced boldly into the woods, driving the enemy before it, although exposed to a direct and left enfilade fire, but fell back

when it found itself alone in the woods and unsupported. The men, however, rallied and reformed in the open field and advanced a second time, when the enemy were not only driven beyond the "cut," but entirely out of the woods. Never have I witnessed greater bravery and desperation than was that day displayed by this brigade.

We were not actively engaged the next day, but held our position under a heavy artillery fire and very heavy skirmishing until late in the afternoon. We then followed up the enemy until about 10 o'clock P. M., advancing in line through a body of woods to a large hospital, in which the enemy had left many of his wounded.

Our loss in this three days' battle was thirty killed, one hundred and eighty-five wounded, and one missing.

OX HILL—SEPTEMBER 1, 1862.

The pursuit was continued the whole of Sunday, and on Monday afternoon, about four o'clock, we came up with the enemy at Ox hill, near Fairfax Courthouse, on the Alexandria and Winchester turnpike, where the engagement was immediately opened. This brigade pressed eagerly forward through an open field and a piece of woods to the edge of another field, where we were for a short time exposed to the enemy's infantry fire, without being able to return it. An attempt was made to flank us on the right, and the Eighteenth regiment was immediately detached from the centre of the brigade and ordered to the right to prevent the movement, which it did, sustaining a deadly fire unsupported. The enemy's direct advance was through a field of corn, in which he sustained great loss, notwithstanding most of our guns fired badly on account of the heavy rain which fell during the engagement. On learning that our ammunition was nearly out, General Branch made known the fact, and was ordered "to hold his position at the point of the bayonet." We remained where we were until dark, when the whole command fell back to the field in rear of the woods. The Twenty-eighth, cold, wet and hungry, was then ordered back to the field of battle to do picket duty for the night, without fires.

This engagement is regarded by the brigade as one of our severest. The enemy's infantry used a great many explosive balls.

Our loss was fourteen killed, ninety-two wounded, and two missing.

The Confederate Flag.

We have been very much interested, and doubt not that our readers will be, in the following extracts which give the main facts in reference to the origin of the Confederate flag and the several changes which were made in it until in February, 1865, the last flag of the Confederacy was adopted. We have been promised, by a competent hand, a detailed sketch of the history of the flag; but these extracts are worth preserving:

[Editorial in the Southern Illustrated News of March 12th, 1863.]

The question of a Confederate flag and seal has again begun to excite attention. It might perhaps be thought that while matters of absolutely vital importance to the Confederacy were forcing themselves upon the notice of Congress, the adoption of a flag and seal should be deferred until there was time for the indulgence of an asthetical taste. The currency, the life-blood of the country, is disordered; food, the staff of life of the people, is scarce, and until some remedy for the financial malady can be supplied, and some means for obtaining a larger supply of provisions can be hit upon, it might seem idle to be troubling ourselves with heraldic studies and the beauty of a banner. Still the Secretary of State must have a seal, and our people are tired of looking at the poor imitation of the stars and stripes which floats from our public buildings and military posts. We may call it "stars and bars," but the "union" is the same with that of the United States flag, and the bars are only wider stripes of the same color, and the whole thing is suggestive of the detested Federal Government and its oppressions.

We have always thought that General Joseph E. Johnston settled the question of a national flag when he selected the blue spangled saltier upon a red field as his battle ensign. It may be recollected that this choice was made in consequence of the difficulty that had been seriously felt in the first battle of Manassas in distinguishing between the Yankee colors and our own, and at a time when the two hostile armies were confronting each other on the plains of Fairfax, with the prospect of a renewal of the bloody fight at any moment. Haste was necessary in the preparation of the flags, and secresy was also desirable lest the enemy should discover our change of colors and provide themselves with counterfeits to be basely used for our destruction. General Johnston's pattern was thereupon sent to Richmond, and seventy-five ladies from each one of four or five churches were set to work making the battleflags. Their fair fingers rapidly wrought silk and bunting into the prescribed shape and arrangement of colors; but despite the injunction of inviolable confidence, the device was known the subsequent day all over the Capitol. How could General Johnston

expect four or five hundred female tongues to be silent on the subject? No great harm was done by the disclosure, however, and when next the brave troops of the Confederacy went into the fight those flags were seen dancing in the breeze, the symbol of hope to the defenders of our liberty, wherever the fire was deadliest over the crimsoned field, borne always aloft where follower and foe might behold it; ever the chosen perch of victory ere the fight was done.

Could these little pieces of handiwork of the women of Richmond be collected now, what emotions would not the sight of them awaken, blackened as they are with the smoke of powder, riddled with bullets, many of them stained with the blood, the last drops that welled up from the heart of a patriot hero! We repeat that the baptism of blood and fire has made the battleflag of General Johnston our national ensign. It is associated with our severest trials and our proudest achievements. Nor is it by any means a poor thing in itself. The device is simple and striking. The colors are readily distinguishable at a great distance. In heraldry, the saltier is emblematic of strength. And it is quite unlike any other flag now borne among the nations of the earth. There is but one difficulty that can present itself—the impossibility of indicating by a reversal of the flag distress of ships upon the high seas. This might be obviated by the adoption of a special flag of distress, with the saltier or Saint Andrew's cross as a union, to be hoisted, union down, when the occasion demanded.

With regard to the seal we understand that the committee of Congress is ready to report for the obverse, the device suggested by Mr. Clay, of Alabama, of the cavalier. If by this is meant the figure of a man on horseback simply, nothing, it seems to us, could be in better taste or more appropriate as expressive of the habits of our people. The device is not new; indeed it is one of the oldest ever employed in this manner. The man on the back of the horse has ever been a favorite emblem to denote the mastery of the human over the highest type of the brute creation. It appears in sculptured majesty upon the glorious friezes of the Parthenon. It was used by the Roman Emperors upon their coins and seals; and constituted the sole image upon the great seals of the sovereigns of England; with the single exception of Henry VI, from the time of William the Conquerer down to the sway of the House of Hanover. William and Mary appeared together on the seal, *a cheval*, thus introducing two horses. Cromwell discarded the horsemen from the seal of the commonwealth, but placed a representation of himself mounted on a charger upon the seal of Scotland. The Southern people are eminently an equestrian people. The horseman, therefore, is the best of all symbols to be placed upon their seal of state. But if by cavalier is meant any political character, anything more than a Southern gentleman on horseback, the device is objectionable as false to history, and as conveying ideas of caste. We were not all cavaliers and we have no patrician

order. Far better were it to let the horseman be the well-known and revered image of George Washington, as the loftiest development of the Southern gentleman. The whole design might be taken from Crawford's noble statue in the capitol square. A seal representing horse and rider, as there seen in relief against the sky, would be one of the simplest and most beautiful that the art of the die-sinker has ever given to cabinet or people.

[From a correspondent of the News.]

CAMP ON THE BLACKWATER, March 28th, 1863.

To the Editor of the News:

Gentlemen—I sympathize most heartily with you in the article in your last number relative to the Confederate battleflag. A new flag. What, in the name of Moses, do we want with a new flag? We have had new ones enough already.

I was originally in favor of retaining the old flag—that "Star Spangled Banner," at whose very name our hearts were wont to thrill—over decks, where the haughty cross of Saint George and the vaunted tri-color had been humbled—on fields, whose names will live forever in song and story, that flag had floated triumphantly; and who shall say that its victories were less the reward of Southern than Northern valor? The blood of our fathers had been shed for it—a Southerner had hymned it in a strain which had become a national anthem; we were as much the original government as the North, and as much entitled to retain the original flag. So I thought, but others thought differently, and before the infant Confederacy had yet a flag or a government, we belted on our weapons, and gave to the winds of Mississippi the cross of Carolina.

Then the stars and bars became our flag, and waved over the heads of our regiments when we first marched to guard the borders of Virginia. It retained most of the distinctive features of the old flag, but was still thought to differ from it sufficiently; but the first field of Manassas proved that it was a mistake. The Union was the same, the colors were all the same; and when the flags drooped 'round the staff in that sultry July day, it was impossible to distinguish them. There was no difficulty, however, when the flags were spread by the breeze, and I see no reason why the "stars and bars" should not still continue to float above all forts, ships and arsenals of the Confederacy. But we needed another battleflag. Glorious "Old Joe" willed it, and the Southern cross rose brightly in the bloody field among the constellations of war. It fulfilled all the desiderata of a battleflag. Its brilliant colors made it visible at a great distance, and there was no danger of mistaking it for the flag of any other nation. Since that time it has become historic. Displayed on a hundred stricken fields, it has never been dishonored. It were sacrilege to change it—treason to the memory of the thousands of the brave men who

"Have seen it fly in triumph o'er each closing eye."

Certainly no soldier desires that Congress should do what the Yankees have never been able to do—take that flag from us. For my part I would rather fight under my lady's handkerchief as a banner, if they force us to lay down the azure cross, which we have borne so often through the rolling smoke into the light of victory.

Yours, indignantly,

TURKEY-FOOT.

[From the law adopted by the Confederate States Congress May 1, 1863.]

That the flag of the Confederate States shall be as follows: the field to be white, the length double the width of the flag, with the union (now used as the battleflag) to be a square of two-thirds the width of the flag having the ground red; thereon a broad saltier of blue bordered with white and emblazoned with white mullets or five-pointed stars corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States.

In reference to the last flag adopted we can give a more detailed account of its origin and of the gallant soldier who designed it:

[From the Richmond Whig of February 14th, 1865.]

We give below an interesting letter from Major Rogers, the designer of the new Confederate flag which has been floating over the capitol for a day or two past. We give it not only for the interesting character of the document, but also as a page in the history of our struggle. The bill adopting the new design has passed the Senate unanimously, and is now before the Committee on Flag and Seal of the House, composed of Messrs. Chilton of Alabama, Rives of Virginia and Chambers of Mississippi:

Hon. EDWARD SPARROW, *Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, Confederate States Senate:*

General—While disabled for active service, I have employed a portion of my leisure in trying to improve our national flag, and after much attention to the subject and the laws of heraldry have submitted a design to Congress, which was introduced into the Senate on the 13th ultimo by Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana. The bill which I have drawn is as follows:

"*A Bill to establish the Flag of the Confederate States.*

"The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That the flag of the Confederate States shall be as follows: The width two-thirds of its length, with the union (now used as the battleflag) to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width of the field below it; to have the ground red, and a broad blue saltier thereon, bordered with white and emblazoned with mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in

number to that of the Confederate States; the field to be white, except the outer half from the union to be a red bar extending the width of the flag."

Before offering the bill that gentleman addressed a letter to the Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, requesting his views in regard to the proposed alteration. General Lee replied that he thought it "very pretty and" that it "certainly added distinctness to the flag," but with his usual modesty said he mistrusted his own judgment in such matters and that the "naval gentlemen" were the proper persons to be consulted. The bill was accordingly referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs, and after various plans were submitted and the opinions of leading officers of the navy obtained, said committee unanimously recommended its adoption. On your suggestion that it would be well to have the opinion of the other officers of the army on the subject, the bill was, on motion of Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, and I now have the honor to submit herewith for your consideration the letters I have received from General J. E. Johnston, General S. Cooper, Lieutenant-General Ewell, Lieutenant-General Longstreet's Inspector-General, Major-Generals Fitz. Lee, Rosser and Lomax, of cavalry; Brigadier-Generals Pendleton and Long, of artilery; Major-General Heth, Major-General Smith, Governor of Virginia; and Major-General Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute; Captain N. W. Barker, Acting Chief of Signal Bureau, and Captain Wilbourn, of Signal corps; Brigadier-General Wharton, Colonel J. S. Mosby, and many other distinguished officers of the army, all approving this design, which, with such letters as have been addressed to you on the subject, will furnish your committee with the desired information.

Allow me, General, to add a few words on the merits of the proposed alteration. Under the present act of Congress the proportions of the flag are incorrect, the length being double the width, which is against all rule, and a flag so made will not float. The one now used over the capitol is not according to law, but is correctly proportioned, having the width two-thirds of the length, so that the proportions at least will have to be changed, and while under amendment it is proposed to improve the field of the flag also. It has been ascertained by practical use in the army and navy that our flag is very easily soiled from its excessive whiteness, and it is especially liable to this objection on steam vessels, which are rapidly superceding all other ships of war. The portion of the flag proposed to be changed to a red bar is the part, too, most rapidly defaced. It is strongly urged by naval officers of high standing that our flag is liable to be mistaken for a flag of truce, particularly in a calm, when it hangs dead against the mast and the union is obscured by the white bunting. When seen at a distance, flags are generally displayed against the white clouds beyond, and hence want of distinctness is a great defect in the present flag, the

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, January 6th, 1864.

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General, &c., Richmond:*

General—I understand that Major A. L. Rogers, of the artillery, though disabled for field duty, is anxious to render such service as he can perform. He was formerly attached to this army, and was wounded at the battle of Chancellorsville. He is a gallant officer, and if there is any duty he can perform at the stationary batteries in or around Richmond, or in the camps of instruction, I recommend that he be assigned to it.

I am, General, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, *General.*

LEXINGTON, VA., January 6, 1864.

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Va.:*

Sir—As Major A. L. Rogers, of the artillery corps, is applying for duty, I am glad to bear testimony in behalf of so gallant an officer. In the spring of 1864 Major Rogers was ordered to report to Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson for duty, and was assigned as assistant to his aid, Colonel S. Crutchfield, Chief of Artillery. He performed the most important and gallant service, and was severely wounded in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 2d.

Most respectfully,

A. S. PENDLETON,

Lieutenant-Colonel and A. A. G., Second Corps, A. N. V., late of General Jackson's staff.

Prison Life at Fort McHenry.

By Rev. Dr. T. D. WITHERSPOON, late Chaplain of the Forty-Second Mississippi Regiment.

PAPER No. 3—*Conclusion.*

To one other of our prison diversions I must briefly introduce you. I refer to the regimental courts-martial held as occasion required. One of these will give an idea of the whole. Among the petty annoyances to which we were subjected—for which, however, we could not blame our captors—was the custom on the part of some of the younger and less scrupulous portion of our number to circulate unfounded rumors of our prospective release, or "grape-vine telegrams," as they were called. The graver and more credulous part of the body would accept them all as true, would each roll up carefully his blanket, fasten his tin cup and wooden fork to his haversack and swing them about his neck, and take his seat near the door, meekly and patiently but in vain waiting for the order to "fall in for exchange." This practice became so great a nuisance that our Colonel issued an order at length, at one of our evening dress-parades, that the next member of his command who was guilty of circulating a false rumor of exchange should be subjected to court-martial.

Now in the number of our chaplains was an old minister of the Baptist Church, a most estimable gentleman, and one who contributed in many ways to our enjoyment. He was withal of a mechanical turn of mind, and as our soup-coffee and coffee-soup were usually lukewarm before they reached us, he resolved to construct an apparatus for warming them. The earth had been cut away at one end of the barracks, leaving a steep embankment just outside. In this he constructed a flue of such a kind that a range of cups could be placed on it, and the shavings made by the prisoners in whittling rendered available for heating purposes. The work was somewhat difficult with the tools he had. When completed and the fuel applied, it proved to be like the Irishman's chimney, which, he said, "drew finely if it was only bottom end up." He was greatly perplexed at its perversity, and when some one inquired of him as he was half stifled with the smoke, when his cooking range would be ready, he replied that he expected we "would all be exchanged and get home before *that thing* would begin to draw." In a few minutes the "thing" was draw-

ing finely; and this, coupled with the previous remark, was made a subject of complaint to the Colonel, who ordered a court-martial. The trial was held, contrary to military usage, in the presence of a vast assemblage. The prisoner was ably defended. The counsel first resolved to attempt the proof of an alibi, by showing that the prisoner was sick that day and could not have been present at the time and place specified; but the prosecution thwarted this by introducing a witness who testified that he had seen him on that very day with an immense wooden harpoon fishing in the great cauldron of soup for a piece of "salt horse" that had been left there, the judge-advocate pleading overwhelmingly that no man whose digestion was impaired by sickness could have borne the sight and smell of the nauseous mess. As quite a number of the officers and soldiers of the fort were present, the effect of the vivid description of our prison fare by the judge-advocate may be well conceived.

The counsel for the defence at length agreed to risk the prisoner's fate upon a plea of insanity. And a strong case they succeeded in making. They pointed to the strange under-ground tunnel as a clear evidence of mental aberration. They reviewed his whole course since he had been in the fort; they attributed his insanity to the hard life and unwholesome fare, which they denounced in unmeasured terms. But the court found a verdict of guilty. He was sentenced to be reprimanded publicly on dress-parade, and to be fed until further orders on "hard tack" and "salt horse"—our common prison fare. That evening at dress-parade, the public reprimand was duly administered. Chaplain C. was called out in front of the command and listened meekly with uncovered head, whilst the Colonel (a young Assistant Surgeon, somewhat given to wildness) delivered a homily to him on the impropriety of his conduct, so unbecoming to him and so dishonoring to the command.

Thus the days and weeks rolled away in the midst of high-hearted resolve not to give way to despondency, and of constant and yet ever-varying expedients to rally the spirits of those who were becoming depressed. No one who has not experienced it knows anything of the depressing influence of continued imprisonment, with the mind shut off from its ordinary lines of thought, and the heart from its customary channels of communion with those it loves. He who has passed through the same experience will readily understand me when I say, that notwithstanding all

my resolve not to be disheartened, and the supports which came from an unshaken trust in the overruling providence of God, I have often paced up and down through the long night, along the narrow beat allotted to us outside the barracks, with an eye as sleepless and a step as ceaseless as that of the sentinel whose eye was upon me and whose bayonet flashed in the moonlight as he watched me from the "dead line," only a few paces away.

Many, of course, were the efforts made to escape—some of them ingeniously planned, but all by one contingency and another brought to nought. One method of escape was always open to us —that of bribing the guards, there being very few sentinels over us whose virtue commanded a higher price than a five dollar greenback for each person desiring to escape. To this method most of us were conscientiously opposed. I would have remained there to the close of the war before I would have placed such a temptation in the way of an enemy. Others were not of such tender conscience; and at length, worn by long imprisonment and wearied by long delay, four chaplains and six or eight surgeons bribed the guard and made their escape. It cost me a great struggle not to join them, but I was thankful afterwards that I did not, for within a very days and before they had made their way through great hardships to Dixie, the order came for our release, and we were safely landed on Southern soil.

Their departure, however, led to a denouement in connection with our release, to which I must, in closing, refer. As the roll-call had for some time been dispensed with, the escape of the prisoners had not been detected, but now, as the chaplains were to be released, the roll would, of course, be called, and the escape of the four would be detected. This would lead to a roll-call of the surgeons (the order for whose release had not been been received), and when it was found that six or eight surgeons had escaped, the remainder would be subjected to closer confinement and more stringent discipline. To avoid this, four surgeons determined to play the role of the missing chaplains. It was a very hazardous experiment, as most of the chaplains were personally known to the officers of the fort, and a detection of the ruse would probably lead to the retention of the whole body of chaplains in prison. But bold as the expedient was, it was immediately put into execution. An old razor was brought into requisition. The largest coats in the party were put at the disposal of the adventurous four. A very grave and reverend air was assumed, and they took their places in

line, and we were all marched to the wharf, where Colonel Mulford's flag-of-truce boat awaited us. As each chaplain's name was called, he was required to step to the front. The counting went on well until the last name was called—that of Chaplain B, when a tall, handsome surgeon, clerically shorn and dressed, stepped to the front, and a Federal soldier, recognizing him, whispered to the Provost-Marshal: "That is not Chaplain B." "Who is it, then?" "It is Surgeon R——." The Provost-Marshal looked confused for a moment, and said to his clerk: "How many chaplains ought there to be?" The clerk answered, "Fourteen." "Count the men, sir." We were duly counted and found to be exactly fourteen, and without further ado, marched on board the vessel for City Point, where, in due time, we arrived, and after some preliminaries stood once more upon the soil and beneath the flag of our Confederacy, amidst the dearly welcomes and warm congratulations of friends.

Here my narrative, properly speaking, ends, but there is one incident which, even though it be by way of postscript, I must append. In one of the hospitable homes of Richmond, whose intimacies I was permitted to share, there was a comfortable chamber known as the "Soldier-boys' room." Let us come by night or by day, we knew that this room was reserved for us; and many a long and weary march ended in sweet dreams of home, awakened by its soft couches of repose. Towards this pleasant home I instinctively turned my footsteps to enjoy the luxury of the "Soldier-boys' room." But when the hour for retiring came, my kind hostess, who had listened in tears to the story of prison trials, said: "I cannot let you go to the 'Soldier-boys' room' to-night." The special guest-chamber of the house has been fitted up for you to pay for those hard boards on which the Yankees have made you sleep so long." So I was duly ushered into the elegant chamber, and in due time was upon a luxurious bed, which seemed to me the most comfortable I had ever enjoyed, but on which I found it impossible to sleep. I had been so long upon the hard boards that the soft bed wearied me. I tossed from side to side, but in vain, until at length seizing my soldier blanket, which had been stowed in one corner, I wrapped myself in it and threw myself upon the floor, sleeping sweetly and soundly until morning.

When at the drawing-room my kind hostess met me with the question, "How did you rest last night?" and I answered, "Splendidly," she replied with a smile, "I knew you would, for I had that bed prepared expressly for you." That dear friend, whose

smile made the sunlight of the hospitable home, and whose heart was as pure as the escutcheon of the country she loved so well, has been called to the citizenship of a better country and the enjoyment of a happier home; but though years intervened, I could never find it in my heart to undeceive her, and it was her happiness always to remember how she had honored, with her best chamber and most luxurious bed, the returning soldier boy.

Having presented you with this inside view of life in a Federal prison, I feel that I cannot close without adding my testimony to that of others in reference to the comparative suffering under Federal and Confederate imprisonment. The effort is being persistently made to represent the hardships as all on one side, to throw upon the South the odium of having subjected her prisoners, taken in war, to unnecessary privations and wanton cruelties, and to claim for the North that her prison government and discipline were, with perhaps a few rare exceptions, of the most humane and kindly nature.

Now I have no disposition to stir up feelings of bitterness between the two sections of a common country. I would speak only in the interests of peace and good-will; but I must also speak in the interests of truth and justice, and in vindication of the South. I would call attention to the following points: *First.* It is not true that the prison discipline and the personal treatment of prisoners was either juster or more humane in Northern prisons than in those at the South. When the facts of history are all brought out, and in that sufficient light the comparison is made between Andersonville and Point Lookout, it will be found that the contrast is overwhelmingly in favor of the former; that in point of diet, health regulations, hospital prescriptions, &c., our men at Point Lookout were subjected to far greater privations and hardships than were the Federal soldiers at Andersonville.

But to confine myself simply to what passed under my own personal observation, and of which consequently I am a competent witness, I may say that on our release from Fort McHenry and return to Richmond, a number of us asked and obtained permission to go through all the wards of that portion of the Libby prison in which the Federal officers were confined. We saw their arrangements for sleep, exercise and cleanliness; we inspected the food as it was prepared for them, and saw all the arrangements for cooking and serving it, and we came away with the impression that (although we had been constantly reminded at Fort McHenry that our lot

was a favored one compared with that of our fellow prisoners at Fort Baltimore, Point Lookout and Johnson's Island) these men in the Libby prison were faring like princes as compared with the life we had been required to lead at Fort McHenry.

Second. Even if it could be shown that there was as great or greater privation in Southern prisons than in Northern, this would not relieve the contrast which is so unfavorable to the humanity of the Northern people. We can demonstrate the fact that our prisoners of war were served with as good rations and as abundant as our soldiers in the line. Whatever privations they endured, therefore, were the privations of our own men, and were the result, not of wilful neglect or bitter hatred, but of that dearth of the necessaries of life under which our whole people were suffering. With the North there was no dearth, no scarcity. The granaries of the world were open to them. When they fed our men on scanty and unwholesome fare, it was not because they could not help it, but because they did not care.

Third. For the sufferings of prisoners on both sides, the North and the North alone is responsible. We were always anxious for exchange. It was to our interest, even if there had been no higher motives operating upon us. We could not supply the places of our men when captured. A single musket was far more to us than to the people of the North. They had all Europe to recruit from. They could supply the places of their men when captured. We could not. It was no great burden to them to guard and feed their prisoners, but it was a heavy tax on us to take care of ours. It was, therefore, to our interest to arrange a cartel. It was to their interest to delay it; and an impartial examination of the case will show beyond all doubt that the failure to make exchange on honorable and equitable terms is chargeable upon them and not upon us. Every proposition that in the interests of humanity could be made was made by the Confederate Government, and was made only to be sullenly rejected. The responsibility for all the suffering on both sides is with those who steadfastly refused either to propose or to accept an honorable cartel. And as in all succeeding time, under the influence of heated imaginations, the spectres of Andersonville and Point Lookout, of Libby prison and Johnson's Island will be rising up to disturb the equanimity of the historian, the South will be able to say with truth to each one as it rises—

> "Shake not thy gory locks at me,
> Thou canst not say I did it."

Gettysburg.

Report of Brigadier-General J. A. Walker.

HEADQUARTERS STONEWALL BRIGADE, August 17th, 1863.

Captain HUNTER, *Acting Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Captain—In obedience to circular from division headquarters, I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the "Stonewall brigade" at the battle of Gettysburg, and subsequently until it recrossed the Potomac:

On the evening of the 1st July the brigade, with the rest of the division, arrived at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, and after nightfall took position on the southeast side of the town, near the Hanover road, and on the extreme left of our line, on Culp's farm, and throwing forward skirmishers, we remained for the night. At dawn the next morning the enemy's skirmishers were seen in our front, and a brisk *fire* was opened between them and my own, which was kept up during the day at long range with but short intervals of quiet. About 6 o'clock P. M. our line was advanced in a northerly direction and took position immediately on the north side of the Hanover road. In this position, our left flank being harassed by the enemy's sharpshooters posted in a wheat field and wood, I ordered Colonel Nadenbousch, with his regiment (the Second Virginia), to clear the field and advance into the wood and ascertain, if possible, what force the enemy had at that point, which he did at a single *dash*, his men advancing with great spirit, driving the enemy's skirmishers out of the cleared ground and following them into the woods.

When he had advanced some distance into the woods, the enemy opened on his line with two pieces of artillery and he fell back into the cleared ground again, leaving skirmishers in the edge of the wood, and reported that the enemy had a large force of cavalry, supposed to be two brigades, two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery.

This information I communicated through a staff officer to Major-General Johnson, and immediately thereafter received information from Major Douglas, of his staff, that the line was about to advance, with instructions from General Johnson to remain on the flank if I thought it necessary. As our flank and rear would have been entirely uncovered and unprotected in the event of my moving with the rest of the division, and as our movement must have been made in full view of the enemy, I deemed it prudent to hold my position until after dark, which I did.

After dark I withdrew, and leaving a picket on the Hanover road, joined the rest of the division in rear of the enemy's breastworks, which they had driven them from the evening before.

At daylight next morning Steuart's brigade, which was immediately in my front, became hotly engaged, and on receiving a request from General Steuart, I moved up to his support and became warmly engaged along my whole line; and my right, extending beyond the breastwork, suffered very heavily. After five hours' incessant firing, being unable to drive the enemy from his strong position, and a brigade of Rodes' division coming to our assistance, I drew my command back under the hill out of the fire, to give them an opportunity to rest and clean their guns and fill up their cartridge boxes.

In about an hour I was ordered by General Johnson to move more to the right and renew the attack, which was done with equally bad success as our former efforts, and the fire became so destructive that I suffered the brigade to fall back to a more secure position, as it was a useless sacrifice of life to keep them longer under so galling a fire.

An hour or two later, I was again ordered to advance so as to keep the enemy in check, which I did, sheltering my men and keeping up a desultory fire until dark.

About midnight we were drawn off with the rest of the division, and at daylight were again formed in line of battle on the heights south of Gettysburg, where we remained all day and until about eleven o'clock, when we marched with the division in the direction of Fairfield.

The subsequent operations of this brigade up to the crossing of the Potomac, having been altogether with the division, and under the eye of the Major-General, I do not deem any report necessary.

It affords me pleasure to say that the officers and men of the brigade behaved in a manner worthy their high reputation.

It may seem invidious to select any particular officer for commendation, but justice requires that I should especially notice the gallant and efficient conduct of Major William Terry, commanding the Fourth Virginia, who gallantly led his regiment almost to the breastworks of the enemy, and only retired after losing the fourth of his command.

I am, Captain, very respectfully,

J. A. Walker, *Brigadier-General.*

Report of Brigadier-General J. M. Jones.

HEADQUARTERS J. M. JONES' BRIGADE,
September 25th, 1863.

Major R. W. HUNTER,
Assistant Adjutant-General Johnson's Division, Ewell's Corps:

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the brigade under my command during a portion of the battle of Gettysburg. The brigade, consisting of the Twenty-first, Twenty-fifth, Forty-second, Forty-fourth, Forty-eighth and Fiftieth Virginia regiments, commanded respectively by Captain W. P. Mosely, Colonel J. C. Higginbotham, Lieutenant-Colonel R. W. Withers, Major N. Cobb, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Dungan and Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. N. Salyer, left camp at 7 o'clock A. M. on the 1st July, the second brigade in the dvision column, and on reaching Gettysburg, late in the afternoon, passed by the railroad depot to the left of the town, and, under the direction of the Major-General commanding division, formed line of battle about dark on the left of Nichols' brigade, in a ravine in an open field northeast of the town, and to the left and front of the enemy's artillery on "Cemetery hill." As soon as the line was formed, pickets were thrown well to the front, and the brigade laid upon their arms during the night. Nothing of importance, so far as my brigade was concerned, occurred during the night. Soon after daylight on the 2d July, the skirmishers taken from the Twenty-fifth Virginia, and commanded by Major R. D. Lilley, were pushed further to the front to watch the motions of the enemy. The brigade in line of battle remained in the position occupied by it the night before until about 4 o'clock P. M., when, by a verbal order from the Major-General Commanding, it moved to the front to support Andrew's battalion of artillery (Major Latimer), which was moving into position on a hill opposite to Cemetery hill. The brigade was halted under cover of a range of low hills, about three hundred yards in rear and to the left of the battalion of artillery—the Fiftieth Virginia regiment (Lieutenant-Colonel Salyer) being moved up to the immediate support of the artillery and formed near its left.

To meet a strong demonstration made by the enemy on our right, the remainder of the Twenty-fifth Virginia, under Colonel Higginbotham, was thrown to the right and front, and the Fiftieth Vir-

ginia (Lieutenant-Colonel Salyer) moved to the right, and the remainder of the brigade moved up near the crest of the hill. At this time the Major-General Commanding arrived upon the hill occupied by the artillery, and after a short time directed me to form my brigade in line; to move forward when Nichols' brigade had formed on my left, and to attack the enemy in his position on the opposite hill. The brigade advanced in good order, moving down the slope of the hill, across the bottom, "Gettysburg creek" and up the hill occupied by the enemy. The hill was steep, heavily timbered, rocky and difficult of ascent. As the brigade advanced a few shells were thrown from the batteries on the right, though but little damage resulted from them. My men gained ground steadily to the front under a heavy fire of musketry from the enemy, protected by entrenchments. There was at one time some confusion towards the left, which I corrected as rapidly as possible. This confusion consisted in the mixing up of the files and the derangement of the general line, and was perhaps unavoidable from the lateness of the hour at which the advance was made, the darkness in the woods and the nature of the hill. When near the first line of entrenchments, moving with my troops, I received a flesh wound through the thigh, the excessive hemorrhage from which rendered it necessary for me to be borne from the field, and the command of the brigade devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Dungan—Colonel J. C. Higginbotham having been previously wounded. The brigade acted with efficiency while I was with it. To the regimental commanders enumerated above I am indebted for the prompt movements of their respective regiments whenever called upon. The command of the Twenty-fifth regiment during the action devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. Robinson—Colonel Higginbotham being wounded; the command of the Forty-fourth regiment upon Captain T. R. Buckner—Major Cobb being wounded. The skirmishers, commanded during the greater part of the day by Major R. D. Lilley, rendered most valuable services, and the energy and skill with which they were handled by that officer received my highest admiration. My chief medical officer, Surgeon Bushrod Taylor, brought to the performance of the difficult task devolved upon him the same ability, zeal, untiring industry and conscientious devotion to duty which have always marked his official connection with the brigade. To Captain R. Cleary, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant V. Dabney, Volunteer Aid-de-Camp; Lieutenant F. Pendleton Jones, Aid-de-Camp (badly wounded and since

dead), who were with me on the field, I am under obligation for the gallant and intelligent manner in which their duties were performed. Lieutenants E. H. Boyd, Ordnance Officer, and Mann Page, Inspector of Brigade, discharged their respective duties with promptness and ability. My absence from the brigade, and its movements since I resumed command, have caused a delay in this report.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. M. JONES, *Brigadier-General.*

The Battle of Shiloh—Report of L. D. Sandidge, Inspector-General Louisiana Division.

[The following report of the battle of Shiloh has never, so far as we are advised, been in print, and there have been calls for its publication from various quarters. We are glad to be able to give it to our readers.]

General RUGGLES:

On the evening prior to the battle, I encamped Ruggles' division of three brigades and four batteries of artillery and a battalion of cavalry extending Bragg's line to the left, and instead of placing the left brigade "en potence" with the alignment, I found that Hardee's line did not rest on Owl creek. I extended the left brigade on continuous line, its extreme left resting on Owl creek and fronting the Federal encamped advance, menacing our unprotected left flank. I finished marking the line, as directed from division headquarters, and the entire division was on the ground, before dark. The four batteries held in columns, section front, in rear of the brigade intervals; the regiments held in columns at half distance, division front—this ployment being the prescribed order; the entire line about six hundred paces in rear of Hardee's line and overlapping it, as stated, by one brigade (Ruggles'), and Withers' division on its right, forming Bragg's line, Bragg being in second line of battle; Polk's corps, composed of Breckinridge's and B. R. Johnson's brigades, in reserve to rear—B. R. Johnson's brigade leading. Such was the position, as indicated by map inclosed, on night of 4th April preceding the battle. About dark I returned from extreme left to Corinth road, rejoined you there, and we slept by slight camp-fire in the interval between Gibson's and Anderson's (Patton) brigades. In the conversation

held with you then, I asked, as you were one of the council of war, what were the leading objective points to be considered, what the plan of action, &c. You stated that after some discussion and difference of opinion in the council, General Sidney Johnston intended trying to drive the Federal left back on its centre and right, thus doubling his army against Owl creek, away from the river and gunboats. I added that was contrary to the usual plan, which was to drive the Federal forces against the broad, deep river in their rear. You replied you had stated in the council your impression "they would not swing that way"—i. e., against Owl creek—but would stubbornly fight with their gunboats at their back. My opinion then and now is, that General Sidney Johnston lost his life in a vain effort to force the Federal retreat—an army of forty-five thousand, with his one-third less—in a direction arbitrarily selected. Here I notice the point that Gibson was ignorant of the movements "above indicated placing the army in position" —a singular statement contrasted with the fact that I slept in the same apartment with him at his headquarters at Mickey's the preceding night; that the brigade and staff moved at daylight next morning in conjunction with your other troops, and in the utmost good order took position indicated, his left resting on Corinth road. From this time, say 8 P. M., every brigade and battery was ready for instant action. At daylight Sunday morning the battle began—Chalmers' skirmishers on the extreme right, in accordance with what I understood to be the plan of battle, opening fire. Instantly we were in the saddle, and you gave the first and last command I recollect your giving as a command, often repeated, and always responded to by your division: "Forward!" We rode rapidly down the division line, more than a mile long, through a densely wooded, hilly country, relieved here and there only by small cultivated fields, to see that the forward movement was continuous. Before we had ridden the length of two brigades—the line moving forward all the while—after a hurried consultation with the staff, you had a gun moved in advance and threw a few shells into the heights beyond, where some of the Federals were seen moving towards Hardee's flank, to develop their design, Hardee inquiring at once into the cause of the firing. You and remaining staff continued your forward progress, while I kept down the line. By the time I returned to the right—I had ridden rapidly too—I saw the following state of affairs: Hardee withdrawn from our front, for he had in his advance gained ground

to the right so rapidly, supporting the main attack on the Federal extreme left, that very early in the morning, instead of being in second line, our division was in first line confronting Federal right-centre, not two hundred yards distant, holding elevated ground with artillery and dense masses of infantry. In my brief absence—it was not then 8 A. M.—Patton Anderson, your second brigade, had twice furiously assaulted his position, and though checked each time, had successfully reformed his brigade line amidst the smoke of the battle, and you and he were preparing to made another effort to storm the heights beyond the narrow creek separating us from the Federals. I told you you could not carry the position without more force, and inquired for your first brigade (Gibson's). You stated you had, at General Bragg's request, detached Gibson, who was following up Hardee's and Withers' advance, and were all heavily engaged on our right. I then tried to bring you forward a battalion of cavalry (Brewer's) to make a diversion obliquely from the right, proffering to lead the cavalry in person, while you were making an artillery combination to support a renewed attack. But before engaging, the cavalry made such a wide detour to the right under cover of Hardee, they were useless to us. You further directed me to ride to the rear, and if I could get no support from the reserves (Polk), I was authorized to move one of the left brigades temporarily from left to right to support Anderson's renewed attack in front. In the meantime, the left of our line was still moving forward. On going to the rear a few hundred yards, I met the head of a Tennessee regiment marching by the flank—the first regiment of B. R. Johnson's brigade, Polk's command. I saw General B. R. Johnson, told him the situation in front, and begged him to move forward to our right and assist our front attack by an oblique demonstration, which he promptly executed, being severely wounded himself at the first onset. His brigade *here fired* the *first* gun—say 10 A. M.—that was fired by Polk's command.

As soon as the head of the columns of the troops above mentioned appeared on our right, you, superintending the artillery firing (Washington artillery, &c.), again ordered "Forward!" and the indomitable Anderson a third time moved through the fire, sword in hand, and his attack, combined with the movement and attack of B. R. Johnson, finally drove the Federals—Anderson sweeping over the ground, capturing their artillery, &c. Our left brigade swung round, following up the attack, driving the Federals

back towards the river—we, in truth, being more successful than the main attack made from our right. In a word, the Federals declined to drive *from* the river at all, as you predicted in the council. The Federals, though driven from our front, moved rearward very slowly, contesting every inch. After we got them started, I again rode down the left of our line, directing our left brigade forward. The Federal right about this time began to swing rearward much faster than his right-centre, and it was evident they were falling back to concentrate on and strengthen the Federal centre and left, so heavily assaulted all the morning by the main effort to cut them off from the river. On my return to the extreme right of our division line, about noon, I found you had continued to drive the Federal right-centre to a certain point in an old field, where they were making a determined stand. I noticed here a long gap between our line and where I supposed Withers' left ought to be, and called your attention. We then thought it dangerous to leave it open, as a failure on our right and a furious effort on the part of the Federals in our front, if we failed to check, would imperil our rear. You directed me to fill up the interval with any detached infantry I could find, and at once bring forward all the artillery I could get to move, and have them open fire at once on the Federals in front, to prevent their making any movement endangering our position, and keep them moving in retreat. It was here that we finally, in a few hours, got between fifty and sixty field guns in position, and under this heavy fire you succeeded in moving again the Federals in our front, who had held their position so long and obstinately that when they started they found troops of Hardee and Withers on their left and rear, and our left brigade and the head of Polk's reserves on their right and rear, intercepting their march. A portion of Polk's column following the onward march of our left, both swinging to the right as they moved forward, found themselves simultaneously on the rear and right of the Federal position. Here being assaulted in front by you with infantry and artillery, as stated, and hemmed in, 2,500 with Prentiss surrendered. It was at the point above mentioned, when we were getting this artillery together, I first heard of General Sidney Johnston's death on our right.

The Federals by this time were concentrating along the river front all their remaining artillery and every infantry organization that could hold together, and were fighting for existence. The advance and attack continued—General Bragg issuing orders to

bring everything forward, and in less than an hour after Prentiss laid down his arms we rode over the ground his brigade stood in our advance. But now Leu Wallace was on our flank with 10,000 fresh troops from Pittsburg Landing. Nelson, leading Buel's army, 25,000 strong, was crossing the river in our front, and we were beginning to feel his fire. But an half hour of sun remained. It was impossible—though more than one assault was made to drive the defeated Federals into the river—to do anything more without reorganizing our troops, which was done during the night; but on the morrow the new army had to be fought on the same field. How that was done let history tell. I am certain I saw General Beauregard leading Mouton's regiment of our brigade in person, when you and Mouton, with the entire line, attacked the enemy's centre, and again two more of the brigades (Anderson's and Pond's) prolonged on the line of Cheatham at Shiloh church, again and again advanced by successive alignments, you and staff carrying the battle flags, repelling every attack of the fresh army of Monday (see Basil Duke's Forrest's Cavalry—foot note on Shiloh), till the Confederate army, moving in regular order, retired leisurely by the passage of lines from the field towards Corinth. Breckinridge and his Kentuckians will remember when their brigade was left on the field, interposed to secure retreat, a staff officer came through the rain and mire with General Ruggles' compliments and message that not one Louisianian would move a pace in retreat at the peril of a life in the brigade—the entire division to reinforce him—and his answer, "Sandidge, go tell you Louisianians God bless them! If they hear not our guns at dawn of the morning, send back a flag that we may have honorable burial, for we are enough to die!

L. D. Sandidge,

Inspector-General Louisiana Division, Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles, Commanding.

Mississippi, April, 1862.

Relative Numbers and Losses at Slaughter's Mountain ("Cedar Run").

By Colonel Wm. Allan, late Chief of Ordnance, Second Corps, A. N. V.

McDonough School, Md., March 2, 1880.

Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones, *Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

My Dear Sir—General G. H. Gordon, of Massachusetts, has published several valuable papers on the war. His last book (noticed in your last number) is, however, by far the most elaborate and useful. Indeed, it is the most extensive and carefully prepared account of Pope's campaign (after Cedar Run) that I have met with. It is vivid, and, with some exceptions, which may be credited to the natural bias of an earnest and active participant in the struggle, it is fair and truthful. The faults of style, which are many, and the diffuseness with which the jealousies and spites of Halleck, Pope, Fitz John Porter, McClellan and others are told over and over again, may be pardoned to a gallant soldier, more at home on a hard fought field than in the cabinet. Nor is his own temper always serene. General Banks probably considers him a good hater, if no worse. But General Gordon's clear and vigorous description, his manly independence, his oftentimes generous appreciation of his foemen, are qualities that far outweigh his imperfections.

I write not to review his book. There are passages in the history of Pope's campaign very unfair and that I hope will receive the prompt attention of our old chief General Early, whose trenchant pen can best set forth the right. But General Gordon has been careless and inaccurate (not in comparison with other writers, but with other parts of his work) in the statement of numbers, and I would do what I can to correct these, and to call out from others the information yet wanting to a complete settlement of the questions involved.

And let me say at the outset, that General Gordon is entirely free from the gross exaggerations and absurd statements about Federal and Confederate numbers that characterize so many Northern (and I may add not a few Southern) writers. He has merely not always taken care to be accurate, and has naturally erred in favor of his own side.

Pope's campaign began with the battle of Cedar Run, and though General Gordon treats of that in a previous book, I send you such facts as to the strength of the forces there engaged as I am able to find.

1. In regard to the total Confederate strength under Jackson on August 9 (battle of Cedar Run), General Gordon is not so far wrong.

General Jackson had at that time Winder's, Ewell's and A. P. Hill's divisions and Robertson's brigade of cavalry. The organization was, I believe, as follows on July 23d:

WINDER'S DIVISION.

	Regts.
Stonewall Brigade—Second, Fourth, Fifth, Twenty-seventh, and Thirty-third Virginia regiments	5
Jones' Brigade—Twenty-first, Forty-second, Forty-eighth Virginia regiments and First Virginia battalion	3½
Taliaferro's Brigade—Tenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-seventh Virginia and Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments	5
Lawton's Brigade—Thirteenth, Twenty-sixth, Thirty-first, Thirty-eighth, Sixtieth and Sixty-first Georgia regiments	6

EWELL'S DIVISION.

Early's Brigade—Thirteenth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Forty-fourth, Fifty-second, Fifty-eighth Virginia, and Twelfth Georgia regiments,	7
Trimble's Brigade—Fifteenth Alabama, Twenty-first Georgia, and Twenty-first North Carolina regiments	3
Hays' Brigade—Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Louisiana regiments and First Louisiana battalion	4½
Maryland Line	1

A. P. HILL'S DIVISION.

Thomas' Brigade—Fourteenth, Thirty-fifth, Forty-fifth and Forty-ninth Georgia regiments, and Third Louisiana battalion	4½
Branch's Brigade—Seventh, Eighteenth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiments	5
Archer's Brigade—First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee and Nineteenth Georgia regiments and Fifth Alabama battalion	4½
Pender's Brigade—Sixteenth, Twenty-second, Thirty-fourth and Thirty-eighth North Carolina regiments	4
Field's Brigade—Fortieth, Forty-seventh, Fifty-fifth and Sixtieth Virginia and Second heavy artilery regiment	5
Gregg's Brigade—First, Twelfth, Thirteenth and Fourteenth South Carolina and First South Carolina rifles	5

Add to this Stafford's, which arrived just in time for the battle, and was under General Hill's command that day:

Stafford's Brigade—First, Second, Ninth, Tenth and Fifteenth Louisiana regiments and Coppen's battalion (of which the Fifteenth Louisiana regiment was mainly composed of the Third Louisiana battalion of Thomas brigade)	5
	68

CAVALRY.

Robertson's Brigade—Second, Sixth, Seventh and Twelfth Virginia cavalry 4

A. P. Hill had nine batteries on July 23d, of which six seem to have been with him at Gordonsville, while the batteries in the other divisions were eleven. Total batteries, seventeen.

Now the return of A. P. Hill's division for July 20th, 1862, gives his officers and men present for duty as 10,623 (see Colonel Taylor's Four Years with General Lee). He had twenty-eight infantry regiments and nine batteries then, and assuming his infantry to have been 10,000, we have the average strentgh of his regiments as 357. The only portion of his command whose strength is reported at Cedar Run is Archer's brigade, which was "1,200 strong" in that fight. This would give Archer's regiments but 267 each on August 9.

No return of Winder's and Ewell's divisions for this period is to be found. Colonel Taylor estimates them together at 8,000 men; but I think he has probably overlooked the fact that these divisions contained not merely the troops that had followed Jackson in his famous Valley campaign, but two brigades and more in addition. Thus the infantry engaged in the Valley campaign and taken by Jackson to Richmond, consisted of twenty-eight regiments. The strength of nine of these at Cedar Run is given in the Confederate official reports of the battle. They were the seven in Early's brigade and the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-third Virginia, in the Stonewall brigade. General Early reports his brigade as 1,700 "effectives." The Twenty-seventh Virginia had 130 "rank and file," and the Thirty-third Virginia 150 engaged and 160 when it began to march to the battlefield. Thus Early's regiments averaged about 250 and the other two about 150 each. Taking the higher figure the whole twenty-eight regiments may have numbered 7,000, and the artillery would have added 600 or 700 more. This is probably the force that Colonel Taylor puts at 8,000 men.

But at Cedar Run Jackson had in addition six regiments, constituting Lawton's brigade, five and a half constituting Stafford's brigade, and the Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments added to Taliaferro's brigade. He had lost by transfer one regiment (Sixteenth Mississippi) from Trimble's brigade. Hence, he had gained twelve and a half regiments in addition to

those that had fought in the Valley. Lawton's regiments were comparatively strong. Stafford's were not; but if we put them at the average of Hill's regiments on July 20th, or about 350, we shall certainly be over rather than under the mark. Hence Jackson had, exclusive of Hill, possibly 12,000 infantry and artillery. Robertson's cavalry, after its hard service, could hardly have exceeded 1,000 or 1,200 men. Thus the Confederate force under Jackson on August 9 was—

Hill's division	10,623
Winder's and Ewell's division's	12,000
Cavalry	1,200
	23,823

Nearly 24,000 men.

Of this force two brigades, Lawton's and Gregg's, were not on the battlefield. This diminished Jackson's strength by eleven regiments or about 3,800 men. So his force engaged against Banks was, by the above, about 20,000 men. But this is no doubt an excessive estimate, for in it no account is taken of the diminution which must have taken place between the latter part of July and August 9th, due to the heat and sickness of the season. In the ten days preceding the battle, Banks' Federal corps seems to have lost twenty-five per cent. of its strength from this cause. Jackson's strength was lessened, but not to the same degree. Jackson's losses in the battle itself were 1,314.

There seems to be an unnecessary tangle about the strength of Pope's army at the time of Cedar Run, August 9.

General Pope reports officially as follows:

	Infantry.	Artillery.	Cavalry.	Total.
First corps (Seigel's)	10,550	948	1,730	13,228
Second corps (Banks')	13,343	1,224	4,104	18,671
Third corps (McDowell's)	17,604	971	2,904	21,479
	41,497	3,143	8,738	53,378
Deduct infantry brigade stationed at Winchester			2,500	
Deduct regiment and battery at Front Royal			1,000	
Deduct cavalry unfit for service			3,000	
				6,500
Total				47.878

NOTE—"Instead of 14,500 infantry and artillery, Banks had only about 8,000, from his report to me after the battle of Cedar Mountain." The date of this return was July 31, 1862.

General Gordon (3d paper, pp. 167–8) says: "Although the consolidated report of Banks' corps, sent into Pope some days previous to the 9th of August, exhibited an effective force of something over 14,000 men, made up of infantry, 13,343; artillery, 1,224; cavalry, 4,104; total, 18,671, less infantry and artillery left at Front Royal and Winchester, 3,500. In his official report Pope distinctly states that it appeared after the battle that when Banks led his forces to the front he had in all not more than 8,000 men." . . .

General Gordon thus leaves the impression that there was a descrepancy of 6,000 between Banks' report on July 31st and his strength on August 9th. This is evidently an error, for if we subtract the 3,500 infantry and artillery left at Winchester and Front Royal from his total infantry and artillery on July 31st, we have 11,067 as the strength of Banks' infantry and artillery east of the Blue Ridge at that date. Now Pope says that Banks had "only about 8,000" at Cedar Run, *meaning infantry and artillery*, as the above extract plainly shows. Hence the discrepancy was 3,000, and not 6,000; and any one who reads General Gordon's account of the sufferings of Bank's corps from heat and diarrhœa on their march to Cedar Run, and recalls the fact that one regiment, Sixtieth New York (General Gordon says two), was sent back in a body because of excessive sickness, will not find it hard to realize that perhaps Banks brought "only about 8,000" infantry and artillery into the fight of August 9th. To this force should be added Bayard's cavalry brigade of 1,000 or 1,200, according to General Gordon, which is evidently not included by General Pope in the "8,000."

General Gordon seems to have followed in his estimate a statement of General Strother in the Harper for August, 1867, in which the latter puts Banks' infantry and artillery at 6,289 and thirty guns, and his cavalry at 1,200, or 7,500 in all; but as General Strother gives no definite authority for this estimate, it must be considered as unsupported. General Gordon also refers to the testimony of General Banks, December 14, 1864, before the Committee on the Conduct of the War, in which he estimates his strength at Cedar Run at 6,000, and again on the the next page at 5,000. This is evidently a loose statement from memory, nearly two and a half years after the event, and not to be set against Banks' official report made to General Pope at the time. Hence Pope's entire strength early in August, 1862, by his own report, was 47,878,

less 3,000, or nearly 45,000 men. Of this force there was present at Cedar Run—

Banks' corps	8,000
Bayard's cavalry	1,200
Rickett's division of McDowell's corps	7,000
	16,200

Rickett arrived at nightfall too late to prevent the defeat of Banks, but in time to stay the further progress of the Confederates.

Now as to the Federal losses, General Pope says: "No report of killed and wounded has been made to me by General Banks. I can, therefore, only form an approximation of our losses in that battle. Our killed, wounded and prisoners amounted to about one thousand and eight hundred men, besides which fully one thousand men straggled back to Culpeper Courthouse and beyond, and never entirely returned to their commands. He also states that on the 10th Banks' corps was "reduced to about 5,000 men." Thus Pope puts the loss at from 2,800 to 3,000 men including stragglers, the larger part of whom returned to their commands.

General Gordon, following Strother, gives the Federal loss as 1,161 killed and wounded, and 732 missing, of whom half were prisoners and the remainder stragglers. This would give an actual loss of about 2,000.

Medical Director McParlin says: "In the Second corps (Banks'), which was principally engaged, the losses were 280 killed, 1,346 wounded, and 241 missing. This report underestimates the full number of wounded and missing." By this estimate the total loss in Banks' corps was over 1,867.

The Surgeon-General (Federal) reports the total loss among all the troops engaged as—

Killed	450
Wounded	660
Missing	290

In this report the "660" is evidently a misprint, and was probably intended to be "1,660." If so, the loss by this report would be 2,400. As Jackson captured 400 prisoners, the above estimate seems under, not over, the mark.'

Taking all these estimates together, it is evident that Pope's loss was over 2,000.

This letter is too long to add anything in reference to the second Manassas.

W. Allan.

Battle of Pleasant Hill—An Error Corrected.

By General H. P. Bee.

San Antonio, Texas, February, 1880.

Rev. J. Wm. Jones, *Secretary Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

It has been said that "history is the concurrent opinion of the day." The Philadelphia *Times* newspaper has been collating and publishing for a considerable time annals of the war, which purport to be, or are intended to mould, the concurrent opinion of the American people upon the subjects of that great contest, and hence it becomes desirable, if not important, to correct the errors of its issues.

I have observed in an article published in that paper from the pen of Captain Burns, of the staff of General A. J. Smith, on the Red river expedition in the spring of 1864, a statement that is incorrect, and I propose to correct it through the authentic medium of the press of the Southern Historical Society, and to that end respectfully offer the following observations. He says:

"Our rear guard did not leave Pleasant Hill until day was breaking. During the forenoon, while our surgeons (who were left on the battlefield) were trying to make comfortable the wounded, they were surprised at the appearance of a party from the camp of the enemy under a flag of truce, asking permission to bury the dead.',

The battle of Pleasant Hill was fought by General Taylor, under the impression that he had defeated Banks' army at Mansfield the day before. This opinion would seem to have been justly formed, from the incidents of that battle. The captured train, the captured cannon, the thousands of prisoners, the pursuit at dawn the next morning by the cavalry under my command, encountering burning wagons, scattered material of war, the capture of prisoners along the road, who had strayed from their commands or been lost in the darkness of the night—all told of a defeated and demoralized army. General Taylor himself told me at three o'clock of the day of the battle of Pleasant Hill, that the superb line of battle which I had watched all day, with its serried lines compact and entrenched, and which he had not seen, "was a mere feint to cover the retreat of their wagon trains." On this hypothesis, he formed his plan of attack, and with a force of less than 12,000 men of all arms, tired and worn by severe fighting the day before and by a march

for the infantry of twenty miles that day (the distance between Mansfield and Pleasant Hill), actually attacked a force of 25,000 men entrenched in line of battle. That he was unsuccessful is not surprising. *The right wing*, comprised of most of his infantry force, although in places they broke the line of entrenchments, and left many of their dead within the enemy's line, yet were repulsed, and so far as the attack on the right was concerned, it was unsuccessful; but the left-centre and left wing of the Confederate line, composed of Polignac's small division of infantry and the cavalry corps dismounted, under General Tom Green, were not defeated or driven back; they drove their foes within the line of their entrenchments, and held them there, although not able to break it, and in that position night found them. I retired from the field after dark to the hill on the road leading from Mansfield to Pleasant Hill, from which the Confederate batteries, it may be recollected, first opened fire, which position I had occupied all day and where my headquarters and servants were; and this statement, made with the positiveness of actual certainty, contradicts the statement of pursuit and defeat of the Confederate troops. Our army retired that night to where there was water, some eight miles in the rear, and there encamped.

I assent that General E. Kirby Smith, Commander-in-Chief of the Trans-Mississippi Department, who had ridden that day sixty miles from Shreveport, General Richard Taylor and myself, drank coffee together at my camp-fire, between eight and nine o'clock that night, and that the place was not more than eight hundred yards from the village of Pleasant Hill, and I thus contradict the assertion that the Confederate force were routed and driven from the field.

At about nine o'clock P. M., General Taylor ordered me "to return to the battlefield, picket up to the enemy's lines, and give him the earliest report of their movements in the morning." General Smith and General Taylor then returned to Mansfield, and I to the position I had occupied during the battle of the afternoon, with four companies of the First Texas cavalry, and threw out pickets up to the Federal lines. The night was dark, and an occasional shot was fired by the pickets as late as ten o'clock. The noise and confusion in the Federal lines was noted—movement of wagons, felling of trees, denoting, as was thought, that the wounded from the battlefield were being sought for and carried into the hospitals. Towards midnight all was quiet. At dawn of

day the pickets advanced with due caution, and at sunrise I was myself in Pleasant Hill, at the house of a kind lady, whose name I forget, whence General Banks left at eight o'clock of the evening before, as she told me. Very soon after I was waited on by a number of surgeons of the Federal army, who had been left in care of their wounded, who, after stating their orders, awaited my pleasure whether they would be held as prisoners of war or allowed to attend to their duties. My answer was of course to offer any assistance within the scope of our limited ability, and to refer the question of their status to the Commanding-General.

I thus show that Captain Burns' statement, of course made from hearsay, that these same surgeons received a flag of truce from the Confederates during that morning, is incorrect.

I do not propose to write up the battle of Pleasant Hill—only to correct positive inaccuracies.

H. P. Bee,

Ex-Brigadier-General C. S. A., Commanding First Division, Green's Cavalry Corps.

Richard Kirkland, the Humane Hero of Fredericksburg.

By General J. B. Kershaw.

[The following incident, originally published in the Charleston *News and Courier*, deserves a place in our records, and we cheerfully comply with requests to publish it which have come from various quarters.]

Camden, S. C., January 29, 1880.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

Your Columbia correspondent referred to the incident narrated here, telling the story as 'twas told to him, and inviting corrections. As such a deed should be recorded in the rigid simplicity of actual truth, I take the liberty of sending you for publication an accurate account of a transaction every feature of which is indelibly impressed upon my memory.

Very yours, truly

J. B. Kershaw.

Richard Kirkland was the son of John Kirkland, an estimable citizen of Kershaw county, a plain, substantial farmer of the olden time. In 1861 he entered as a private Captain J. D. Kennedy's

company (E) of the Second South Carolina volunteers, in which company he was a sergeant in December, 1862.

The day after the sanguinary battle of Fredericksburg, Kershaw's brigade occupied the road at the foot of Marye's hill and the ground about Marye's house, the scene of their desperate defence of the day before. One hundred and fifty yards in front of the road, the stone facing of which constituted the famous stone wall, lay Syke's division of regulars, U. S. A., between whom and our troops a murderous skirmish occupied the whole day, fatal to many who heedlessly exposed themselves, even for a moment. The ground between the lines was bridged with the wounded, dead and dying Federals, victims of the many desperate and gallant assaults of that column of 30,000 brave men hurled vainly against that impregnable position.

All that day those wounded men rent the air with their groans and their agonizing cries of "Water! water!" In the afternoon the General sat in the north room, up stairs, of Mrs. Stevens' house, in front of the road, surveying the field, when Kirkland came up. With an expression of indignant remonstrance pervading his person, his manner and the tone of his voice, he said, "General! I can't stand this."

"What is the matter, Sergeant?" asked the General.

He replied, "All night and all day I have heard those poor people crying for water, and I can stand it no longer. I come to ask permission to go and give them water."

The General regarded him for a moment with feelings of profound admiration, and said: "Kirkland, don't you know that you would get a bullet through your head the moment you stepped over the wall?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "I know that; but if you will let me, I am willing to try it."

After a pause, the General said, "Kirkland, I ought not to allow you to run a risk, but the sentiment which actuates you is so noble that I will not refuse your request, trusting that God may protect you. You may go."

The Sergeant's eye lighted up with pleasure. He said, "Thank you, sir," and ran rapidly down stairs. The General heard him pause for a moment, and then return, bounding two steps at a time. He thought the Sergeant's heart had failed him. He was mistaken. The Sergeant stopped at the door and said: "General, can I show a white handkerchief?" The General slowly shook

his head, saying emphatically, "No, Kirkland, you can't do that." "All right," he said, "I'll take the chances," and ran down with a bright smile on his handsome countenance.

With profound anxiety he was watched as he stepped over the wall on his errand of mercy—Christ-like mercy. Unharmed he reached the nearest sufferer. He knelt beside him, tenderly raised the drooping head, rested it gently upon his own noble breast, and poured the precious life-giving fluid down the fever-scorched throat. This done, he laid him tenderly down, placed his knapsack under his head, straightened out his broken limb, spread his overcoat over him, replaced his empty canteen with a full one, and turned to another sufferer. By this time his purpose was well understood on both sides, and all danger was over. From all parts of the field arose fresh cries of "Water, water; for God's sake, water!" More piteous still the mute appeal of some who could only feebly lift a hand to say, here, too, is life and suffering.

For an hour and a half did this ministering angel pursue his labor of mercy, nor ceased to go and return until he relieved all the wounded on that part of the field. He returned to his post wholly unhurt. Who shall say how sweet his rest that winter's night beneath the cold stars!

Little remains to be told. Sergeant Kirkland distinguished himself in battle at Gettysburg, and was promoted lieutenant. At Chickamauga he fell on the field of battle, in the hour of victory. He was but a youth when called away, and had never formed those ties from which might have resulted in a posterity to enjoy his fame and bless his country; but he has bequeathed to the American youth—yea, to the world—an example which dignifies our common humanity.

Editorial Paragraphs.

RENEWALS ARE STILL IN ORDER, and we are very anxious to hear from a number of subscribers who have not yet sent their $3 for 1880. Please ask your neighbor if *he* has done so. And we again beg our friends to exert themselves to secure us *new* subscribers, to recommend to us suitable agents, to whom we can pay *liberal* commissions, to canvass for our *Papers*, and to secure the sale of our back volumes to public libraries or private individuals.

We have on hand about $1,500 worth of back numbers, which we are anxious to dispose of, and the sale of which would greatly help our treasury just now.

"OLD DEBT" is never a pleasant subject of discourse, and we sincerely wish that our friends would take from us all opportunity of ever speaking again of ours. We repeat that our future is assured, if we can only rid ourselves of the debt that has *lapped over from* '76–77. Some of our friends have responded liberally, others have promised to help, and we beg to hear from *you*. You can help us in either of the following ways:

1. Take a life membership.
2. Make us a special contribution of $1 or more.
3. Buy our bound volumes or induce others to do so.
4. Secure us some subscribers or advertisers.
5. Get us an efficient canvasser. And as "*he gives twice who gives quickly*," please respond *at your earliest convenience.*

THE WARM APPRECIATION OF THE VALUE OF OUR WORK which we have received from every quarter is very gratifying to our feelings, and encourages us to persevere in our efforts to collect and preserve "material for the future historian."

Major Scheibert (our able and zealous friend who has done so much to give his brother officers of the Prussian army a correct understanding of Confederate prowess) thus introduces his sketch of Jackson's Valley campaign, which we have before noticed:

The Southern Historical Society has undertaken the careful publication of whatever is to be found of prominent military importance. The truly interesting, masterly edited organ of the association, the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, publishes amongst other things the hitherto unknown original reports of the Southern Generals, which are to be distinguished by a regard for truth which has not been a special characteristic of trans-Atlantic reports. Among other articles in the January number, 1879, is to be found an address which Colonel Allan (formerly Ordnance Officer of Jackson's staff), basing his views upon official documents and his personal experience, delivered before the last annual meeting of the Association of the Army of

Northern Virginia, which I find so entertaining and instructive that I venture, holding fast to that lecture as a text, but invoking also my personal acquaintance with the leading actors, and my practical knowledge of the field of operations (which I have twice traversed on horseback from one end to the other), to give to my comrades-in-arms as a detailed picture of that drama of the Valley of Virginia.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WISHED TO DIE FOR STONEWALL JACKSON, because only her immediate family would weep for her, and *all the world* would weep for him (and for whom General Fitz. Lee, in his address before the Army of Northern Virginia Association, expressed the earnest hope that if still alive she was "beloved and happy"), it will be interesting to our readers to state was *Miss Lucy Chandler*, but who has been for some years Mrs. Charles K. Pendleton. As the wife of a brave Confederate soldier and worthy gentleman, and the mother of several children, she has already realized the wish of the gallant cavalier.

Literary Notices.

Works of Miss Emily V. Mason:

1. *Southern Poems of the War*—collected and arranged by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia. This beautifully gotten up book is edited with Miss Mason's well-known literary taste, and contains many gems which should find a place in our household poetry. It should be in every library, and our children should be taught many of its soul-stirring verses.

2. "*Journal of a Young Lady in Virginia*, 1782." This is a curious and very interesting sketch of the manners and customs of the best society in Virginia of the period of which it treats.

3. "*Popular Life of General R. E. Lee.*" The design of this book is clearly indicated by the following letter of dedication to Mrs. Lee:

My Dear Mrs. Lee:

With your permission I dedicate to you this life of our beloved hero. It may seem daring in one so unpracticed to attempt a theme so lofty. But I have hoped that the love and admiration I felt for General Lee would inspire me with ability to present him to others as I knew him.

Other writers will exhibit his public life, his genius and magnanimity. I wish to show more of his domestic character and private virtues; his unwearied industry, his self-control and self-denial, his unselfish temper; his generous kindness, his gentle manners; his modesty and moderation in success; his patience in difficulties and disappointments, and his noble fortitude in defeat and disaster.

That you who are most jealous of his fame should honor me with your approval, leads me to hope for the like indulgence from the American people, to whose history he belongs. E. V. MASON.

Miss Mason is an exceedingly clever writer, and has used her material with a skill and good taste which makes her book exceedingly interesting and very valuable as a picture of the *inner life* of our grand old Chieftain.

The whole range of ancient or modern literature would be searched in vain for more beautiful specimens of letter-writing than some of General Lee's letters which are given in this book. In a word, it is a work to carry into our homes, to put into the hands of our boys, to be read and studied as a fine portrayal of the character of the noblest man who ever trod this continent.

These books are all published by John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, to whom we are indebted for copies, and in paper, type, binding, etc., are beautiful specimens of the book-maker's art. Miss Mason has been generously devoting the proceeds of their sale to the education of the daughters of Confederate soldiers, and this, in addition to their real merits, ought to secure for them a wide and continuing sale. They may be ordered directly from the publishers.

The Poems of Frank O. Ticknor, M. D. Edited by K. M. R., with an introductory notice of the Author by Paul H. Hayne. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This book is very carefully and skillfully edited by the accomplished lady who has done the work and modestly withholds her name. The publishers have performed their part admirably, and thousands who have admired and wept over Ticknor's sweet poems that have appeared from time to time in the newspapers, will rejoice to have these and others never before published collected together in this beautiful volume. Paul H. Hayne—himself no mean authority—concludes his admirable introductory by saying: "Burns, himself, was not more direct, more transparently honest in his metrical appeals than Ticknor. There are no fantastic conceits, no farfetched similes, no dilettanteism of any sort in his verses. The man's soul—sturdy yet gentle, stalwart yet touched by a feminine sweetness—'informed' them always; and, if it can hardly be said of his lyrics that each was 'polished as the bosom of a star,' still the light irradiating them seldom failed to be light from the heaven of a true inspiration."

The "Virginians of the Valley" and "Little Giffen of Tennessee," have long taken their places among the standard poems that will *live*, and we hesitate not to declare that there other gems in the volume equally worthy.

The book is published by subscription, and may be had by sending the price ($1.50) to *Miss K. M. Rowland, 225 Freemont street, Baltimore.*

Life and Letters of Admiral D. G. Farragut. By his son Loyall Farragut. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This book, in its type, paper, binding, steel engravings and other illustrations, is gotten up in the superb style for which this great house is famous. The son sketches, with skillful, loving hand, the life of his distinguished father, and interweaves his narrative with copious extracts from his own letters, journals and official reports, thus really making the Admiral tell the story of his own life. The book is of deep interest and great historical value (albeit there are a number of statements which *we* cannot accept and which

we propose hereafter to ventilate), and will doubtless have a wide sale both at the North and at the South. While there are some notable exceptions, the book seems, in the main, much freer from bitterness towards the South than might be expected in the biography of one who thought proper to side with the enemies of the State which gave him birth, the section in which he had so long lived, and the people from whom he had received so much kindness. And while deeply regretting that any son of the South should have brought himself to draw his sword against the land of his birth, yet it is a source of a certain sort of pride that the North was compelled to bestow her highest naval honors on this Southron, while she owed so much of her success in the field to Winfield Scott, George H. Thomas, Canby, Blair, Sykes, Ord, Getty, Anderson, Alexander, Nelson, and other Southern officers, and the 400,000 Southern born men (chiefly from Missouri, Kentucky, Maryland, West Virginia and Tennessee), not counting the negroes, who served in her ranks. How different the result might have been if all these had been true to their section and the principles of their fathers!

General Longstreet's Paper in the Philadelphia Times of March 13th in reply to Generals A. L. Long and Fitz. Lee will excite attention and elicit wide comment. We make here no criticism upon the article, and express no opinion upon the merits of the questions at issue.

But there is one statement made by General Longstreet which we feel called on to notice, for reasons which will appear. In reference to General Lee's "*Final and full report of the Pennsylvania campaign and the battle of Gettysburg*," which we published in our *papers* for July, 1876, General Longstreet says: "Since his [Lee's] death another account has been published by unofficial parties *as his official report*. But it is a paper prepared after both sides were known and for the special purpose of readjusting the original reports so that it might be so construed as to meet the wishes of those who have combined to throw the responsibility of the failure upon my shoulders."

Now if this statement is true, we made a very serious blunder in publishing as General Lee's report something patched up for a purpose after his death, and a grave suspicion is cast upon the authenticity of the reports we publish. But we think that even General Longstreet, had he done us the honor to read our introduction to the report (vol. II, pp. 33–34), would be compelled to admit the *overwhelming proofs* of the genuiness of this report. We have only space to repeat them very briefly:

1. The report was originally published in 1869—nearly two years before General Lee's death—by Mr. Wm. Swinton (author of the "*Army of the Potomac*") in the February number of the *Historical Magazine*, New York.

2. In April, 1869, General Lee told General Early that he had received the published copy of the report and that it was "substantially correct."

3. Colonel Charles Marshall, General Lee's Military Secretary, stated that he had lent Mr. Swinton the original rough draft of the report from which a copy had been made for General Lee, and which was the same as that published in the *Historical Magazine*.

4. The copy from which *we* printed was a MS. found among the papers of Michael Kelly, who was a clerk in General Cooper's office, and was identical with the copy printed in the *Historical Magazine* (and afterwards reprinted in the *Southern Magazine*, Baltimore, for August 1872), except that it corrected several verbal errors, and added several paragraphs at the close in reference to the conduct of our officers and men and our captures at Gettysburg. Our MS. is evidently a copy of the finally corrected report of General Lee, and its authenticity seems to us beyond all doubt.

We have not space, nor is it necessary, to make any comment.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., May, 1880. No. 5.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 6.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1862—HARPER'S FERRY, SEPTEMBER 14, 15.

The second day after the engagement at "Ox Hill," we marched through Leesburg, crossed the Potomac into Maryland on the 5th, and moved in the direction of Frederick City, where we remained several days. Then recrossed the Potomac at Williamsport and marched on Harper's Ferry through Martinsburg. The evening of the 14th we advanced down the Winchester and Harper's Ferry railroad. The Seventh regiment was in advance, and its skirmishers, commanded by Captain Knox, succeeded in driving the enemy's sharpshooters from a high position overlooking the railroad. The remainder of the brigade reached this position after midnight, and there slept upon their arms until day, when every one was in readiness and awaited the orders to advance. After a short but rapid and well-directed fire from our batteries, the enemy displayed several white flags, and we marched into the place without further resistance.

We captured several prisoners the evening of the 14th. Our loss was four wounded.

SHARPSBURG—SEPTEMBER 17.

We left Harper's Ferry on the 17th September, and after a very rapid and fatiguing march, recrossed the Potomac and reached Sharpsburg in time to participate in the fight. The entire brigade was ordered to the right, and on reaching the field the Twenty-eighth was detached by General A. P. Hill in person, and sent on the road to the left, leading to Sharpsburg, to repel the enemy's skirmishers who were advancing through a field of corn. The rest of the brigade moved nearly at right angles to our line on the enemy's flank. The Seventh, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh were the regiments principally engaged. They fought well, and assisted in driving back three separate and distinct columns of the enemy. The Eighteenth was not actively engaged. I was ordered about sunset to rejoin the brigade, and on doing so ascertained that General Branch had been killed.

It was after sunset when I assumed command of the brigade. I found the Seventh, Thirty-seventh and Thirty-third posted behind a stone fence, and the Eighteenth sheltered in a hollow in rear. I ordered the Twenty-eight to the left of the line, but the order was delivered to the Eighteenth, which was posted on the left behind a rail fence, a portion of it being broken back to guard against a flank movement. The Twenty-eighth was posted to the left of the Seventh in the opening caused by the withdrawal of a few Georgia troops. Although annoyed by the enemy's sharpshooters, we held our position until ordered to fall back on the night of the 18th. We did not cross the river until the next day. General Gregg's, General Archer's and our brigade formed the rear guard of the army, and were kept in line of battle, facing the enemy, until infantry, artillery, cavalry, wagons and ambulances had all safely crossed.

Our loss in this engagement was our Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch killed, twenty others killed, seventy-nine wounded and four missing.

SHEPHERDSTOWN—SEPTEMBER 20.

On the morning of the 20th September, we were moved, with the balance of the division, back to the ferry, near Shepherdstown. Soon after we had taken our position in line in the field of

corn in rear of the wheat stacks, we were ordered to advance in the "face of a storm of round shot, shell and grape." We moved forward in line until we reached General Pender's brigade, sheltered behind the hill, in front of the residence near the ferry. Finding that General Pender was outflanked on the left, we moved by the left flank until we unmasked his brigade, and then moved forward in line again. The men, on reaching the top of the hill, raised a yell, and poured a deadly fire into the enemy, who fled precipitately and in great confusion to the river. Advancing at a double-quick we soon gained the bank of the river, and continued our destructive fire upon those who were attempting to regain the Maryland shore at the old dam just above the ferry. We held our position all that day immediately upon the bank of the river, though exposed to the heaviest cannonading of the war, and in range of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were posted in strong force in the bed of the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

We captured a number of prisoners. Our loss was three killed and seventy-one wounded.

Lieutenant-Colonel Purdie, who bravely commanded the Eighteenth in most of these engagements, desires that special mention should be made of Captain John D. Barry, of Company I, for his coolness and gallantry and devotion to duty.

Captains Turner and Knox, of the Seventh, have, on all occasions, but especially as commanders of skirmishers, won the admiration of the entire brigade by their daring and efficiency.

Lieutenants Cloninger and McCauley, of the Twenty-eighth, are also deserving special notice for their great bravery and faithfulness in the discharge of their duties.

Very respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL ARCHER'S REPORT.

Sharpsburg, 17*th September*—General Branch's brigade came down about thirty minutes after I reached the wall and formed some thirty paces to my rear, where General Branch was killed, and Colonel Lane, assuming command of his brigade, moved it down to my left.

The next morning, about nine o'clock, the little strength with which I entered the fight being completely exhausted, I turned over the command to Colonel Turney, reported to the Major-General-Commanding, and left the field.

My brigade remained all that day in the same position where I had left it, and on the morning of the 19th of September, together with Gregg's and Branch's brigades, formed the rear guard of the army on its return to the Virginia shore.

Shepherdstown, 20th September—On the morning of the 20th the division moved down to repel the enemy, who were crossing the Potomac at Shepherdstown ferry. Line of battle was formed in a cornfield about three-fourth of a mile back from the ferry. Pender's brigade moved forward in the direction of the ferry, and General Gregg's and Colonel Thomas' toward a point smewhat to the right. When General Pender had gotten about half-way to the ferry, General Hill directed me to take command of the three remaining brigades (Field's, commanded by Colonel Brockenbrough, on the right; Lane's in the centre, and my own, under senior Colonel Turney, on the left) and advance to the support of Pender. I moved straight forward until within a few hundred yards of General Pender's brigade, when, on his sending me back information that the enemy was attempting to flank him on the left, I moved my flank to the left, and the left regiment of my brigade, as soon as it was unmasked by Pender's, and each other regiment as soon as unmasked by the preceding one, went in at a double-quick. Colonel Lane's next and then Field's were in like manner, and with equal spirit, thrown forward on the enemy, killing many and driving the rest down the precipitous banks into the river.

The advance of my command was made under the heaviest artillery fire I have ever witnessed. Too much praise cannot be awarded to officers and men for their conduct.

J. J. Archer, *Brigadier-General Commanding.*

EXTRACT FROM BRIGADIER-GENERAL PENDER'S REPORT.

Shepherdstown—My brigade formed the left of our division. Advancing to within about three hundred yards, we were opened upon by the artillery from the opposite side of the river, which lasted all day at a most terrible rate. We came upon the infantry which had crossed. I had gone to the left to oppose this force, which was far superior to my own. Finding an effort made to flank me, I placed two regiment under cover from artillery, facing the river, and threw the others on my left flank so as to check this disposition of the enemy. Holding this position a short time, General Archer came up with three brigades to the support of the

advanced line, and, upon seeing the flanking movement of the enemy, moved quickly to the left, when we advanced, driving them headlong into the river. After driving them from the plane, I sent the Twenty-second North Carolina, under the gallant Major Cole, to the river bank to take them as they crossed, and this it did nobly. Others of my brigade had gone to the river; but finding them too much exposed, I called them back under a hill just overhanging the river. I called out those I had first left in this exposed position, leaving Major Cole with twenty men, who remained all day, the enemy being in heavy force in the canal on the opposite side. We were exposed all day to a tremendous fire of artillery, and also to the fire of their sharpshooters.

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL A. P. HILL'S REPORT.

Warrenton Springs—The march was without incident of importance, until arriving at the ford opposite Warrenton Springs. The morning after arriving (Sunday, the 24th), I was directed to occupy the hills crowning this ford. My batteries were placed in eligible positions, the brigades being sheltered in rear of them. * *

Manassas Junction—Wednesday morning, at Manassas Junction, Branch's brigade had a sharp encounter with a battery supported by the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry. They were soon dispersed.

Battle of Manassas—That evening (Thursday) there was a little artillery practice by some of my batteries on the enemy's infantry.

Friday morning, in accordance with orders from General Jackson, I occupied the line of the unfinished railroad—my extreme left resting near Sudley's ford; my right near the point where the road strikes the open field; Gregg, Field and Thomas in the front line—Gregg on the left and Field on the right, with Branch, Pender and Archer as supports. My batteries were in the open field in rear of the infantry, the nature of my position being such as to preclude the effective use of much artillery. The evident intention of the enemy this day was to turn our left and overwhelm Jackson's corps before Longstreet came up, and, to accomplish this, the most persistent and furious onsets were made by column after column of infantry, accompanied by numerous batteries of artillery. Soon my reserves were all in, and up to six o'clock my division, assisted by the Louisiana brigade of General Hays, commanded by Colonel Forno, with an heroic courage and obstinacy almost beyond parallel, had met and repulsed six distinct and separate assaults—a portion of the time the majority of the

men being without a cartridge. The reply of the gallant Gregg to a message of mine, is worthy of notice—"Tell General Hill that my ammunition is exhausted, but that I will hold my position with the bayonet." The enemy prepared for a last and determined attempt. Their serried masses, overwhelming superiority of numbers, and bold bearing, made the chance of victory to tremble in the balance; my own division, exhausted by seven hours' unremitted fighting, hardly one round per man remaining, and weakened in all things, save its unconquerable spirit. Casting about for help, fortunately it was here reported to me that the brigades of Generals Lawton and Early were near by, and, sending for them, they promptly moved to my front at the most opportune moment, and this last charge met with the same disastrous fate that had befallen those preceding. Having received an order from General Jackson to endeavor to avoid a general engagement, my commanders of brigades contented themselves with repulsing the enemy, and following them up but a few hundred yards.

During the night of the 29th, my brigades were engaged in refilling cartridge-boxes, and generally putting themselve in condition for the morrow's fight. * * * * Branch, Pender, Brockenbrough and Strong were brought from the front and placed in reserve.

On the 30th, about two o'clock, the enemy again made an attack along the whole line. The attack on my part of the line was gallantly resisted by Archer and Thomas—Gregg still holding the extreme left. This onset was so fierce, and in such force, that at first some headway was made, but throwing in Pender and Brockenbrough, their advance was again checked, and eventually repulsed with great loss. Later in the evening, I sent a message to General Jackson that I had ordered my whole line to advance, and it was approved, and he directed me to advance in echelon of brigades. This order was promptly carried out—Pender, Archer, Thomas and Branch steadily advancing. Branch on the extreme left, thrown considerably back, met no resistance, and Brockenbrough, on the extreme right, being separated by one or two of Taliaferro's brigades, advanced in conjuction with them. Gregg and Forno (Hays' brigade) were held back to meet a threatened movement on my left. The three brigades of Pender, Archer and Thomas, however, held together, and drove everything before them, capturing two batteries, many prisoners, and resting that night on Bull run; and the ground thus won was occupied that night. These

brigades had penetrated so far within the enemy's lines, that Captain Ashe, Assistant Adjutant-General to General Pender, was taken prisoner that night, returning from my headquarters to his own brigade.

Ox Hill—By direction of General Jackson, I sent forward the brigades of Branch and Brockenbrough to feel and engage the enemy. This battle commenced under the most unfavorable circumstances, a heavy, blinding rain-storm directly in the faces of the men. These two brigades gallantly engaged the enemy, Branch being exposed to a very heavy fire in front and in his flank. Gregg, Pender, Thomas and Archer were successively thrown in. The enemy obstinately contested the ground, and it was not until the Federal Generals Kearney and Stevens had fallen in front of Thomas' brigade, that they were driven from the ground. They did not, however, retire far until later during the night, when they entirely disappeared. The brunt of this fight was borne by Branch, Gregg and Pender. * * * *

Harper's Ferry—Saturday, the 13th, arrived at Harper's Ferry, my division being in advance.

On Saturday afternoon, the necessary signals from the Loudoun and Maryland heights notified us that all was ready. I was ordered by General Jackson "to move along the left bank of the Shenandoah, and thus turn the enemy's left flank, and enter Harper's Ferry." The enemy occupied a ridge of hills known as Bolivar heights, extending from the Potomac to the Shenandoah, naturally strong, but rendered very formidable by extensive earthworks. Having first shelled the woods over which my route lay, I moved obliquely to my right until I struck the Shenandoah. Moving down the Shenandoah, I discovered an eminence crowning the extreme left of the enemy's line, bare of all earthworks, the only obstacle being abatis or fallen timber. The enemy occupied this hill with infantry, but no artillery. Branch and Gregg were ordered to continue the march along the river, and during the night to take advantage of the ravines, cutting the precipitous banks of the river, and establish themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's work. Pender, Archer and Brockenbrough were directed to gain the crest of the hill before mentioned; Thomas followed as a reserve. The execution of this movement was entrusted to General Pender, his own brigade being commanded by Colonel Brewer. This was accomplished with but slight resistance, and the fate of Harper's Ferry was sealed. Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Walker was directed to bring up his guns, and establish them in the position thus gained. This was done during the night by the indomitable resolution and energy of Colonel Walker and his adjutant, Lieutenant Chamberlayne, ably seconded by captains of batteries. Generals Branch and Gregg had also gained the position desired, and daybreak found them in rear of the enemy's line of defence. General Pender, with Thomas in support, moved his brigades to within one hundred and fifty yards of the works, and were sheltered as much as possible from the fire of the enemy. At dawn, Lieutenant-Colonel Walker opened a rapid enfilade fire from all his batteries, at about one thousand yards' range. The enemy replied vigorously. In an hour, the enemy's fire seeming to be pretty well silenced, the batteries were ordered to cease, and this was the signal for storming the works. General Pender had commenced his advance, when the enemy again opening, Pegram and Crenshaw were run forward to within four hundred yards, and quickly coming into battery, poured in a damaging fire. The enemy now displayed a white flag, and Lieutenant Chamberlayne was sent in to know if they had surrendered.

Sharpsburg—By direction of General Jackson, I remained at Harper's Ferry until the morning of the 17th, when, at half-past six A. M., I received an order from General Lee to move to Sharpsburg. Leaving Thomas with his brigade to complete the removal of the captured property, my division was put in motion at half-past seven A. M. The head of my column arrived upon the battlefield of Sharpsburg, a distance of seventeen miles, at half-past two, and, reporting in person to General Lee, he directed me to take position on our right. Brigadier-General D. R. Jones, commanding on the right, gave me such information as my ignorance of the ground made necessary. My troops were rapidly thrown into position—Pender and Brockenbrough on the extreme right, looking to a road which crossed the Anteitam near it mouth, and Branch, Gregg and Archer extending to the left and connecting with D. R. Jones' division. * * * * My troops were not in a moment too soon. The enemy had already advanced in three lines, had broken through Jones' division, captured McIntosh's battery, and were in the full tide of success. With a yell of defiance, Archer charged them, retook McIntosh's guns, and drove them back pell-mell. Branch and Gregg, with their old veterans, sternly held their ground, and pouring in destructive volleys, the

tide of the enemy surged back, and breaking in confusion, passed out of sight. * * * * The three brigades of my division actively engaged did not number over two thousand men, and these, with the help of my splendid batteries, drove back Burnside's corps of fifteen thousand men.

The Confederacy has to mourn the loss of a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, who fell in this battle, at the head of his brigade—Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch, of North Carolina. He was my senior Brigadier, and one to whom I could have entrusted the command of the division with all confidence.

We lay upon the field of battle that night, and until the next night at one o'clock, when my division was silently withdrawn, and, as directed by General Lee, covered the retirement of our army. My division crossed the Potomac into Virginia about ten A. M. the next morning—every wagon and piece of artillery having been safely put on the Virginia shore. I bivouacked that night, the 19th, about five miles from Shepherdstown.

Shepherdstown—Arriving opposite Boteler's ford, and about half-mile therefrom, I formed my line of battle in two lines—the first, the brigades of Pender, Gregg and Thomas, under command of General Gregg, and the second, Lane (Branch's brigade), Archer and Brockenbrough, under the command of General Archer.

The enemy had lined the opposite hill with some seventy pieces of artillery, and the infantry, who had crossed, lined the crest of the high banks on the Virginia shore. My lines advanced simultaneously, and soon encountered the enemy. This advance was made in the face of the most tremendous fire of artillery I ever saw, and too much praise cannot be awarded my regiments for their steady, unwavering step. It was as if each man felt that the fate of the army was centred in himself. The infantry opposition in front of Gregg's centre and right was but trifling, and soon brushed away. The enemy, however, massed in front of Pender and extending, endeavored to turn his left. General Pender became hotly engaged, and informing Archer of his danger, he (Archer) moved by the left flank, and forming on Pender's left, a simultaneous, daring charge was made, and the enemy driven pell-mell into the river. Then commenced the most terrible slaughter that this war has yet witnessed. The broad surface of the Potomac was blue with the floating bodies of our foe. But few escaped to tell the tale. By their own account they lost three thousand men killed and drowned from one brigade alone. Some two hundred

prisoners were taken. * * * * In this battle I did not use a piece of artillery.

My division performed its share in the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and about the 1st November, took position at Castleman's ferry, near Snicker's gap. * * * * * * *.

A. P. Hill,
Major-General Commanding Light Division.

The Burning of Columbia, South Carolina—Report of the Committee of Citizens Appointed to Collect Testimony.

By J. P. Carrol, Chairman.

[We have already published most conclusive proofs that General Sherman was responsible for the burning of Columbia; but the following report of the committee of citizens who thoroughly investigated the question, soon after the cruel destruction of their beautiful city, should go on the record as conclusively fixing the responsibility for that act of vandalism.]

The committee who were charged with the duty of collecting the evidence in relation to the destruction of Columbia by fire, on the 17th of February, 1865, submit the following report: By the terms of the resolution appointing them the committee do not feel authorized to deduce any conclusion or pronounce any judgment, however warranted by the proof, as to the person responsible for the crime. Their task will be accomplished by presenting the evidence that has been obtained with an abstract of the facts established by it. More than sixty depositions and statements in writing, from as many individuals, have been placed in the hands of the committee. The array of witnesses is impressive, not merely because of their number, but for the high tone and elevated character of some of them, the unpretending and sterling probity of others, and the general intelligence and worth of all. The plain and unvarnished narrative subjoined is taken from the testimony referred to solely and exclusively, except so much as refers to certain declarations of General Sherman himself, widely circulated through the public press, and to the ravages of his army in this State after their departure from Columbia; matters of such notoriety as, in the judgment of the committee, to dispense with the necessity of formal proof. The forces of General Sherman's command while in

Georgia seem to have anticipated that their next march would be through South Carolina. Their temper and feeling toward our people, a witness, Mrs. L. Catherine Joyner, thus describes: "The soldiers were universal in their threats. They seemed to gloat over the distress that would result from their march through the State. I conversed with numbers of all grades belonging to the Fourteenth and Twentieth corps. Such expressions as the following were of hourly occurrence: 'Carolina may well fear us; she brought this war on, and shall pay the penalty. You think Georgia has suffered; just wait until we get into Carolina; every man, woman and child may dread us there.'" Of General Sherman himself the same witness informs us that, addressing himself to a lady of his acquaintance, he said to her: "Go off the line of railroad, for I will not answer for the consequences where the army passes."

The threats uttered in Georgia were sternly executed by the troops of General Sherman upon their entrance into this State. For eighty miles along the route of his army, through the most highly improved and cultivated region of the State, according to the testimony of intelligent and respectable witnesses, the habitations of but two white persons remained. As he advanced, the villages of Hardeeville, Grahamville, Gillisonville, McPhersonville, Barnwell, Blackville, Midway, Orangeburg and Lexington were successively devoted to the flames; indignities and outrages were perpetrated upon the persons of the inhabitants; the implements of agriculture were broken; dwellings, barns, mills and ginhouses were consumed; provisions of every description appropriated or destroyed; horses and mules carried away, and sheep, cattle and hogs were either taken for actual use or shot down and left behind. The like devastation marked the progress of the invading army from Columbia through this State to its northern frontier, and the towns of Winnsboro', Camden and Cheraw suffered from like visitation by fire. If a single town or village or hamlet within their line of march escaped altogether the torch of the invaders, the committee have not been informed of the exception. The line of General Sherman's march, from his entering the territory of the State up to Columbia, and from Columbia to the North Carolina border, was one continuous track of fire. The devastation and ruin thus inflicted were but the execution of the policy and plan of General Sherman for the subjugation of the Confederate States. Extracts from his address at Salem, Illinois, have appeared in the public prints and thus he announces and vindicates the policy and plan

referred to: "We were strung out from Nashville clear down to Atlanta. Had I then gone on, stringing out our forces, what danger would there not have been of their attacking the little head of the column and crushing it? Therefore, I resolved in a moment to stop the game of guarding their cities, and to destroy their cities. We were determined to produce results, and now what were those results? To make every man, woman and child in the South feel that if they dared to rebel against the flag of their country they must die or submit." The plan of subjugation adopted by General Sherman was fully comprehended and approved of by his army. His officers and men universally justified their acts by declaring that it was "the way to put down the rebellion by burning and destroying everything." Before the surrender of our town the soldiers of General Sherman, officers and privates, declared that it was to be destroyed. "It was," deposes a witness (Mrs. Rosa J. Meetze), "the common talk among them (at the village of Lexington) that Columbia was to be burned by General Sherman." At the same place, on the 16th of February, 1865, as deposed to by another witness, Mrs. Frances T. Caughman, the general officer in command of his cavalry forces, General Kilpatrick, said, in reference to Columbia: "Sherman will lay it in ashes for them." "It was the general impression among all the prisoners we captured," says a Confederate officer, Colonel J. P. Austin, of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry, "that Columbia was to be destroyed."

On the morning of the same day (February 16, 1865) some of the forces of General Sherman appeared on the western side of the Congaree river, and without a demand of surrender, or any previous notice of their purpose, began to shell the town, then filled with women, children and aged persons, and continued to do so, at intervals, throughout the day. The Confederate forces were withdrawn and the town restored to the control of the municipal authorities on the morning of the 17th of February. Accompanied by three of the aldermen, the Mayor, between 8 and 9 o'clock A. M., proceeded in the direction of Broad river, for the purpose of surrendering the city to General Sherman. Acting in concert with the Mayor, the officer in command of the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry, General M. C. Butler, forbore from further resistance to the advance of the opposing army, and took effectual precautions against anything being done which might provoke General Sherman or his troops to acts of violence or severity toward the town or its citizens. The surrender of Columbia was made by the

Mayor and aldermen to the first general officer of the hostile army whom they met, and that officer promised protection to the town and its inhabitants until communication could be had with General Sherman and the terms of surrender arranged. By 11 o'clock A. M. the town was in possession of the Federal forces, the first detachment entering being the command of the officers who had received the surrender. They had scarcely marched into the town, however, before they began to break into the stores of the merchants, appropriating the contents or throwing them into the streets and destroying them. As other bodies of troops came in, the pillage grew more general, and soon the sack of the town was universal. Guards were in general sent to those of the citizens who applied for them, but in numerous instances they proved to be unable or unwilling to perform the duty assigned them. Scarcely a single household or family escaped altogether from being plundered. The streets of the town were densely filled with thousands of Federal soldiers drinking, shouting, carousing and robbing the defenceless inhabitants without reprimand or check from their officers, and this state of things continued until night. In some instances guards were refused. Papers and property of great value were in the vaults of the city banks, while the apartments above and in the rear were occupied by women and children, with their food and clothing. For a guard to protect them application was made by one of our worthiest and most respectable citizens, Edwin J. Scott, Esq., first to the general officer who had received the surrender of the town, Colonel Stone, and then to the Provost-Marshal, Major Jenkins. The response made to the applicant by the former officer, though standing idly in the crowd, was that he "had no time to attend to him," and the answer of the latter was, "I cannot undertake to protect private property." Between 2 and 3 o'clock P. M. General Sherman in person rode into Columbia, informed the Mayor that his letter had been received and promised protection to the town. Extraordinary license was allowed to the soldiers by General Sherman.

On the afternoon of the 17th of February, and shortly after his arrival in Columbia, the Mayor of the town, at the request of General Sherman, accompanied him on a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. While proceeding to her residence, General Sherman began to express his opinion very freely upon the subject of our institution of slavery. In the midst of his remarks he was interrupted by the sudden and near report of a musket; immediately before them, in

the direction they were going, they observed a group of Federal soldiers seeming to be excited, and upon approaching they saw a negro lying dead directly in their path, being shot through the heart. "General Sherman," the Mayor, Dr. T. J. Goodwyn, narrates, "asked of the soldiers 'how came the negro shot,'" and was answered that he had been guilty of great insolence to them, and that thereupon General Sherman remarked: "Stop this, boys, this is all wrong; take away the body and bury it." "General Sherman," continues the Mayor, "then stepped over the body of the negro and observed to this deponent that 'in quiet times such a thing ought to be noticed, but in times like this it cannot be done.'" General Sherman resumed his conversation in relation to slavery and no arrest was ordered or any censure or reprimand uttered by him except as above stated. About sundown, as the Mayor deposes, General Sherman said to him: "Go home, and rest assured that your city will be as safe in my hands as if you had control of it." He added that he was compelled to burn some of the public buildings, and in so doing did not wish to destroy one particle of private property. "This evening," he said, "was too windy to do anything." An esteemed clergyman, Rev. J. Toomer Porter, testifies that the same afternoon, between six and seven o'clock, General Sherman said to him: "You must know a great many ladies. Go around and tell them to go to bed quietly; they will not be disturbed any more than if my army was one hundred miles off." He seemed oblivious of the fact that we had been pillaged and insulted the whole day. In one hour's time the city was in flames. Meanwhile the soldiers had burned that afternoon many houses in the environs of the town, including the dwelling of General Hampton and that of his sisters, formerly the residence of their father, and once the seat of genial and princely hospitality. Throughout the day, after they had marched into the town, the soldiers of General Sherman gave distinct and frequent notice to the citizens of their impending calamity, usually in the form of fierce and direct threats, but, occasionally, as if in kindly forewarning. A lady of rare worth and intelligence, and of high social position, Mrs. L. S. McCord, relates the following incident: "One of my maids brought me a paper, left, she told me, by a Yankee soldier; it was an ill-spelled but kindly warning of the horrors to come, written upon a torn sheet of my dead son's note-book, which, with private papers of every kind, now strewed my yard; it was signed by a lieutenant, but of what company and regiment I did not take note. The writer said he

had relatives and friends at the South, and that he felt for us; that his heart bled to think of what was threatening. 'Ladies,' he wrote, 'I pity you; leave this town; go anywhere to be safer than here.' This was written in the morning; the fires were in the evening and night."

One of our citizens of great intelligence and respectability, William H. Orchard, was visited about 7 P. M. by a squad of some six or seven soldiers, to whose depredations he submitted with a composure which seemed to impress their leader. Of his conversation with this person the gentleman referred to testifies as follows: "On leaving the yard he called to me and said he wished to speak to me alone. He then said to me, in an undertone: 'You seem to be a clever sort of a man, and have a large family, so I will give you some advice; if you have anything you wish to save, take care of it at once, for before morning this d—d town will be in ashes—every house in it.' My only reply was, 'can that be true?' He said 'yes, and if you do not believe me you will be the sufferer; and if you watch you will see three rockets go up soon, and if you do not take my advice you will see h—ll.'" Within an hour afterward three rockets were seen to ascend from a point in front of the Mayor's dwelling. But a few minutes elapsed before fires in swift succession broke out and at points so far apart that they could not have been communicated from the one to the other. At various parts of the town the soldiers, at the appearance of the rockets, declared that they were the appointed signals for a general conflagration. The fire companies, with their engines, promptly repaired to the scene of the fires and endeavored to arrest them, but in vain. The soldiers of General Sherman, with bayonets and axes, pierced and cut the hose, disabled the engines, and prevented the citizens from extinguishing the flames. The wind was high and blew from the west. The fires spread and advanced with fearful rapidity and soon enveloped the very heart of the town. The pillage, which had begun upon the entrance of the hostile forces, continued without cessation or abatement, and now the town was delivered over to the accumulated horrors of sack and conflagration. The inhabitants were subjected to personal indignities and outrages. A witness, Captain W. B. Stanley, testified that several times during the night he "saw the soldiers of General Sherman take from females bundles of clothing and provisions, open them, appropriate what they wanted, and throw the remainder into the flames." Men were violently seized and threatened with the halter or pistol to compel

them to disclose where their gold or silver was concealed. The revered and beloved pastor of one of our churches, Rev. P. J. Shand, states that "in the midst and during the progress of the appalling calamity, above all other noises might be heard the demoniac and gladsome shouts of the soldiery." Driven from his home by the flames, with the aid of a servant he was bearing off a trunk containing the communion plate of his church (his wife walking by his side), when he was surrounded by five of the soldiers, who requested him to put down the trunk and inform them of its contents, which was done. The sequel he thus narrates: "They then demanded the key, but I not having it, they proceeded in efforts to break the lock. While four of them were thus engaged the fifth seized me with his left hand by the collar and presenting a pistol to my breast with his right, he demanded of me my watch. I had it not about me, but he searched my pocket thoroughly, and then joined his comrades, who, finding it impracticable to force open the lock, took up the trunk and carried it away. These men (he added) were all perfectly sober."

By 3 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of February, 1865, more than two-thirds of the town lay in ashes, composing the most highly improved and the entire business portion of it. Thousands of the inhabitants, including women delicately reared, young children, the aged and the sick, passed that winter night in the open air, without shelter from the bitter and piercing blast. About the hour mentioned (3 o'clock A. M.) another highly esteemed clergyman, Rev. J. Toomer Porter, personally known to General Sherman, was at the corner of a street conversing with one of his officers on horseback, when General Sherman, in citizen's attire, walked up and accosted him. The interview is thus descibed: "In the bright light of the burning city, General Sherman recognized me and remarked, 'This is a horrible sight.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'when you reflect that women and children are the victims.' He said: 'Your Governor is responsible for this.' 'How so?' I replied. 'Who ever heard,' he said, 'of an evacuated city being left a depot of liquor for an army to occupy. I found one hundred and twenty casks of whiskey in one cellar. Your Governor, being a lawyer or a judge, refused to have it destroyed, as it was private property, and now my men have got drunk and have got beyond my control and this is the result.' Perceiving the officer on horseback, he said: 'Captain Andrews, did I not order that this thing should be stopped?' 'Yes, General,' said the Captain, 'but the

first division that came in soon got as drunk as the first regiment that occupied the town.' 'Then sir,' said General Sherman, 'go and bring in the second division; I hold you personally responsible for its immediate cessation.' The officer darted off and Sherman bade me good evening. I am sure it was not more than an hour and a half from the time that General Sherman gave his order before the city was cleared of the destroyers." From that time until the departure of General Sherman from Columbia (with perhaps one or two exceptions) not another dwelling in it was burned by his soldiers, and during the succeeding days and nights of his occupation perfect tranquility prevailed throughout the town. The discipline of his troops was perfect, the soldiers standing in great awe of their officers.

That Columbia was burned by the soldiers of General Sherman, that the vast majority of the incendiaries were sober, that for hours they were seen with combustibles firing house after house, without any affectation of concealment, and without the slightest check from their officers, is established by proof full to repletion and wearisome from its very superfluity. After the destruction of the town, his officers and men openly approved of its burning and exulted in it. "I saw," deposes the Mayor, "very few drunken soldiers that night; many who appeared to sympathise with our people told me that the fate and doom of Columbia had been common talk around their camp-fires ever since they left Savannah." It was said by numbers of the soldiers that the order had been given to burn down the city. There is strong evidence that such an order was actually issued in relation to the house of General John S. Preston. The Ursuline Convent was destroyed by the fire and the proof referred to comes from a revered and honored member of that holy sisterhood (the Mother Superior) and is subjoined in her own words: "Our convent was consumed in the general conflagration of Columbia, ourselves and pupils were forced to fly, leaving provision, clothing and almost everything. We spent the night in the open air in the church-yard. On the following morning General Sherman made us a visit, expressed his regret at the burning of our convent, disclaimed the act, attributing it to the intoxication of his soldiers, and told me to choose any house in town for a convent and it should be ours. He deputed his Adjutant-General, Colonel Ewing, to act in his stead. Colonel Ewing reminded us of General Sherman's offer to give us any house in Columbia we might choose for a convent. 'We have thought of

it,' said we, 'and of asking for General Preston's house, which is large.' 'That is where General Logan holds his headquarters,' said he, 'and orders have already been given, I know, to burn it on to-morrow morning; but if you say you will take it for a convent, I will speak to the General and the order will be countermanded.' On the following morning, after many inquiries, we learned from the officer in charge (General Perry, I think) that his orders were to fire it unless the Sisters were in actual possession of it, but if even 'a detachment of Sisters' were in it, it should be spared on their account. Accordingly we took possession of it, although fires were already kindled near and the servants were carrying off the bedding and furniture, in view of the house being consigned to the flames."

Although actual orders for the burning of the town may not have been given, the soldiers of General Sherman certainly believed that its destruction would not be displeasing to him. That such was their impression we have the authority of a personage not less distinguished than the officer of highest rank in the army of the invaders next after the Commander-in-Chief himself. The proof is beyond impeachment. It comes from the honored pastor of one of our city churches, Rev. P. J. Shand, to whom reference has already been made, and it is thus expressed in his written statement in the possession of the committee: "As well as I recollect, in November, 1865, I went in company with a friend to see General Howard at his headquarters, in Charleston, on matters of business. Before we left, the conversation turned on the destruction of Columbia. General Howard expressed his regret at the occurrence, and added the following words: 'Though General Sherman did not order the burning of the town, yet somehow or other the men had taken up the idea that if they destroyed the capital of South Carolina it would be peculiarly gratifying to General Sherman.' These were his words in the order in which I have set them forth. I noted them down as having great significancy, and they are as fresh in my remembrance as they were immediately after they were spoken. My friend (whose recollection accords fully with my own) and myself on our way home talked the mater over, and could not but be struck by the two following facts: First, that although General Howard said that General Sherman did not order the burning, he did not state that General Sherman gave orders that the city *should not be burned.* Second, that it was surprising if General Sherman was opposed to the burning that his opposi-

tion should have been so disguised as to lead to the conviction on the part of his soldiery that the act, so far from incurring his disapprobation or censure, would be a source, to him, of peculiar gratification." The cotton bales in the town had been placed in the centre of the wide streets in order to be burned to prevent their falling into the possession of the invaders. But upon General Hampton suggesting that this might endanger the town, and that as the South Carolina railroad had been destroyed, the cotton could not be removed, General Beauregard, upon this representation, directed General Hampton to issue an order that the cotton should not be burned. The proof of this fact is to be found in the written statement of General Beauregard himself. Accordingly, and in due time, the order forbidding the burning of the cotton was issued by General Hampton and communicated to the Confederate troops. The officer then acting as General Hampton's adjutant (Captain Rawlins Lowndes) speaks as follows: "Soon after General Hampton assumed command of the cavalry, which he did on the evening of the 16th of February, he told me that General Beauregard had determined not to burn the cotton, as the Yankees had destroyed the railroad, and directed me to issue an order that no cotton should be fired. This I did at once, and the same order was extended to the cavalry throughout their march through South and North Carolina." The general officer commanding the division forming the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry (General M. C. Butler) deposes: "That he was personally present with the rear squadron of his division; that Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton withdrew simultaneously with him, with a part of this deponent's command, and that General Hampton, on the morning of the evacuation and the day previous, directed him that the cotton must not be set on fire, and this order, he adds, was communicated to the entire division and strictly observed." A clergyman, highly esteemed at the North, as well as at the South (Rev. J. Toomer Porter), thus testifies: "General Hampton had told me at daylight, in answer to the question whether he was going to burn the cotton: 'No, the wind is high; it might catch something and give Sherman an excuse to burn the town.'" "Between 8 and 9 o'clock on the morning of the 17th of February," deposes the Mayor, "General Hampton, while sitting on his horse, observed some cotton piled not far off, in the middle of the street. He advised me to put a guard over it, saying: 'Some careless ones, by smoking, might set it on fire, and in doing

so might endanger the city.' From that hour I saw nothing more of General Hampton until the war was over." "Not one bale of the cotton had been fired by the Confederate troops when they withdrew from Columbia. The only thing on fire at the time of the evacuation was the depot building of the South Carolina railroad, which caught fire accidentally from the explosion of some ammunition." This is the statement of General Beauregard himself. It is sustained by the testimony of the officer, high in rank, but higher still in character, who commanded the rear guard of the Confederate cavalry (General M. C. Butler), and is concurred in by other witnesses, comprising officers, clergymen and citizens —witnesses of such repute and in such numbers as to render the proof overwhelming.

The fire at the South Carolina railroad depot burned out without extending to any other buildings. Shortly after the first detachment of General Sherman's troops had entered the town, and while the men were seated or reclining on the cotton bales in Main street, and passing to and fro along them with lighted cigars and pipes, the row of cotton bales between Washington and Lady streets caught fire, the bales being badly packed, with the cotton protruding from them. The flames extended swiftly over the cotton, and the fire companies with their engines were called out, and by 1 o'clock P. M. the fire was effectually extinguished. While the fire companies were engaged about the cotton, an alarm was given of fire in the jail, and one of the engines being sent there the flames were soon subdued, with slight injury only to one of the cells. About five o'clock in the afternoon, as deposed to by a witness (Mrs. E. Squire), the cotton bales in Sumter street, between Washington and Lady streets, were set on fire by General Sherman's wagon train, then passing along the cotton. But the fire was soon extinguished by the efforts of the witness referred to and her family. "I saw," says a witness (John McKenzie, Esq.), "fire-balls thrown out of the wagons against Hon. W. F. Desaussures' house, but without doing any damage." No other fires in the town occurred until after night, when the general conflagration began. As already stated, the wind blew from the west, but the fires after night broke out first on the west of Main and Sumter streets, and to windward of where the cotton bales were placed. "The cotton," it is testified and proved (Ed. J. Scott, Esq.), "instead of burning the houses, was burned by them."

General Sherman, as has been shown, on the night of the 17th

of February, and while the town was in flames, ascribed the burning of Columbia to the intoxication of his soldiers and to no other cause. On the following day, the 18th of February, the lady to whom reference was previously made (Mrs. L. S. McCord), at the request of a friend having undertaken to present a paper to General Howard, sought an interview with that officer—second in command of the invading army—and found General Sherman with him. The narrative of a part of the interview is as follows: "I handed him the paper, which he glanced at, and then, in a somewhat subdued voice, but standing so near General Sherman that I think it impossible that the latter could help hearing him, he said: 'You may rest satisfied, Mrs.———, that there will be nothing of the kind happening to-night. The truth is, our men last night got beyond our control; many of them were shot; many of them were killed; there will be no repetition of these things to-night. I assure you there will be nothing of the kind; to-night will be perfectly quiet.' And it was quiet—peaceful as the grave—the ghost of its predecessor." "The same day (18th of February) General Sherman," deposes the Mayor, "sent for me. I went to see him about one o'clock. He met me very cordially, and said he regretted very much that our city was burned, and that it was my fault. I asked him how? He said in suffering ardent spirits to be left in the city after it was evacuated, saying: 'Who could command drunken soldiers?' There was no allusion made to General Hampton, to accident, or to cotton."

On the succeeding day—Sunday, February 19, 1865—the Mayor and six of the citizens visited General Sherman in order to obtain food for the subsistence of the women and children until communication could be had with the country. General Sherman, upon this occasion, talked much. "In the course of his discourse," deposes one of the gentlemen (Edwin J. Scott, Esq.), "he referred to the burning of the city, admitting that it was done by his troops, but excusing them because, as he alleged, they had been made drunk by our citizens, one of whom, a druggist, he said, had brought a pailful of spirits to them on their arrival. Again, on our leaving the room, he expressed regret that the liquor had not been destroyed before his men entered the place; but he never mentioned or allued in any way to General Hampton or the cotton, nor gave the slightest intimation that they were instrumental in the destruction of the city. At that time," deposes the same witness, "the universal testimony of our people was that Sherman's

troops burned the town. Since then I have been in the habit of daily intercourse with all classes in and about Columbia, high and low, rich and poor, male and female, whites and blacks, yet I have not met with a single person who attributed the calamity to any other cause." "If," he adds, "a transaction that occurred in the presence of forty or fifty thousand people can be successfully falsified, then all human testimony is worthless." As evidence of the general distress and suffering which resulted from the sack and burning of our city, and the desolation of the adjacent country, the committee refer to the fact, established by unimpeachable testimony, that for about three months daily rations, consisting generally of a pint of meal and a small allowance of poor beef for each person, were dealt out at Columbia to upwards of eight thousand destitute people.

The committee have designed by the preceding summary of the more prominent events and incidents connected with the destruction of Columbia to present only an absract of the numerous depositions and proofs in their possession. The proprieties imposed upon them by the very nature of the duties to which they have been assigned have precluded their doing more. In the evidence thus collected may be read in all its pathetic and heart-rending details the story of the tragic fate that has befallen our once beautiful city. Impressed with the historic value of the proof referred to, and their importance to the cause of truth, and with a view to their preservation, the committee respectfully recommend that they be committed to the guardianship of the municipal authorities and be deposited with the archives of the town, trusting that, in after and better times, they will yet be found effectual as well to vindicate the innocent as to confound the guilty.

Mrs. Henrietta E. Lee's Letter to General David Hunter on the Burning of her House.

The following burning protest against a cruel wrong deserves to be put on record, as a part of the history of General David Hunter's inglorious campaign in the Valley of Virginia, and we cheerfully comply with the request of a distinguished friend to publish it. The burning of this house and those of Colonel A. R. Boteler and Andrew Hunter, Esq., in the lower Valley, and of Governor Letcher's and the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, together with other acts of vandalism, have given General Hunter a place in the annals of infamy only equaled by the contempt felt for his military achievements:

JEFFERSON COUNTY, July 20, 1864.

General HUNTER:

Yesterday your underling, Captain Martindale, of the First New York cavalry, executed your infamous order and burned my house. You have had the satisfaction ere this of receiving from him the information that your orders were fulfilled to the letter; the dwelling and every out-building, seven in number, with their contents, being burned. I, therefore, a helpless woman whom you have cruelly wronged, address you, a Major-General of the United States army, and demand why this was done? What was my offence? My husband was absent, an exile. He had never been a politician or in any way engaged in the struggle now going on, his age preventing. This fact your Chief-of-Staff, David Strother, could have told you. The house was built by my father, a Revolutionary soldier, who served the whole seven years for your independence. There was I born; there the sacred dead repose. It was my house and my home, and there has your niece (Miss Griffith) who has tarried among us all this horrid war up to the present time, met with all kindness and hospitality at my hands. Was it for this that you turned me, my young daughter and little son out upon the world without a shelter? Or was it because my husband is the grandson of the Revolutionary patriot and "rebel," Richard Henry Lee, and the near kinsman of the noblest of Christian warriors, the greatest of Generals, Robert E. Lee? Heaven's blessing be upon his head forever. You and your Government have failed to conquer, subdue or match him; and disappointment, rage and malice find vent on the helpless and inoffensive.

Hyena like, you have torn my heart to pieces! for all hallowed memories clustered around that homestead, and, demon-like, you have done it without even the pretext of revenge, for I never saw or harmed you. Your office is not to lead, like a brave man and soldier, your men to fight in the ranks of war, but your work has

been to separate yourself from all danger, and with your incendiary band steal unawares upon helpless women and children, to insult and destroy. Two fair homes did you yesterday ruthlessly lay in ashes, giving not a moment's warning to the startled inmates of your wicked purpose; turning mothers and children out of doors, you are execrated by your own men for the cruel work you give them to do.

In the case of Colonel A. R. Boteler, both father and mother were far away. Any heart but that of Captain Martindale (and yours) would have been touched by that little circle, comprising a widowed daughter just risen from her bed of illness, her three fatherless babies—the oldest not five years old—and her heroic sister. I repeat, any man would have been touched at that sight but Captain Martindale. One might as well hope to find mercy and feeling in the heart of a wolf bent on his prey of young lambs, as to search for such qualities in his bosom. You have chosen well your agent for such deeds, and doubtless will promote him!

A colonel of the Federal army has stated that you deprived forty of your officers of their commands because they refused to carry on your malignant mischief. All honor to their names for this at least! They are men—they have human hearts and blush for such a commander!

I ask who that does not wish infamy and disgrace attached to him forever would serve under you? Your name will stand on history's page as the Hunter of weak women and innocent children; the Hunter to destroy defenceless villages and refined and beautiful homes—to torture afresh the agonized hearts of widows; the Hunter of Africa's poor sons and daughters to lure them on to ruin and death of soul and body; the Hunter with the relentless heart of a wild beast, the face of a fiend and the form of a man. Oh, Earth, behold the monster! Can I say, "God forgive you"? No prayer can be offered for you! Were it possible for human lips to raise your name heavenward, angels would thrust the foul thing back again, and demons claim their own. The curses of thousands, the scorn of the manly and upright and the hatred of the true and honorable, will follow you and yours through all time, and brand your name *infamy!* INFAMY!

Again, I demand why you have burned my home? Answer as you must answer before the Searcher of all hearts, why have you added this cruel, wicked deed to your many crimes?

HENRIETTA E. LEE.

Relative Strength at Second Manassas.

By Colonel Wm. Allan, late Chief of Ordnance, Second Corps, A. N. V.

McDonough School, Md., March 27, 1880.

Rev. Dr. Jones:

My Dear Sir—In my letter of March 2d, in regard to Federal and Confederate strength and losses at Cedar Run, as published, there is a typographical error on page 183, line twenty from the top. The figures 1,161 at the beginning of that line should be 1,661.

CONFEDERATE STRENGTH.

Deducting Jackson's loss of 1,314 at Cedar Run from his total strength of 23,823 we have left for his force of all arms at the beginning of the second Manassas campaign about 22,500.

What forces did General Lee add to this from Richmond? Colonel Walter Taylor (Four Years with General Lee, page 60) says: "General Lee . . . took with him the divisions of Longstreet, D. R. Jones, Hood and Anderson, leaving in front of Richmond the divisions of D. H. Hill and McLaws, and two brigades under J. G. Walker." The return of these troops for July 20th exists in the Archive Office at Washington, and is the nearest one extant to the date of the battle.

But in addition to these commands of infantry, General Lee took "two brigades (Drayton's and Evans'), recently arrived from South Corolina." The whole infantry force was organized, I believe, as follows:

LONGSTREET'S DIVISION.

	Regts.
Kemper's Brigade—First, Seventh, Eleventh, Seventeenth and Twenty-fourth Virginia regiments	5
Jenkins' Brigade—First, Fifth and Sixth South Carolina regiments, Second South Carolina rifles, Palmetto Sharpshooters and Fourth South Carolina battalion	5½
Pickett's (or Garnett's) Brigade—Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth and Fifty-sixth Virginia regiments	5
Wilcox's Brigade—Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh Alabama regiments	4
Pryor's Brigade—Fifth and Eighth Florida, Third Virginia and Fourteenth Alabama regiments	4
Featherstone's Brigade—Twelfth, Sixteenth and Nineteenth Mississippi regiments, and Second Mississippi battalion	3½

D. R. JONES' DIVISION.

Toombs' Brigade—Second, Fifteenth, Seventeenth and Twentieth Georgia regiments..... 4
G. T. Anderson's Brigade—First, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Eleventh Georgia regiments..... 5

HOOD'S DIVISION.

Whiting's (Law's) Brigade—Fourth Alabama, Sixth North Carolina, Second and Eleventh Mississippi regiments..... 4
Hood's (Wofford's) Brigade—First, Fourth and Fifth Texas, and Eighteenth Georgia regiments and Hampton's legion..... 5

R. H. ANDERSON'S DIVISION.

Mahone's Brigade—Sixth, Twelfth, Sixteenth, Forty-first and Forty-ninth Virginia regiments..... 5
Wright's Brigade—Third, Twenty-second and Forty-eighth (Fourth?) Georgia, and Forty-fourth Alabama regiments..... 4
Armistead's Brigade—Ninth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third and Fifty-seventh Virginia regiments..... 5

Add—

Drayton's Brigade—Fifteenth South Carolina and Fiftieth and Fifty-first Georgia regiments.....
Evans' Brigade—Seventeenth, Eighteenth, Twenty-second and Twenty-third South Carolina regiments and Holcombe legion..... 5

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The strength of the last two brigades (no returns having been found) Colonel Taylor obtained from Major Young, Adjutant-General for General Drayton, who at one time commanded both brigades, and from General Sorrel, General Longstreet's Adjutant-General. Major Young says the strength of the two brigades "did not exceed 4,600 present for duty." General Sorrel puts them at 4,500 when they marched forward from Gordonsville towards Manassas.

The return of July 20th gives, according to Colonel Taylor—

Longstreet's division, present for duty, officers and men..... 8,486
D. R. Jones' division, present for duty, officers and men..... 3,713
Hood's division, present for duty, officers and men..... 3,852
Anderson's division, present for duty, officers and men..... 6,117

Add—

Drayton's and Evans' brigades..... 4,600

Total infantry taken by General Lee..... 26,768

The cavalry, under General Stuart, consisted of two brigades under Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee. Hampton was left at Richmond, and Fitzhugh Lee's brigade, consisting of the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia cavalry, accompanied the army on the Manassas campaign. The total of Stuart's force July 20th was 4,035, of which Colonel Taylor estimates that Fitzhugh Lee had 2,500. This estimate is no doubt nearly correct.

The artillery taken consisted of twenty batteries (and possibly a few more). There were the four companies constituting the Washington artillery, viz: Squiers', Richardson's, Miller's and Eshleman's; the five under Colonel S. D. Lee, viz: Eubank's, Parker's, Rhett's, Jordan's and Taylor's; three attached to Hood's division, viz: Reilly's, Bachman's and Garden's, and the following: Dixie artillery, Striblings', Maurin's, Leake's, Rodger's, Brown's, Grimes' and Anderson's batteries. This list, I think, is incomplete, and I hope some one who has the knowledge will make it correct. Colonel Taylor puts the strength of this artillery at 2,500, which seems to me an over-estimate, as artillery companies in the Confederate army were far more frequently under than over one hundred men.

In the foregoing roster of troops there may be some errors as to the assignment of a few of the regiments, for so many changes were made during the summer, that in the absence of full official reports it is sometimes hard to follow them. No reports of Anderson's division, for instance, are published, and, in consequence, I am not fully certain of the organization of Armistead's brigade. But the gross numbers will not be effected by such errors.

To sum up the entire force at General Lee's disposal between August 16 and September 2, 1862, was—

Whole force with Jackson August 16	22,500
Infantry brought by General Lee	26,768
Cavalry brought by General Lee	2,500
Artillery brought by General Lee	2,500
Total	54,268

In round numbers, 54,000. This I believe to be an outside estimate of the Confederate strength.

FEDERAL STRENGTH.

As was seen in my former letter, General Pope had 45,000 men at the time of the battle of Cedar Run, even after deducting nearly 3,000, which he claims as an error in Banks' report, but

which the latter has never admitted. Deducting the losses at Cedar Run, Pope must have had nearly 43,000 men in his three corps. Reno joined him with 8,000 men on August 14th. He had thus, on August 18, the day he began to withdraw behind the Rappahannock, a total of 51,000 men against Lee's 54,000.

General Gordon says: "At this time the Union army was greatly outnumbered by the enemy." He exaggerates the Confederate forces to 63,500, without deigning to give any data for such an estimate, and in the face of the returns given by Colonel Taylor. This error of General Gordon may have been due to want of information, but the opposite one in regard to Pope's strength can hardly be thus explained. He makes Pope's strength, August 18, including Reno, to have been only 42,000 men, in spite of Pope's own official report, from which his numbers are seen to have been 51,000, as above. Thus, by deducting 9,000 from one side and adding it to the other, he finds Pope a reason for retreating that had no foundation in fact.

On his retreat Pope was reinforced as follows (Pope's report):

Reynolds' division, August 23	2,500
[General Gordon puts it at 4,500.]	
Piatt's brigade of Sturgis' division, August 26	1,100
Heintzelman's and Porter's corps	18,000
[General Gordon puts them at 19,000.]	
	21,600
Strength on the Rappahannock	51,000
Total	72,600
Or, taking General Gordon's figures, above	75,600

Sturgis' division of 10,000, and Cox's of 7,000, were being sent forward to Pope when the breaking of the railroad stopped them. Only one brigade of Sturgis' reached him, but some of Cox's troops were about Manassas Junction. Franklin's and Sumner's corps joined Pope at Centreville after the battle.

Thus it is seen that in the series of fights ending with the 30th August, General Pope had from 73,000 to 75,000 men against the 54,000 of the Confederates. There is no danger that the figures of the Federal forces are too high. General Pope was ever modest in estimating his own numbers. Thus Reynolds' division above, put by him at 2,500 in August, had over 6,000 after the battles around

Richmond, and Generals Porter and Heintzelman had over 30,000 on July 20th, before they left the Peninsula, and though they dwindled to 18,000 in General Pope's estimate, Porter alone had 20,000 men on September 12th, two weeks later.

General Pope states that on August 30th his effective force had dwindled to 50,000. This, if correct, would show great straggling and demoralization. General Pope attributes the diminution to the fatigues and activity of the campaign. General Gordon, in his book, adopts Pope's estimate, and at the same time most unfairly credits General Lee on the 30th August with the whole force he had at the beginning of the campaign, "less the killed, wounded and missing of the day before." If Pope's movements had been exhausting, surely General Lee's ought to have been more so. Jackson's corps especially marched or fought almost constantly for several days and for part of the time depended upon the green cornfields for rations.

But enough. No one will ever know precisely how many of his march-worn 54,000 troops General Lee was able to hurl against what was left of Pope's 75,000 in the last great struggle of the 30th of August. By one of the boldest and most skillful military movements of our times, he broke into fragments this army of Pope, so much larger than his own, while an army equal in number to the Confederates lay near Alexandria and Washington, within one day's forced march of the battlefield.

William Allan.

General Chalmers' Report of Operations of Cavalry Division on Line of Memphis and Charleston R. R., from 5th to 13th October, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY IN NORTH MISSISSIPPI,
OXFORD, MISSISSIPPI, October 20, 1863.

Colonel B. S. EWELL, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Colonel—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the forces under my command, from the 5th to the 13th instant:

On the afternoon of the 3d instant, I received orders from General Johnston, through Major-General Lee, commanding cavalry in Mississippi, to move my whole command against the enemy on the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad within four days; the principal object of the movement being explained to be to divert the attention of the enemy from a movement which General Lee was about to make in person in a different direction.

To effect this object, and at the same time to annoy the enemy as much as possible, I determined to concentrate my force—consisting of my own brigade and that commanded by Colonel R. V. Richardson, which was then stationed at New Albany—at Salem, as if with the intention of attacking La Grange or some point further east, and thus, while the attention of the enemy was drawn in that direction, to make a rapid movement towards Colliersville, in the hope of surprising it before information of my movement could be received. With the view of still further misleading them, I caused it to be reported, when I knew it would reach the enemy, that we were concentrating a large force for an attack on Corinth.

Finding it impossible to put Colonel Richardson's brigade (which had been transferred to my command on the 2d) in readiness to move before the 6th, I ordered my whole command to move on the morning of that day, directing Richardson's brigade, the First Mississippi partisans and Second Mississippi cavalry, which were on outpost duty, to join me at Salem; but hearing on the evening of the 4th that the enemy intended to disturb the election which was to be held in Holly Springs on the 5th, I left the new regiment, commanded by Colonel George, which was not fully organized, to picket the river, and moved at daylight the next morning with the other troops under my immediate command, consisting of the Seventh Tennessee, Third Mississippi (State), Eighteenth Mississippi battalion and one rifle gun, the whole amounting to about eight

hundred and fifty men, on Holly Springs, and threw out pickets to protect the place.

During the day, as I afterwards learned, the enemy came within a few miles of the town, with a force of eight hundred men (Eighth and Ninth Illinois and Sixth Tennessee regiments cavalry) and three pieces artillery, but hearing of our presence there, they fell back to Lockard Mills, on Cold Water, eight miles from town, where they encamped for the night, and sent couriers to the Sixth and Seventh Illinois cavalry, which were camped at Quinn's and Jackson's mill, twelve miles below on the same stream.

As soon as I was informed of their position, I determined to attack the command nearest to me before the others could form a junction with it. The Eighteenth Mississippi battalion (Major Alexander H. Chalmers) was ordered to move at midnight, and, crossing Cold Water some distance above Lockard Mills, to get in the rear of the force at that point and attack them at daylight the next morning. The Ninth Tennessee (Lieutenant-Colonel Duckworth) and Third Mississippi State cavalry (Colonel McQuirk) and the rifled gun, under command of Lieutenant Richards, of McLenden's battery, were ordered to attack the enemy in front at the same time. These dispositions were well carried out by the different commanders.

The Eighteenth Mississippi battalion, which had succeeded in reaching the enemy's rear, charged gallantly upon them, driving them from their camp and across the creek, but unfortunately a premature shot of our piece of artillery, which was mistaken by Major Chalmers for the signal for attack, and induced him to commence it before the other troops could be brought into action, also gave the enemy notice of our position and enabled them to effect their escape. Our loss in this skirmish was one man slightly wounded. That of the enemy was three wounded.

Finding that pursuit could not be successful, I moved towards Salem, in accordance with my original plan, and encamped near that place. While on the march I was joined by the Second Mississippi cavalry (Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. McCullock) and the First Mississippi partisans (Lieutenant-Colonel Hovas).

On the morning of the 8th, the enemy, supposing that we would move further east, sent Colonel McCrellis from La Grange with the Third and Ninth Illinois cavalry and Sixth Tennessee cavalry, with three pieces of artillery, to McDonald's store, ten miles east of Salem, where they were joined by the Ninth Kansas, Hawkins'

Tennessee cavalry and Ninth regiment Illinois mounted infantry, and three pieces of artillery, who were then returning from New Albany, near which place they had been repulsed by Colonel Richardson on the 15th instant. After waiting several hours in Salem on the morning of the 8th to ascertain the position and movements of the enemy, and thinking it probable from the best information I could obtain that he would await our coming in his chosen position on the Ripley road, I moved off with the main body of my command toward Colliersville, leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Slovis, with the First regiment Mississippi partisans, to watch the movements of the enemy, with instructions to fall back and join me. That night we had proceeded about ten miles when I was informed by Colonel Slovis that the enemy had driven him out of the town and were then pursuing him on the road upon which we were moving.

I immediately ordered the Third Mississippi State cavalry to return and reinforce Colonel Slovis, and hold the enemy in check, while I with the remainder of the command could return by a parallel road and gain their rear. On approaching Salem, however, I found that the main body of the enemy had not pursued Colonel Slovis, but was drawn up in line of battle in a strong position immediately east of the town, with a line of skirmishers in the town itself. They were protected by the houses and the rugged nature of the ground, which rendered all approaches difficult.

We were thus compelled to attack them in front, which we did at once, and after three hours' hard fighting drove them from their position. They retreated in disorder to La Grange, but the darkness of the night which came on before the fighting had entirely ceased prevented an active pursuit. In this affair the Second Mississippi cavalry (Lieutenant-Colonel McCulloch), Third regiment Mississippi State cavalry (Colonel McQuirk) and the Eighteenth Mississippi battalion (Major Chalmers) bore the brunt of the conflict, and although the last two were composed almost entirely of untried men, they behaved with a gallantry equal to that which has ever distinguished the veterans of the Mississippi cavalry. The First Mississippi partisans was placed on our right flank and the Ninth Tennessee was held in reserve until late in the day, when both regiments were ordered to support the Second Mississippi, which they did bravely and successfully.

Our entire force did not exceed twelve hundred men, with one piece of artillery, which broke its trail at the third fire and became

disabled and was drawn off; that of the enemy was not less than two thousand men, with six pieces of artillery. Our loss was one killed and twenty-seven wounded; that of the enemy could not accurately be ascertained, as they removed many of their dead and wounded from the field while the fight was going on, but it is reported by reliable persons, who had an opportunity of knowing, to have been forty-seven killed and one hundred and three wounded, besides five prisoners, whom we brought off.

Colonel Richardson joined me on the night of the 8th instant with his brigade, consisting of the Twelfth Mississippi cavalry (Colonel Inge), Twelfth Tennessee cavalry (Lieutenant-Colonel Green), Thirteenth Tennessee cavalry (Colonel Neely), Fourteenth Tennessee cavalry (Colonel Stuart), the Reneau battery of two six-pounders (Captain Palmer), and the Buckner battery of four steel breech-loading two-pounders (Lieutenant Holt), the whole amounting to about nine hundred and fifty men. The enemy were reinforced at La Grange by the Sixth and Ninth Illinois and Third Michigan cavalry, and on the following evening (9th) the whole force, amounting to nine regiments of mounted men and nine pieces of artillery, under the command of Captain Hatch, moved out against us. At the same time a force of infantry and artillery was sent to Davis' mill on Wolf river, which was between our position and La Grange, and within supporting distance of their cavalry.

During the greater part of the day we remained drawn up in line of battle at Harnan's house, two miles from Salem, and there was some slight skirmishing between the advancing parties, but the enemy did not make their appearance in any force. Late in the afternoon, the enemy having entirely disappeared, we moved ten miles towards Holly Springs, in order to obtain forage and water, and on the next day we moved into that place, where we remained during the day to obtain a supply of ammunition and rations, of both of which we were in much need. While there four detachments of one hundred men each—commanded respectively by Major Mitchell, Eighteenth Mississippi battalion; Major Cozzins, Second Mississippi; Major Burrows, Twelfth Tennessee; Lieutenant-Colonel Marshal, Fourteenth Tennessee—were sent out with instructions to tear up the Memphis and Charleston railroad and destroy the telegraph wire so as to prevent the passage of troops or intelligence. Mitchell and Cozzens were ordered to cut the road east of Colliersville, Burrows and Marshall west of it. The first two were

successful in tearing up the track in several places before daylight the next morning, but the others, owing to the greater distance they had to travel, were not able to damage the road so as to prevent the passage of the trains on the next morning. After dark the whole command moved out twelve miles towards Byhalia, and halted for a few hours. I ordered Colonel Richardson to move at 4 A. M. the next day with his brigade and the First and Third Mississippi regiments to attack Colliersville, while the other command would follow and support him, but for some reasons he did not move until two hours later than the time ordered.

When once in motion, however, our advance was pushed forward so rapidly by Colonel Richardson that they completely surprised the enemy's pickets, capturing the officers in command and almost the entire picket. The alarm, however, had reached the garrison, and when we arrived in sight of the place we found them under arms and in the trenches. The garrison proper was composed of the Sixty-sixth Indiana infantry and detachments of the Sixth and Ninth Illinois cavalry, but they had been unexpectedly reinforced a few moments before our arrival by a train from Memphis containing Major-General Sherman and Brigadier-General Smith, with their staffs, escorts and the Thirteenth regiment United States regulars, on their way to Corinth, who were compelled to stop by the injuries to the road. There were also a few men from other regiments there who served to strengthen the garrison.

The place was protected by a strong earth-work near the railroad depot, which is itself of brick-work loopholed, and by a line of rifle-pits which cover all approaches.

East and west of the fort there are open woods which offered some protection to an attacking party. On the east and south of it, and not more than six hundred yards distant, is a ridge which overlooks it, while upon the north the hill upon which the town stands also overlooks it, and the houses afforded a protection from its fire.

The Ninth and Thirteenth Tennessee and Second Mississippi regiments were ordered to attack on the left (or west), Colonel Richardson's brigade on the right (or east), and the artillery, supported by the Eighteenth Mississippi battalion, was placed on the ridge in the centre and within six hundred (600) yards of the fort and depot, and Colonel McQuirk, with his own and First Mississippi partisans, was sent to gain possession of the town and attack the fort from the rear.

The movements on the right and left were soon successful in driving the enemy to the protection of their rifle-pits, and in dislodging them from a portion of them, and forcing them to take refuge in the fort; and the troops on the right were twice pushed so far forward as to take possession of the train of cars which had been stopped at the depot, and under the protection of the fire from it and the fort, but the movement to reach the rear of the fort was not so successful.

In moving towards the position assigned him, Colonel McQuirk ran into the cavalry camp which lay northwest of the town. A force of cavalry found in it, and the infantry thrown out for its protection, were soon driven back; but the delay occasioned by the pursuit of the cavalry, who fled to the swamp, and in collecting the stragglers, who were led from the ranks by the rich booty of the camp, was so great that the opportunity to take the town was lost. Our artillery, which was principally directed against the fort and depot, was badly served and failed to do them any material injury. But notwithstanding this, and the arrival of reinforcements, if the movement to the rear had been successful, the place would probably have been captured.

After fighting for four hours and finding the place could not be taken without undue loss of life, and learning that heavy reinforcements for the enemy were close at hand, I withdrew my forces in good order and without molestation to Byhalia creek, where we encamped for the night. We brought off all our wounded who could bear transportation, one hundred and thirty-five prisoners, including four officers, thirteen wagons and teams, one ambulance, a number of horses and mules and a small quantity of ammunition and other captured property. In order to prevent the demoralization of his men, Colonel McQuirk was compelled to burn the greater part of the property found in the captured camp, consisting in part of two hundred tents, thirty wagons and a considerable quantity of quartermaster's and other stores. Our loss was three killed and forty-eight wounded. That of the enemy could not be accurately ascertained, but it is reported by citizens who visited the place soon after the engagement as having been one hundred and nineteen killed, of whom thirty-nine were negroes, and one hundred and seventy wounded. The locomotive and train were damaged, and a house said to contain commissary stores was damaged by our artillery. The horses of General Sherman and Smith and their staff officers were on the train, and many of them were killed.

On the following morning (12th), having heard nothing of any movement of the enemy, my own brigade was moved back to Pigeon Roost creek, and Colonel Richardson's was about to follow some hours later, when information was received that the enemy was advancing in force.

Colonel Richardson took position on a hill near Ingram's house, immediately south of Byhalia creek, his artillery being in the road in the centre and the line extending on either hand; the skirmishers in front of the centre having possession of some log-building. Here he was attacked by the enemy, who continued their efforts to drive them back for more than three hours without success, until finding that they were extending their lines to the left, with the intention of flanking him, and that another column was moving to attack him on the right and cut off his retreat, he fell back to Ingram's mill, where our whole force encamped for the night. Our force in this affair did not exceed eight hundred men, with two (2) six-pounders; that of the enemy consisted of the Ninth Illinois mounted infantry, Sixth, Seventh and Ninth Illinois cavalry, Seventh Kansas and Third Michigan cavalry, and eight pieces of artillery. Our loss was one severely and one slightly wounded, and two horses killed; their's was severe—nine killed and thirteen wounded, and in addition the citizens of Byhalia report that during the fight several ambulances loaded with dead and wounded passed through that place to the rear.

On the 13th, our ammunition being almost exhausted, our forces fell back to Wyatt, where we arrived about two (2) P. M.; the enemy following and skirmishing with our rear guard during the day. As our troops arrived they were crossed to the south side of the river, where their horses were left, and the men brought back to the north side and drawn up with either flank resting on the river; the centre being strengthened by the houses of the village. They had not reached their allotted position when the attack was commenced by the enemy, who, having been reinforced by the Sixth Tennessee and Third Illinois cavalry and four pieces of artillery, now numbered twenty-five hundred men, with twelve pieces of artillery. Our force, even after being reinforced by the part of Colonel George's regiment then at Wyatt, had been reduced by straggling and other causes to not more than sixteen hundred men. Our ammunition was almost exhausted. Of the artillery only three pieces, one six and two two-pounders, could be brought into action, and they had but a few rounds left. The men were greatly wearied, and a heavy rain, which continued throughout the

whole engagement, added greatly to their discomfort and rendered many of their guns useless; but notwithstanding these disadvantages they held their position firmly for more than three hours, and until night put an end to the firing, when they were withdrawn quietly across the river without loss, partially destroying the bridge behind them. No movements on either side were made during the night.

On the next day our troops were drawn up in the entrenchments on the south side of the river to resist any attempt by the enemy to cross, but after waiting some hours they burned the village of Wyatt and retired without making any effort to follow us. A small force was sent to watch their movements, but both men and horses were too much exhausted to make any pursuit in force practicable.

Our loss at Wyatt was nine killed and twenty-eight (28) wounded. The enemy admit their's to have been six killed and twenty wounded, and one prisoner, Captain Hodgman, of the Seventh Kansas, who was wounded and has since died.

A force of five regiments of infantry and some artillery, under the command of Captain Sweeney, which left La Grange on the 11th, came as far as Chalahoma with the intention of cutting off our retreat to Wyatt, but finding that we had passed returned from that place.

Both the infantry and cavalry command of the enemy were guilty of many outrages in the destruction of houses and other private property, and in some instances in acts of robbery and cruel personal violence towards infirm and defenceless citizens.

The conduct of the officers and men of my command, with a few exceptions, was worthy of much praise.

A part of them had just been armed with long range guns. It was the first time that they had been able to meet the enemy on anything like equal terms, and their conduct gives evidence of what might be expected if the remainder of the command was as well equipped.

A list of the killed and wounded in the different engagements, and the reports of the subordinate commanders, including Colonel Richardson's report of the affair near New Albany on the 5th, are herewith forwarded.

I have the honor to remain, Colonel, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

JAMES R. CHALMERS, *Brigadier-General Commanding.*

The Gettysburg Campaign—Report of Brigadier-General Harry T. Hays.

HEADQUARTERS HAYS' BRIGADE, August 3d, 1863.

Major JOHN W. DANIEL,
Assistant Adjutant-General, Early's Division:

Major—I respectfully submit the following report of the operations of the troops under my command near the city of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

On Wednesday, July 1, 1863, after a march of twelve or fourteen miles returning from the city of York, I arrived with my brigade on the Heidlersburg road, within a mile and a half of Gettysburg.

At this point I discovered that a space in the division line of battle had been left for my command, which had been marching in the rear of the column; Brigadier-General Gordon having deployed to the right; Brigadier-General Hoke's brigade, commanded by Colonel Avery, and Smith's brigade to the left. I formed my line of battle, extending across the road, placing the Fifth, Sixth and right wing of the Ninth regiments on the right of the road, the left wing of the Ninth, the Seventh and Eighth regiments on the left. This arrangement being completed, Brigadier-General Gordon, a little after two o'clock, was ordered to advance. In a short time, Brigadier-General Gordon having encountered the enemy in force, I received an order to advance in support, Hoke's brigade moving forward at the same time on my left. Pressing steadily on I met with no other opposition than that presented by the enemy's skirmishers, and the firing of his artillery, until I came up to the line of Gordon's brigade. Here I found the enemy in considerable strength. I still continued to move, however, succeeding in driving before me all the forces opposed, until I arrived at the railroad, which here runs from east to west, just skirting the edge of the city of Gettysburg. In my progress to this position the fire to which my command was subjected from the enemy's batteries, posted upon well selected rises of the ground, was unusually galling. But so rapid and impetuous was the movement of my troops in this advance, that my skirmishers, keeping well to the front, captured two pieces of artillery. I had barely time to pause at the railroad referred to, when I discovered a heavy column of the enemy's troops, who had been engaged with Gordon's brigade and the division of Major-General Rodes, advancing

rapidly, threatening my right. Perceiving that a forward movement on my part would expose my flank to an attack from this force, exceeding in number that under my command, I immediately changed front forward on the first company, first battalion, of a portion of my brigade, the Fifth, Sixth and the right wing of the Ninth regiments. With this line, after several well directed volleys, I succeeded in breaking this column on my right, dispersing its men in full flight through the streets of the city. But for this movement on my flank, I should have captured several pieces of artillery opposite the left of my line, upon which the Seventh regiment was advancing in front and the Eighth by a side street at the time I halted. After reforming my line of battle, I advanced through the city of Gettysburg, clearing it of the enemy and taking prisoners at every turn.

During this time, as well as in my progress to the city, a great number of prisoners were captured by my command, but unwilling to decrease my force by detailing a guard, I simply ordered them to the rear as they were taken.

Many of these following the road to the left, fell into the possession of Major-General Rodes' troops.

I am satisfied the prisoners taken in the above mentioned movements by my brigade exceeded in numbers the force under my command. My loss this day was small—one officer and six men killed, four officers and thirty-seven men wounded and fifteen men missing. The loss of the enemy cannot be known with exactness, but it was apparent, from an inspection of the field, that his loss exceeded ours by at least six to one.

Having driven the enemy entirely out of the city, I rested my line on one of the upper (southern) streets—Hoke's brigade, on my left, extending beyond the eastern suburbs.

In this position I remained until twelve o'clock that night. At that hour I received an order from Major-General Early to make a reconnoissance of the ground between my situation and that of the enemy, who, after abandoning the city, had entrenched himself on Cemetery hill, a commanding height, one of a series or chain of hills belting Gettysburg on the south. After a careful examination of the locality indicated, about two o'clock in the morning (2d of July) I moved my troops into an open field between the city and the base of a hill intervening between us and Cemetery hill, throwing out skirmishers to the front.

In this field we remained the entire day of the 2d July, promi-

nently exposed to the fire of the enemy's skirmishers and sharpshooters. During the afternoon of this day I was directed by Major-General Early to hold my brigade in readiness at a given signal to charge the enemy in the works on the summit of the hill before me, with the information that a general advance of our entire line would be made at the same time. A little before 8 o'clock P. M. I was ordered to advance with my own and Hoke's brigade on my left, which had been placed for the time being under my command. I immediately moved forward, and had gone but a short distance, when my whole line became exposed to a most terrific fire from the enemy's batteries from the entire range of hills in front and to the right and left. Still both brigades advanced steadily up and over the first hill and into a bottom at the foot of Cemetery hill. Here we came upon a considerable body of the enemy, and a brisk musketry fire ensued. At the same time his artillery, of which we were now within canister range, opened upon us. But owing to the darkness of the evening now verging into night, and the deep obscurity afforded by the smoke of the firing, our exact locality could not be discovered by the enemy's gunners, and we thus escaped what, in the full light of day, could have been nothing else but horrible slaughter.

Taking advantage of this, we continued to move forward until we reached the second line, behind a stone wall at the foot of a fortified hill. We passed such of the enemy who had not fled and who were still clinging for shelter to the wall to the rear as prisoners. Still advancing, we came upon an abatis of fallen timber and the third line disposed in rifle pits. This line we broke, and, as before found, many of the enemy who had not fled, hiding in the pits for protection. These I ordered to the rear as prisoners, and continued my progress to the crest of the hill.

Arriving at the summit, by a simultaneous rush from my whole line, I captured several pieces of artillery, four stands of colors and a number of prisoners.

At that time every piece of artillery which had been firing upon us was silenced. A quiet of several minutes now ensued. Their heavy masses of infantry were heard and perfectly discerned through the increasing darkness, advancing in the direction of my position. Approaching within a hundred yards, a line was discovered before us, from the whole length of which a simultaneous fire was delivered. I reserved my fire from the uncertainty of this being a force of the enemy or of our men, as I had been

cautioned to expect friends both in front, to the right and to the left—Lieutenant-General Longstreet, Major-General Rodes and Major-General Johnson respectively having been assigned to these relative positions. But after the delivery of a second and third volley, the flashing of the musketry disclosed the still advancing line to be one of enemies.

I then gave the order to fire; the enemy was checked for a time, but discovering another line moving up in the rear of this one, and still another force in rear of that, and being beyond the reach of support, I gave the order to retire to the stone wall at the foot of the hill, which was quietly and orderly effected. From this position I subsequently fell back to a fence some seventy-five yards distant from the wall and awaited the further movements of the enemy; only contemplating, however, to effect an orderly and controlled retreat before a force which I was convinced I could not hope to withstand, at all events where I then was. I was on the point of retreating to a better position, when Captain Campbell, the Brigade Quartermaster, informed me that Brigadier-General Gordon was coming to my support.

I immediately dispatched an officer to hasten General Gordon with all possible speed. But this officer returning without seeing General Gordon, I went back myself, and finding General Gordon occupying the precise position in the field occupied by me when I received the order to charge the enemy on Cemetery hill, and not advancing, I concluded that any assistance from him would be too late, and my only course was to withdraw my command. I therefore moved my brigade by the right flank leading it around the hill so as to escape the observation of the enemy, and conduct it to the right of my original position, then occupied, as above stated, by General Gordon's brigade. This was about ten o'clock. I remained in this position for the night. About daybreak in the morning I received an order from Major-General Early to withdraw my command from its position, and to occupy that street in the city which I had held during the 1st July. I continued to remain here that day (the 3d), and until early in the morning of the 4th July, when I was ordered by Major-General Early out of the city to a range of hills on the west.

Here I put my brigade in line of battle, the division line being on the left of Major-General Rodes. In this position I remained with my command until two o'clock on the morning of the 5th July, when the line of march was taken towards Hagerstown,

Maryland. My loss the 2d July was five officers and sixteen men killed; fifteen officers and one hundred and four men wounded, and three officers and thirty-eight men missing.

Loss the 3d July, one officer and seven men killed, three officers and thirty-seven men wounded, one officer and eighteen men missing. On the 4th July, twenty men were reported missing. Total loss—seven officers and twenty-nine men killed, twenty-two officers and one hundred and seventy-eight men wounded, four officers and ninety-one men missing. The missing, I fear, were either killed or wounded. The artillery I captured on the heights of Cemetery hill I was compelled to abandon. The prisoners sent to the rear, being under charge of no guard, escaped in the darkness. Seventy-five were brought back by my men in retreating from the hill. The colors taken I have now in my possession. In all the operations in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, I am happy to state that both officers and men, while animated with a spirit of daring that disdained to concede any obstacle to their progress insurmountable, were yet amenable to all the orders of their leaders; and accepted readily any position assigned to them. While rendering this tribute to the merit of all of my command, I would call attention particularly to the efficiency of Colonel L. A. Stafford, Ninth Louisiana regiment, and Colonel D. B. Penn, Seventh Louisiana regiment. In the engagements of the 1st and 2d July, each of these officers distinguished himself by an exhibition of gallant bearing in leading their respective regiments into action, and of soldierly skill in its management and control.

My thanks are due to the several members of my staff, each of whom, in his respective departments, was attentive to the discharge of his duties—Captain New, Assistant Adjutant-General and Acting Inspector; Captain Seymour, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant Freeland, Aid-de-Camp.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

HARRY T. HAYS,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

General J. E. Johnston's Official Report of the Battle of "Seven Pines," or "Fair Oaks."

[The following important report was not published in the volumes of Confederate reports printed during the war, and we are sure that the general reader will be glad to see a document of such interest, while the historian will thank us for putting in permanent form so valuable a report.]

RICHMOND, June 24th, 1862.

General S. COOPER, *Adjutant and Inspector-General:*

Sir—Before the 30th May I had ascertained from trusty scouts that Keyes' corps was encamped on this side of the Chickahominy, near the Williamsburg road. On that day Major-General D. H. Hill reported a strong body immediately in his front. On receiving this report I determined to attack them next morning—hoping to be able to defeat Keyes' corps completely in its more advanced position before it could be reinforced. Written orders were dispatched to Major-Generals Hill, Huger and G. W. Smith—General Longstreet, being near my headquarters, received verbal instructions. The receipt of the orders was acknowledged. General Hill, supported by the division of General Longstreet (who had the direction of operations on the right), was to advance by the Williamsburg road to attack the enemy in front; General Huger, with his division, was to move down the Charles City road, in order to attack in flank the troops who might be engaged with Hill and Longstreet, unless he found in his front force enough to occupy his division. General Smith was to march to the junction of the New Bridge road and the Nine Mile road, to be in readiness either to fall on Keyes' right flank, or to cover Longstreet's left. They were to move at daybreak. Heavy and protracted rains during the afternoon and night, by swelling the stream of the Chickahominy, increased the probability of our having to deal with no other troops than those of Keyes'. The same cause prevented the prompt and punctual movement of the troops. Those of Smith, Hill and Longstreet were in position early enough, however, to commence operations by 8 o'clock A. M.

Major-General Longstreet, unwilling to make a partial attack, instead of the combined movement which had been planned, waited from hour to hour for General Huger's division. At length, at 2 o'clock P. M., he determined to attack without those troops. He accordingly commenced his advance at that hour, opening the

engagement with artillery and skirmishers. By 3 o'clock it became close and heavy.

In the meantime I had placed myself on the left of the force employed in the attack, with the division of General Smith, that I might be on a part of the field where I could observe and be ready to meet any counter movements which the enemy's General might make against our centre or left. Owing to some peculiar condition of the atmosphere the sound of the musketry did not reach us. I consequently deferred giving the signal for General Smith's advance till about four o'clock, at which time Major Jasper Whiting, of General Smith's staff, whom I had sent to learn the state of affairs with General Longstreet's column, returned, reporting that it was pressing on with vigor. Smith's troops were at once moved forward.

The principal attack was made by Major-General Longstreet, with his own and Major-General D. H. Hill's division—the latter mostly in advance. Hill's brave troops, admirably commanded and most gallantly led, forced their way through the abatis which formed the enemy's external defences and stormed their entrenchments by a determined and irresistible rush. Such was the manner in which the enemy's first line was carried. The operation was repeated with the same gallantry and success as our troops pursued their victorious career through the enemy's successive camps and entrenchments. At each new position they encountered fresh troops belonging to it, and reinforcements brought on from the rear. Thus they had to repel repeated efforts to retake works which they had carried. But their advance was never successfully resisted.

Their onward movement was only stayed by the coming of night. By nightfall they had forced their way to the "Seven Pines," having driven the enemy back more than two miles, through their own camps, and from a series of entrenchments, and repelled every attempt to recapture them with great slaughter. The skill, vigor and decision with which these operations were conducted by General Longstreet are worthy of the highest praise. He was worthily seconded by Major-General Hill, of whose conduct and courage he spoke in the highest terms.

Major-General Smith's division moved forward at four o'clock—Whiting's three brigades leading. Their progress was impeded by the enemy's skirmishers, which, with their supports, were driven back to the railroad. At this point Whiting's own and Pettigrew's brigade engaged a superior force of the enemy. Hood's, by my

order, moved on to co-operate with Longstreet. General Smith was desired to hasten up with all the troops within reach. He brought up Hampton's and Hatton's brigades in a few minutes.

The strength of the enemy's position, however, enabled him to hold it until dark. About sunset, being struck from my horse, severely wounded by a fragment of a shell, I was carried from the field, and Major-General G. W. Smith succeeded to the command.

He was prevented from resuming his attack on the enemy's position next morning by the discovery of strong entrenchments not seen on the previous evening. His division bivouacked, on the night of the 31st, within musket shot of the entrenchments which they were attacking when darkness stayed the conflict. The skill, energy and resolution with which Major-General Smith directed the attack would have secured success if it could have been made an hour earlier.

The troops of Longstreet and Hill passed the night of the 31st on the ground which they had won. The enemy were strongly reinforced from the north side of the Chickahominy on the evening and night of the 31st. The troops engaged by General Smith were undoubtedly from the other side of the river.

On the morning of the 1st of June the enemy attacked the brigade of General Pickett, which was supported by that of General Pryor. The attack was vigorously repelled by these two brigades, the brunt of the action falling on General Pickett. This was the last demonstration made by the enemy.

Our troops employed the residue of the day in securing and bearing off the captured artillery, small arms and other property and in the evening quietly returned to their own camps.

We took ten pieces of artillery, six thousand (6,000) muskets, one garrison flag and four regimental colors, besides a large quantity of tents and camp equipage.

Major-General Longstreet reports the loss in his command as being about	3,000
Major-General G. W. Smith reports his loss at	1,283
Total	4,283

That of the enemy is stated in their own newspapers to have exceeded ten thousand—an estimate which is, no doubt, short of the truth.

Had Major-General Huger's division been in position and ready for action when those of Smith, Longstreet and Hill moved, I am

satisfied that Keyes' corps would have been destroyed, instead of being merely defeated.* Had it gone into action even at four o'clock the victory would have been much more complete.

Major-Generals Smith and Longstreet speak in high terms of the conduct of their superior and staff officers.

I beg leave to ask the attention of the Government especially to the manner in which Brigadier-Generals Whiting and R. H. Anderson, and Colonels Jenkins and Kemper and Hampton, exercising commands above their grades, and Brigadier-General Rodes are mentioned.

This, and the captured colors, will be delivered by Major A. H. Cole, of my staff.

I have been prevented by feebleness from making this report sooner, and am still too weak to make any but a very imperfect one.

Several hundred prisoners were taken, but I have received no report of the number.

Your obedient servant,

J. E. JOHNSTON, *General.*

*See Longstreet's report.

Editorial Paragraphs.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL I. M. ST. JOHN, which occurred at the White Sulphur Springs on the 7th of April, removes one of the most gallant and accomplished gentlemen, one of the ablest engineers, and one of the most devoted Confederates, whom we have ever known. Entering our service from the State of Georgia (though a New York man by birth), he distinguished himself in the engineer service, and was afterwards put in charge of the Nitre and Mining Bureau, which he managed with an energy, skill and real ability which produced results almost miraculous in the face of the difficulties against which he had to contend. In the early part of February, 1865, he was made Commissary-General of the Confederacy, and discharged his duties with such ability that, in spite of the constantly decreasing resources of the Confederacy, General Lee wrote three weeks afterwards that his army "had not been so well supplied for many months." He also received the warmest commendation both from President Davis and the then Secretary of War—General John C. Breckinridge. The details of his service as Commissary-General were given in the modest but able paper from his facile pen which, with the accompanying documents, we published in our number for March, 1877 (volume V, pages 97-111). We deeply regret that his death will deprive us of a paper on the Confededate Nitre and Mining Bureau which he had promised us.

Since the war General St. John has pursued his profession of engineering with an ability and success which has given him an enviable reputation both in this country and in Europe. For several years he had been "Consulting Engineer" on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad. He was one of the most active members of our Society, and took the deepest interest in all that concerned our work. The Secretary has sustained a severe personal bereavement in his death, and will sadly miss the frequent visits, kindly words of cheer, wise counsel and active help of this high-toned, genial gentleman—this warm hearted, tried and true friend. Of the loss to his immediate family of this affectionate husband and devoted father we may not here speak, but can only commend them to the God of the widow and the Father of the fatherless.

As one after another of our Confederate leaders falls at his post, there comes a trumpet call to those left behind to see to it that the material for a true history of our great struggle is put into proper shape.

THE MARYLAND SHAFT for the soldiers' cemetery at Winchester has been completed, and will be unveiled in Winchester on the 5th of June—the Confederate memorial day of "Stonewall cemetery." Our friend, Captain Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, favored us with a visit a few days ago, and imparted to us some of his own enthusiasm as he spoke of the ease with which the Confederate States Army and Navy Society of Baltimore had raised $2,200 for this shaft, and their plans for a grand occasion at the

unveiling on the approaching "memorial day" at Winchester. He also spoke enthusiastically and hopefully of the purpose of a number of their admirers to rear a monument at Winchester to the Ashby brothers (Turner and Richard), who surely deserve such commemoration.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA MONUMENT ASSOCIATION of Columbia, South Carolina, published last year ("edited by the Rocording Secretary of the Association, and published through the courtesy of the proprietors of the *News and Courier*, Charleston, South Carolina") a beautiful pamphlet contrining an account of the origin and history of their work, begun in 1869 and finished in 1879, together with a report of the proceedings at the unveiling of their beautiful monument to the Confederate dead, and the full text of the eloquent oration delivered on the occasion by General John S. Preston.

The accomplished Secretary (Mrs. Isabel D. Martin) sent us a copy of the pamphlet, but, unfortunately, the Seecretary was absent at the time, it was somehow overlooked, and it thus escaped proper acknowledgment in our *Papers*.

We have space now only to say that we hail with great pleasure this completed work of the noble women who, by self-sacrificing zeal, have reared this worthy monument to the Confederate dead of their grand old State—and that we shall carefully preserve this record as worthy of an important place in our material for the future historian.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPHS OF CONFEDERATE GENERALS and other officers or prominent men in our Army, Navy or Civil service are earnestly solicited by General *Marcus J. Wright*, War Records office, Washington, who wishes them to complete the collection of the War Department.

We have frequently begged our friends to send us such souvenirs for our collection, and would be glad to secure duplicates of those sent General Wright. They can be sent directly to him, or, if more convenient, we would be glad to receive and forward them.

Literary Notices.

De Soto's March Through Georgia—by Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr.—a paper read before the Georgia Historical Society, Savannah—has been sent us by the accomplished author, and is what might have been expected from the practiced pen of this able and pains-taking historian.

The *Morning News* steam printing house of Savannah has gotten up the pamphlet, with a steel portrait of De Soto as frontispiece, in a manner every way creditable to the enterprise and skill of all concerned.

Scribner's Monthly for April fully sustains the reputation of this superbly illustrated and widely popular magazine. This number completes volume XIX of the monthly, and a glance at the index for the volume shows that in variety of topics, beauty of illustrations, literary finish and practical value, Scribner deserves the wide reputation it has won—a reputation which has swelled its readers to hundreds of thousands in America, and which has given it already over ten thousand subscribers in England.

St. Nicholas—the queen of Magazines for children—seems to increase in interest from month to month, and if we are to judge by the sparkling eyes and warm expressions of delight with which our little folks greeted the April number, that is fully up to the high standard the Scribners have fixed for their childrens' monthly.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., June and July, 1880. Nos. 6 and 7.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 7.

SUMMER CAMPAIGN OF 1862 (CONCLUDED)—EXTRACT FROM GENERAL JACKSON'S REPORT.

Warrenton Springs—On the 24th there was a fierce cannonade between General Hill's artillery and that of the enemy across the river.

Manassas Junction—Soon after the advance of the troops from Bristoe station reached the Junction, they were fired upon by a distant battery of the enemy, posted in the direction of the battle-field of Manassas. This artillery was driven off, and retreated in the direction of Centreville. Soon after, a considerable body of Federal infantry, under Brigadier-General Taylor, of New Jersey, came in sight—having, it is believed, that morning left Alexandria in the cars—and boldly pushed forward to recover the position and

stores which had been lost the previous night. The advance was made with great spirit and determination, and under a leader worthy of a better cause. Assailed by the batteries of Poague and Carpenter, and some of General Hill's division, and apparently seeing that there was danger of its retreat being cut off by our other troops if it continued to move forward, it soon commenced retreating, and, being subjected to a heavy fire from our batteries, was soon routed, leaving its killed and wounded upon the field. Several brigades of General Hill's division pressed forward in pursuit. In this conflict the Federal commander, General Taylor, was mortally wounded.

Battle of Manassas (on the 29th)—Assault after assault was made on the left, exhibiting on the part of the enemy great pertinacity and determination, but every advance was most successfully and gallantly driven back. General Hill reports that six separate and distinct assaults were thus met and repulsed by his division, assisted by Hays' brigade, Colonel Forno commanding. * * * (On the 30th) as Longstreet pressed upon the right, the Federal advance was checked, and soon a general advance of my whole line was ordered. Eagerly and fiercely did each brigade press forward, exhibiting in parts of the field scenes of close encounter and murderous strife not witnessed often in the turmoil of battle. The Federals gave way before our troops, fell back in disorder, and fled precipitately, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. During their retreat the artillery opened with destructive power upon the fugitive masses. The infantry followed until darkness put an end to the pursuit.

Ox Hill—The brigades of Branch and Field—Colonel Brockenbrough commanding the latter—were sent forward to feel and engage the enemy. A cold and drenching thunder shower swept over the field at this time, striking directly into the faces of our troops. These two brigades gallantly engaged the enemy, but so severe was the fire in front and flank of Branch's brigade as to produce in it some disorder and falling back. The brigades of Gregg, Thomas and Pender were then thrown into the fight. Soon a portion of Ewell's division became engaged. The conflict now raged with great fury, the enemy obstinately and desperately contesting the ground until their Generals Kearney and Stephens fell in front of Thomas' brigade, after which they retired from the field.

Harper's Ferry—On observing an eminence crowning the extreme left of the enemy's line, occupied by infantry, but without artillery,

and protected only by an abatis of fallen timber, Pender, Archer and Brockenbrough were directed to gain the crest of that hill, while Branch and Gregg were directed to march along the river, and, during the night, to take advantage of the ravines cutting the precipitous banks of the river and establish themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's works. Thomas followed as a reserve. The execution of the first movement was entrusted to Brigadier-General Pender, who accomplished it with slight resistance; and during the night Lieutenant-Colonel Walker, Chief of Artillery of Hill's division, brought up the batteries of Captains Pegram, McIntosh, Davidson, Braxton and Crenshaw, and established them upon the position thus gained. Branch and Gregg also gained the positions indicated for them, and daybreak found them in rear of the enemy's line of defence. * * * * * * In an hour the enemy's fire seemed to be silenced, and the batteries of General Hill were ordered to cease their fire, which was the signal for storming the works. General Pender had commenced his advance, when the enemy again opening, Pegram and Crenshaw moved forward their batteries, and poured a rapid fire into the enemy. The white flag was now displayed, and shortly afterwards Brigadier-General White (the commanding officer, Colonel D. S. Miles, having been mortally wounded), with a garrison of about eleven thousand men, surrendered as prisoners of war. Under this capitulation we took possession of seventy-three pieces of artillery, some thirteen thousand small arms and other stores. Liberal terms were granted to General White and the officers under his command in the surrender, which, I regret to say, do not seem, from subsequent events, to have been properly appreciated by their Government.

Sharpsburg—I refer you to the report of Major-General A. P. Hill for the operations of his command in the battle of Sharpsburg. Arriving upon the battlefield from Harper's Ferry at half-past two o'clock of the 17th, he reported to the Commanding-General, and was by him directed to take position on the right. I have not embraced the movements of his division, nor his killed and wounded of that action, in my report.

Shepherdstown—Early in the morning of the 19th we recrossed the Potomac river into Virginia near Shepherdstown. * * * * On the same day the enemy appeared in considerable force on the northern side of the Potomac, and commenced planting heavy batteries on its heights. In the evening, the Federals commenced

crossing under the protection of their guns, driving off Lawton's brigade and General Pendleton's artillery. By morning a considerable force had crossed over. Orders were dispatched to Generals Early and Hill, who had advanced some four miles on the Martinsburg road, to return and drive back the enemy. General Hill, who was in the advance, as he approached the town, formed his line of battle in two lines, the first composed of the brigades of Pender, Gregg and Thomas, under the command of General Gregg, and the second of Lane's, Archer's and Brockenbrough's brigades, under command of General Archer. * * * * * The Federal infantry lined the high banks of the Virginia shore, while the artillery, formidable in numbers and weight of metal, crowned the opposite heights of the Potomac. General Hill's division advanced with great gallantry against the Federal infantry in the face of a continuous discharge of shot and shell from their batteries. The Federals, massing in front of Pender, poured a heavy fire into his ranks, and then extending with a view to turn his left, Archer promptly formed on Pender's left, when a simultaneous charge was made, which drove the enemy into the river, followed by an appalling scene of the destruction of human life. Two hundred prisoners were taken. This position, on the bank of the river, we continued to hold that day, although exposed to the enemy's guns and within range of his sharpshooters, posted near the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. Our infantry remained at the river until relieved by cavalry, under General Fitzhugh Lee. * * * We remained near Martinsburg until the 27th, when we moved to Bunker hill, in the county of Berkeley.

T. J. Jackson, *Lieutenant-General.*

EXTRACTS FROM GENERAL LEE'S REPORTS.

Warrenton Springs—General Jackson's command lay between that place (Jeffersonton) and the Springs ford, and a warm cannonade was progressing between the batteries of General A. P. Hill's division and those of the enemy.

Battle of Manassas—While this demonstration was being made on the right, a large force advanced to assail the left of Jackson's position, occupied by the division of A. P. Hill. The attack was received by his troops with their accustomed steadiness, and the battle raged with great fury. The enemy was repeatedly repulsed, but again pressed on the attack with great fury.

Ox Hill—The advance of Jackson's column encountered the

enemy at Ox hill, near Germantown, about 5 P. M. Line of battle was at once formed, and two brigades of A. P. Hill's division, those of Branch and Field, under Colonel Brockenbrough, were thrown forward to attack the enemy and ascertain his strength and position. A cold and drenching rain storm drove in the faces of our troops as they advanced and gallantly engaged the enemy. They were subsequently supported by the brigades of Gregg, Thomas and Pender, also of Hill's division, which, with part of Ewell's, became engaged. The conflict was obstinately maintained by the enemy until dark, when he retreated, having lost two general officers, one of whom, Major-General Kearney, was left dead on the field. Longstreet's command arrived after the action was over, and the next morning it was found that the enemy had conducted his retreat so rapidly that the attempt to intercept him was abandoned. * * * * * * *

Harper's Ferry—On the afternoon of the 14th, when he (Jackson) found that the troops of Walker and McLaws were in position to co-operate in the attack, he ordered General A. P. Hill to turn the enemy's left flank and enter Harper's Ferry. * * * * General A. P. Hill, observing a hill on the enemy's extreme left, occupied by infantry, without artillery, and protected only by abatis of felled timber, directed General Pender, with his own brigade, and those of Archer and Colonel Brockenbrough, to seize the crest, which was done with slight resistance. At the same time he ordered Generals Branch and Gregg to march along the Shenandoah, and taking advantage of the ravines intersecting its steep banks, to establish themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's works. This was accomplished during the night. * * * * * The attack on the garrison began at dawn. A rapid and vigorous fire was opened from the batteries of General Jackson and those on Maryland and Loudoun heights. In about two hours the garrison, consisting of more than eleven thousand men, surrendered. Seventy-three pieces of artillery, about thirteen thousand small arms, and a large quantity of military stores, fell into our hands. Leaving General A. P. Hill to receive the surrender of the Federal troops and secure the captured property, General Jackson, with his two other divisions, set out at once for Sharpsburg, ordering Generals McLaws and Walker to follow without delay.

Sharpsburg—General A. P. Hill had arrived from Harper's Ferry, having left that place at half-past seven A. M. He was ordered to

reinforce General Jones, and moved to his support with the brigades of Archer, Branch, Gregg and Pender, the last of whom was placed on the right of the line, and the other three advanced and attacked the enemy, now flushed with success. Hill's batteries were thrown forward and united their fire with those of General Jones', and one of General D. H. Hill's also opened, with good effect, from the left of the Boonsboro' road. The progress of the enemy was immediately arrested, and his line began to waver. At this moment General Jones ordered Toombs to charge the flank, while Archer, supported by Branch and Gregg, moved upon the front of the Federal line. The enemy made a brief resistance, then broke and retreated in confusion towards the Antietam, pursued by the troops of Hill and Jones, until he reached the protection of the batteries on the opposite side of the river.

In this attack the brave and lamented Brigadier-General L. O'B. Branch was killed, gallantly leading his brigade.

Shepherdstown—General Pendleton was left to guard the ford with the reserve artillery and about six hundred infantry. That night the enemy crossed the river above General Pendleton's position, and his infantry support giving way, four of his guns were taken. A considerable force took position on the right bank under cover of their artillery, on the commanding hills on the opposite side. The next morning General A. P. Hill was ordered to return with his division and dislodge them. Advancing under a heavy fire of artillery, the three brigades of Gregg, Pender and Archer attacked the enemy vigorously and drove them over the river with heavy loss. * * * * *

R. E. Lee, *General.*

Casualties from Cedar Run to Shepherdstown.

	7th Regiment.			18th Regiment.			28th Regiment.			33d Regiment.			37th Regiment.			Total.		
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Cedar Run	.....	2	.....	1	15	.....	3	28	.....	6	30	.....	2	13	.....	12	88	.....
Shelling on Rappahannock	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	3	.....
Manassas Junction	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Manassas Plains	7	61	.....	2	12	.....	7	37	1	1	8	.....	13	67	.....	30	185	1
Ox Hill	4	16	1	2	16	1	2	26	.....	1	16	.....	5	18	.....	14	92	2
Harper's Ferry	.....	4	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	4	.....
Sharpsburg	9	43	4	8	14	.....	.....	2	.....	3	16	.....	.....	4	.....	20	79	4
Shepherdstown	.....	15	.....	2	26	.....	1	16	.....	.....	10	.....	.....	4	.....	3	71	.....
Aggregate	20	141	5	15	83	1	13	112	1	11	80	.....	20	106	.....	79	352	7

On our march to Manassas Junction we had nothing to eat, and were turned into fields of green corn like so many horses. We similarly dieted when we first entered Maryland.

From Shepherdstown we went into camp at Bunker hill, and there remained until sent to North Mountain depot, near Hedgesville, to tear up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. We did our work so thoroughly, that General Jackson complimented us, and ordered us back to Bunker hill to rest, while the balance of his command was destroying the road between Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry. We also helped to tear up the Winchester and Charlestown or Harper's Ferry road.

We next camped at *Castleman's Ferry, in Clarke county*, where we did picket duty for some time. And then near Winchester, where we remained until our corps was ordered to Fredericksburg. Here we camped but a short time before we were called upon to take an active part in the great battle of Fredericksburg.

Operations of General J. E. B. Stuart before Chancellorsville.

By Adjutant R. T. Hubard, of the Third Virginia Cavalry.

The following extract was clipped from the Richmond (Virginia) *Daily Whig*, of July 31, 1879:

MAHONE AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

[Colonel William E. Cameron, in Philadelphia Weekly Times.]

Meantime, what of the army thus beset and imperilled? We have said that General Slocum's column encountered no opposition in the tedious and circuitous march to Kelly's, or in effecting the passage of two difficult streams. The Southern historians have either omitted remark on this subject or have implied that General Lee received opportune intelligence of what was passing on his left. Neither the records nor events themselves justify this view of the case. General Stuart, usually so vigilant, seems on this occasion to have been surprised. General Hooker says that four hours after his three corps had crossed the Rappahannock the Southern cavalry were still picketing Richards' ford, and the writer knows that when, thirty-six hours after the passage, General Meade came within sight of Chancellorsville, General Stuart had not yet interposed any body of horse between his advance and Fredericksburg. Nor is it possible that General Lee received timely information of the Federal operations. It is incredible that he would, by choice, have allowed Hooker to concentrate at Chancellorsville with the option, when there, of taking his line in reverse, or of moving upon his line of communications and forcing a battle upon unequal terms. Two brigades (Mahone's and Posey's) of Lee's army were stationed at United States ford, and their commander only received notice of the approaching danger when General Meade was crossing at Ely's ford, only six miles distant, and then from a straggling cavalryman. General Mahone moved at once to Chancellorsville, and it was well he did, for at daybreak the following morning the Federals moved upon his outposts.

A gallant officer and gentleman, like Colonel Cameron, would not wittingly, I know, cast any unjust reproach upon the memory of that Christian prtriot, the bravery of whose deeds—from his first charge at Manassas to that crowning act of heroism at Yellow tavern, where he interposed less than three thousand men between Sheridan's splendidly appointed corps of 12,000 cavalry and the capital of the Confederacy, and gave his own glorious life to the city's defence—will all, some day, adorn the brightest pages of Virginia's history, and, for generations, cause the name of Stuart to be cherished by those who love the noble and the true in human

nature. He sleeps quietly in Hollywood. No monumental shaft or statue of bronze calls the attention of those who frequent our public squares to Virginia's loss when Stuart fell. But his men—those who, on the long, weary march, or in thickest conflict, gladly followed where he led the way; those who, sleeping without shelter, often in rain, ice and snow, rose at his bugle blast, and, though chilled with cold and pinched by hunger, rushed headlong upon the half awakened and confounded divisions of Federal infantry—knew and loved him. His fame is safe in their keeping. He has been blamed for Gettysburg, and yet, with the approval of the Commanding-General, he had gone on an expedition almost unparallelled for the endurance of himself and his command. They crossed the Potomac, marched nearly three days and nights without stopping, except for an hour or so to feed. They destroyed wagon trains of valuable army stores. Nearly a thousand horses and mules and about two hundred wagons were taken. He scattered several considerable bodies of the enemy's troops, and but for erroneous information, which brought him nearly in collision with a superior force, when his men and horses were nearly worn out for want of rest, compelling him to make a considerable detour, he would have reached our army before the battle on the day preceding the great struggle at Gettysburg.

Our cavalry was always made the scapegoat for the disasters that occurred, yet the official statements will show that they rendered most signal service to the army and the country; and that from the constant wear and tear of being always in the saddle, and, the greater part of the time, skirmishing or engaged in more serious conflicts, their losses aggregated fully as much as the other arms of the service.

But returning to the immediate subject of this article, the reader must bear in mind that General Stuart, at Culpeper Courthouse, was picketing the Rappahannock river, from its confluence with the Rapidan up to near its source in the mountains; that his two small brigades of cavalry, and his horse artillery, were expected to guard the entire line from the Blue Ridge to Chancellorsville. Company "G," Third regiment, to which I then belonged, had on its rolls between seventy-five and eighty men, yet on the 17th March, 1863, but thirty men could be turned out fit for duty, and with that force the company went into action at Kelly's ford. The regiment had two hundred and forty officers and men in line that day, lost three killed and nearly forty wounded, and lost

heavily in horses. In the summer of 1865, I wrote out a sort of journal of our cavalry movements. I find I there state that the pickets at Kelly's ford were captured on the 29th April, 1863, but the reserve being stationed further back, made their escape, though their communication with Richards' ford was cut off, so they could not give the alarm to that post according to instructions in such cases. The weather was cloudy and misty, and the surprising force got across the stream, above or below the ford, and under cover of the darkness of early dawn attacked the pickets in rear. Stuart, upon being advised of a force crossing at Kelly's ford, naturally looked for an advance upon Culpeper, and made his dispositions accordingly.

It must be borne in mind that those important arteries of supply—the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad and the James River and Kanawha canal—were frequently the objective points which were aimed at by heavy columns of Federal troops during the war. That a large cavalry column, or even a mixed column of cavalry and infantry, crossing at Kelly's ford, would aim at Gordonsville, Columbia, or some point nearer Richmond (on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad), was, therefore, more probable than that they constituted a part of a column of attack on General Lee's position at Fredericksburg. Even though they moved out from Kelly's ford on the Germanna road, they might afterwards move to the right and cross the Rapidan at Raccoon or Morton's ford. Accordingly, we find that General Stuart moved forward from his camps and formed his line of battle between Kelly's ford and Culpeper Courthouse. Expecting an attack by a largely superior force, it behooved him to be cautious and to act on the defensive. He awaited the enemy's advance. Their skirmishers and ours were engaged. So situated, our commander could not assume that they were *not going* to attack his position, until after such lapse of time as repelled such an idea. So, shortly after noon, he becoming convinced, from the long delay to advance, that they did *not* mean to advance upon Culpeper, withdrew the greater part of his forces from the Culpeper front, and moved around to the right, so as to interpose his troops between the upper fords of the Rapidan and the enemy. In the presence of such superior numbers, his command could not accomplish much more than to act as a corps of observation. He, however, shelled the enemy's trains, retarded their march, and took some prisoners. It was nearly night before the enemy's movement became fully enough developed to make it

certain that his columns were to cross at Germanna and Ely's fords. The intelligence, with as much of detail as was practicable, was telegraphed General Lee from Culpeper Courthouse. There was one regiment of cavalry, the Tenth Virginia, Colonel J. Lucius Davis, serving on detached duty with General Lee at Fredericksburg, and picketing the fords at Germana, Ely's, &c. At nightfall of the 29th April, Colonel Thomas F. Owen, of the Third Virginia cavalry, was ordered to proceed, with two squadrons of his regiment (leaving the others under command of Lieutenant-Colonel William R. Carter), towards Fredericksburg, crossing at Raccoon ford, and, if possible, getting in front of the Federal column at Germanna ford. Colonel Owen was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, a fine swordsman, and as bold and dauntless as any officer in the army. The night was dark and rainy, the men could hardly see their file leaders, and our progress was slow. At midnight we reached Locust Grove, and dispatched two strong scouting parties, one towards Germanna and one towards Ely's ford, with instructions to get as close to the enemy as possible, ascertain his strength and position, then to follow on the line of our march and report. We then moved on until reaching a point on the Plank road, nearly opposite, and only a few miles from Germanna ford. Here we halted, dismounted in the woods, and reclining against trees or in fence corners, slept in a drenching rain for nearly two hours. Neither we nor our horses had eaten anything since the morning before. At 3 A. M. a dispatch from General Fitz. Lee directed us to move forward, get in front of and *delay the enemy*, and give all attainable information to General R. E. Lee. We struck the Germanna road near Wilderness tavern, turned up towards Germanna ford, and sent forward another scouting party of five men. Between 6 and 7 A. M., our scouts from Germanna ford reported a heavy column of fifteen to twenty thousand infantry across, with a considerable advance guard of cavalry, which was mounted, and forming to move forward. Shortly after the head of their column came in sight, and our Colonel ordered his first squadron to charge them, he supporting with the others. This they did in gallant style, driving the enemy out of sight. In about half an hour the enemy advanced again in heavier force upon them, and they fell back slowly towards their support. Skirmishers were then thrown out on both sides, and a sharp fusilade kept up for some time. Our scouts from Ely's ford coming in about 8 o'clock, I was ordered to select a well mounted

trooper, and send a dispatch to General Fitzhugh Lee of what we had learned as to the force at Germanna ford, and also that a heavy wagon train and artillery train were across at Ely's, and, under escort of a large force of infantry, moving towards Chancellorsville. We had sent couriers towards Chancellorsville, to communicate with any of General R. E. Lee's troops found there. I handed the dispatch to Sergeant Bacon, Company A. The fork of the road was now between our force and the enemy, we having slowly retired before his advance. The first squadron again advanced to the charge, and opened the road. Away galloped our courier up the Plank road, and was soon out of sight. But alas! for him—a squad of Yankees dashed across the angle between the two roads, under cover of woods, and captured him before he had gone a mile. He was smart enough to swallow the dispatch and keep mum. Couriers returning from Chancellorsville reported they had been unable to communicate with our troops, who were falling back; and the Federal troops were already at Chancellorsville and sending out scouting detachments. It was now nearly 9 o'clock A. M. We wheeled about and moved on towards Chancellorsville. But finding a strong force in our front, we turned to the right towards Todd's tavern. My Colonel much regretted the unavoidable delay in getting information from his scouting parties—caused, in part, by the severity of the weather, and in part by the difficulties of the work they had to perform in trying to get near the main body of the advancing army. He was informed that a considerable cavalry force was moving across his route and going towards Spotsylvania Courthouse. Nevertheless, deeming the details of information he had gotten important, although he knew that General Lee had been warned by telegraph of the advance, he ordered me, as his column moved along, to send a dispatch to General R. E. Lee. It was still raining, but very slightly. I selected a faithful courier, William A. Bruce, wrote the dispatch on the side of the road, my knee serving for a writing desk, on a scant slip of paper, all I had left, as we left our camp expecting to go at once into action. I gave Colonel Taylor, A. A. G., all the information we had of the two columns moving from Germanna and Ely's ford. And this dispatch was delivered at General R. E. Lee's headquarters between 12 and 1 o'clock that day. Courier Bruce said it was the first intelligence received that morning at army headquarters from the direction of Chancellorsville. Orders were immediately issued for General Jackson's corps to move towards

Chancellorsville. After feeding our horses at Todd's tavern, we reported to General Wright, of Anderson's division, at Tabernacle church, eight or nine miles west from Fredericksburg. He moved forward that evening, and finding nothing but cavalry in his front, was disposed to regard the whole movement as a feint and a "big scare." We bivouacked for the night on the road side, in rear of General Wright's lines.

I will conclude this article with an incident connected with General Jackson. I was required to detail a lieutenant and detachment of men to report to him on the morning of May 1st. Putting Lieutenant Charles R. Palmore in command, and sending them forward, I walked up the road to get a look at General Jackson. Meeting with my college-mate, Major Alexander Pendleton, of the General's staff, he told me that both General Anderson and General Wright had expressed the opinion, notwithstanding the information we had brought, that this was nothing but a "reconnoissance in force," and he thought General Jackson inclined to the same opinion. The General was standing a little to the right of the road, without side arms, in a gray frock coat, with a short skirt, gray pants, glazed cap, pulled down over his eyes, and with paper and pencil in hand, tracing directions to Lieutenant Palmore (who stood on his right) for the movements of his detachment. Palmore's bridle-reins were hanging on his arm, and his horse standing close up. Receiving his instructions, he turned, mounted, and without looking, pulled his horse to the left. The horse's head came in contact with General Jackson's right shoulder, causing him to "right face" very suddenly. Never taking his eyes from the paper, the General continued his reflections, without being in the least disturbed.

"All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night"—Proof that it was Written by Thaddeus Oliver, of Twiggs County, Georgia.

We have received from Rev. Hugh F. Oliver, of Augusta, Georgia, a lengthy communication in proof of the claim that the poetic gem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," was written by his father (Thaddeus Oliver), and we regret that our space will not allow us to publish the paper in full.

Mr. Oliver, after introducing two very sweet poems of his father to show that he was *capable* of writing this one, proceeds with the following proofs:

1. He gives incidents in early betrothal of his father to "Mary"—in his weded life—and in the circumstances under which he left home for the army, to show that he had enacted the poem in his heart's experience long before it was actually written.

2. He gives copious extracts from his father's letters to his mother, to show that long before the poem was written *he had put the same sentiments into prose*—that he claimed the authorship of the poem *before* it was ever in print—and that after it was printed he again and again reiterated his claim to its authorship.

3. Mr. Oliver then gives, as settling the question, the following letters:

Letter from Frank Daves.

MARTZ, INDIANA, May 30, 1872.

Mr. HUGH F. OLIVER, *Madison, Ga.:*

Dear Sir—In reading your article claiming "All Quiet Along the Potomac," for your father, Thaddeus Oliver, I notice that you request all persons who can throw any light on the subject to do so at once; therefore I make the following statements. I do not profess to have any acquaintance with the facts myself, but I have a friend, A. Shaw by name, for whose word I have the greatest respect, who has put me in possession of a train of facts which convinces me that Thaddeus Oliver is the author of the poem.

Mr. Shaw was a member of a Texas regiment, and was in camp with the Second Georgia at the time of the writing of the poem. A few days after the poem was written, he was on a visit to Mr. Oliver, and the latter, while turning over some of his clothing, drew a piece of paper from the pocket of a coat and presented it to Mr. Shaw. This paper was the original manuscript of "All Quiet Along the Potomac." Mr. Shaw, who is the possessor of a brilliant memory, read the poem over a few times, and afterwards rewrote it from memory, making but two or three mistakes in

copying. He says he longed to publish the poem, but would not do so without the consent of the author, which, from the author's modesty, he knew he could never get. He showed me the copy he had made immediately after reading the original.

I do not know of the whereabouts of Mr. Shaw at present, or I would put you on his track. I suppose him to be in this State or Texas. Should you consider this letter of any value in establishing your father's claims to the authorship of the poem under consideratian, you are at liberty to use it in any manner you may see fit. Let me congratulate you, Mr. Oliver, on being the son of the genius who created "All Quiet Along the Potomac." I sincerely hope that you may succeed in establishing your father's claims to one of the most powerful lyrics of the late war. Trusting that my mite to the good cause will do all the good it is intended to do,

I am truly, yours,

FRANK DAVES.

Letters of John D. Ashton.

WAYNESBORO', GA., January 2, 1874.

Rev. H. F. OLIVER, *Madison, Ga.:*

My Dear Sir—Numerous engagements, of both a private and professional character, and a desire to overlook some old papers of mine, among which I thought it possible I might find a copy of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-nigh," presented me, after earnest and repeated solicitations, by your father *in his own* handwriting, are my reasons for not having addressed you this letter long before now.

I knew Thaddeus Oliver well, perhaps more intimately than any member of the Second Georgia regiment, outside his own company. We first met in the convention, of which we both were members, that convened in Milledgeville, in 1860, to send delegates to the the National Democratic convention, then soon to assemble in Charleston.

On the 9th of April, 1861, the "Burke sharpshooters," in which I was a private, was ordered to Tybee island. About the same time the "Buena Vista guards," of which your lamented father was a member, with other companies, was sent to a point below Savannah, for the purpose of organizing the Second Georgia regiment, afterwards so ably commanded by that noble patriot and brave, heroic soldier, Paul J. Semmes.

At the organization, Captain Butt, of your father's company, than whom a more high-toned, generous gentleman or gallant officer was not in the Army of Northern Virginia, defeated Captain Holmes, of mine, for the majority; and believing that unfair means had been employed to produce the result, in which I was entirely mistaken, I wrote and published a bitter article, which I afterwards often had cause to regret, in which I animadverted,

with cruel and unprovoked severity, upon Major Butt. This produced an estrangement between your father and myself, which continued unhealed until a common service and a common danger brought us once more together.

Our regiment was soon ordered to Virginia—first to Richmond, thence to Acquia creek, and afterwards to Centreville, from whence detachments were weekly sent out on distant pickets, almost within bow-shot of the Potomac, along whose lines the bones of many a gallant Southron rest. On one of these posts your father and I again were reconciled; and belonging to the same profession, with many tastes and sympathies in common, I soon became warmly and strongly attached to him, and have many reasons to know that the feeling was, in part, at least, reciprocated. I state these facts for the purpose of showing you how I happen to know what I do about the authorship of the lines in question; for your father, besides being a modest man, was never quick to give either his hand or confidence to a stranger.

We had just returned from Falls' church, near Alexandria, to Centreville. None of Longstreet's old brigade, none of the Second Georgia, I know, will ever forget the dark, cold, rainy night march on the retreat from there to Fairfax Courthouse. But though we all were drenched and shivering, there still was "life in the old land yet." I remember well, as we rested on our arms in the murky gloom, some one cried out, "Whose treat is this?" when Judge Perry, now of this county, then orderly sergeant of company "D," in the Second Georgia, utterly unable, even there, to resist his abominable *penchant* for punning, answered, "It is Long's-treat." But I am digressing.

We had now returned to Centreville, and one evening while in conversation with your father on law and literary subjects, as uncongenial as these may seem, I proposed to read him some lines I had written and published, "To Wilson's New York Zouaves." After I had finished, he appeared to be absorbed for a moment, then said: "Well, I have just written some lines myself, which I shall not publish, but if you will promise me secrecy, I will read them to *you*." I promised, and *for the first time in my life*, heard "All Quiet along the Potomac To-night." I shall never forget either the occasion or the circumstances. He read the lines without unusual feeling until he came to the picture of the little trundle-bed, when his voice trembled and his eyes filled with tears. That "touch of nature" was contagious, and I felt the big drops trickling down my own cheeks; and even to this day, when I recall the scene, now that he is dead and gone, I feel again something of the old emotion.

I begged him at once for a copy, but he resolutely refused. Shortly after, however, I left Virginia for Georgia and took command of a company in a regiment there being organized for the Confederate service. The day before my departure I prevailed on him to comply with my request, "upon my honor as soldier" that

I would neither read it in the regiment, have it published, nor mention his name in connection with its authorship. This promise, I am sorry to say, I only partially fulfilled; for I read the poem to Dr. Charles Bostick, now of this county: John H. Hudson, late of Jefferson county, but now deceased, and to my brother, Dr. Wm. W. Ashton, now of Shreveport, Louisiana, who were my messmates before leaving the regiment, and, on my return to Georgia, to my wife, and told her who wrote it. That your father was the author of the poem, there can never be, to my mind at least, even the *shadow* of a doubt. * * * * * *

Though professional critics may perhaps smile, or ridicule the idea, I submit that the poem itself furnishes almost positive internal evidence of having been written by a married man upon whom the sacred memories of home, and wife, and children were crowding as he wrote. Such a man was Mr. Oliver. * * * * Mr. Oliver, both by natural gifts and careful culture, was fully equal to such a production. * * * * From Mr. Oliver's well-known modesty, he would have been the very last man to publish the poem, if he published it at all over his own signature. * *

I have no desire whatever for any publicity in this controversy, indeed I would gladly avoid it, but I feel it due to justice and the memory of your gallant and gifted father to place this communication at your disposal. Though I neither know you personally, nor have had any correspondence with you, I beg you to accept the assurance of my high esteem with sentiments of sincere regard.

JOHN DEVEREUX ASHTON.

HALEYONDALE, GEORGIA, July 20, 1874.

REV. HUGH F. OLIVER:

My Dear Sir—I owe you many apologies for my long silence, but have delayed answering your further inquiries touching the authorship of "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night," that I might overlook a large number of letters written by me to my wife from Virginia during the summer and fall of 1861, thinking that some of them might enable me to fix, or approximate dates that had escaped my memory when I last wrote you. And I am gratified beyond measure to inform you that the search has not been in vain.

You will remember that in my communication to you, published in the Savannah *Morning News*, I stated that, after acquainting my brother and Dr. Bostick with the noble lyric in question while still in camp, I subsequently read it to Mrs. Ashton. I find now that I *wrote to her on the subject before returning to Georgia.* I have before me a letter addressed to her, written on coarse yellow Confederate paper, dated "Camp Second Georgia regiment, near Centreville, Virginia, October 3d, 1861," in which the following sentence occurs: "Upon my arrival at home, should I be so fortunate as to obtain the hoped-for furlough, I will read you the touching and

beautiful poem mentioned in my letter of last week—'All Quiet Along the Potomac'—written by my *girlishly modest* friend, Thaddeus Oliver, of the 'Buena Vista guards.' I should like for you to know him; for, though almost as diffident and retiring as a gentle girl, he is a man of culture, fine literary tastes, and an excellent lawyer."

From this letter, therefore, I am enabled to say, with positiveness and certainty, that these now celebrated lines were familiar to me *at least a month or six weeks before they appeared in Harper's* [*Weekly*].

There is another circumstance, too, connected with the earlier publications of this poem, to which I wish to call your attention. I am unable now to recall the precise time when I first saw it in print, but this I remember with perfect distinctness: that it was introduced as a *waif, or as having been found in the pocket of an unknown dead soldier.* You may have seen such a preface to it yourself. At any rate, I am sure there must be many still living who will recall the fact.

Whatever the world may hereafter think of the authorship of these beautiful lines, I, at least, shall live and die under the firm and unalterable conviction that they were conceived and first expressed by your gifted and lamented father.

Yours, truly,

JOHN D. ASHTON.

Communication to Richmond (Virginia) Dispatch.

RICHMOND, May 4, 1872.

Editors of the Dispatch:

In connection with the recently revived question as to the authorship of "All Quiet Along the Potomac," which is now being generally discussed in the Southern journals, I beg to narrate the following, which, with some, may have a bearing upon the pretensions of some of the claimants. In the summer of 1862, being in the company of several Mississippi soldiers, comrades of * * * * * * the beauty of the lines, which were then becoming generally known, was commented upon, and the question of authorship discussed. They spoke very lightly of both the valor and literary ability of * * * * * asserting positively that he did not write the lines; that, though he promulgated them in his regiment, they were, by his comrades, supposed to have been written by a private soldier in a Georgia regiment.

R. A. B.

On the whole, the proofs which we file for the inspection of any who may be interested in reading them in full, seem conclusive that this beautiful poem was written by Mr. THADDEUS OLIVER, of the Second Georgia regiment, who was a gallant soldier, and gave his life for "the land he loved." Happy the son who had such a

father! Fortunate the father who left a son whose facile pen can vindicate his claim to the authorship of such a poem.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men—
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There is only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for his children asleep—
For their mother, may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night, when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips, and when low-murmered vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun close up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary,
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Towards the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—ah! Mary, good-bye!
And the life-blood is ebbing and splashing!

"All quiet along the Potomac to-night,"
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

McClellan and Lee at Sharpsburg (Antietam).—A Review of Mr. Curtis' Article in the North American Review.

By General D. H. Maury.

[The following article was sent by General Maury to the *North American Review*, but was respectfully declined. The editor seems to act on the principle that historic accuracy is a matter of small importance where only "Rebels" are concerned, and that he is under no obligation to correct misstatements made concerning *them*. We cheerfully give place to the article, in the hope that some of our friends on the other side will now see its force, and that future generations will be more ready to do us justice.]

The April number of the *North American Review* contains an interesting article on McClellan's last great service to his country, in which I heartily concur, so far as the writer's high estimate of the capacity, conduct and character of General McClellan goes. A long and intimate association with him enables me to appreciate his remarkable professional accomplishments, and to respect and admire the excellence and purity of his personal character. No good man can see much of him without feeling affection for him and absolute confidence in him.

Of all the commanders of the Army of the Potomac, McClellan alone inspired his troops with enthusiastic love for him; and this was never so manifested as in the campaign so ably discussed by Mr. Curtis—a campaign in which McClellan evinced the very highest capacities of a general—by which he saved the Federal cause—and on the achievement of which he was deposed from the command of his great and devoted army, and retired forever from the service of the government he had saved.

I cordially concur in the conviction generally held by the Southern people, that his removal at that time greatly protracted the war. It is difficult to explain the capricious policy of the men then at the head of the Government.

But it is evident there was little in common between them and McClellan. He was born and bred amongst people of the highest culture and refinement, and the personal traits of his immediate superiors were offensive to him, while the frequent interference with his plans, which their crude and timid counsels forced upon him, must have filled him with chagrin and disgust.

Mr. Curtis shows the moving causes of his extraordinary deposition. They lay in the best traits of his character. He was too

able and too honest to be the facile tool of any man or government. He was so high and noble a gentleman that those who ruled this country then could not appreciate him. Unable to understand him or to control him to do that which his convictions forbade, they mistrusted and feared and hated and deposed him.

The clearness with which McClellan divined Lee's movements after the defeat of Pope—the celerity and masterly skill with which he restored discipline and confidence to Pope's routed army, and so moved its corps as to concentrate upon Lee while near half his army was a days' march from the field of battle—must ever rank him high as a general.

It is true he did enjoy the rare privilege of having before him Lee's orders for the movements of *his* army, which were so explicit that McClellan was enabled to direct the movements of his own with absolute confidence and accuracy.

In summing up the results of the battle of Antietam or Sharpsburg, Mr. Curtis has had but little regard to historic accuracy, and it is surprising that a writer so intelligent and industrious as he should not have availed himself of the abundant authentic documents accessible to all historians of these times.

The official statements of the Confederate and Federal Governments, and of General Lee and General McClellan, all contradict every paragraph of Mr. Curtis' summary, which is to this effect:

1st. "On the 17th, the battle of Antietam ended in the defeat of the Confederates."

2d. "On the night of the 18th, the Confederate army recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, leaving 2,700 of their dead unburied on the field."

3d. "Thirteen guns (13), thirty-nine (39) colors, fifteen thousand stands of small arms, and more than 6,000 prisoners, were captured by the Federals in the battles of South mountain, Crampton's gap and Antietam—without losing a gun or a color!"

4th. "The aggregate of the Federal killed, wounded and missing in the battle of Antietam was 12,469."

5th. "The total number of the Federal forces was 87,164."

6th. The enemy had about 10,000 more."

A careful investigation of each of the above paragraphs will convict it of error:

1st. How could the battle have ended in the defeat of the Confederates, when Lee's army still held the ground for which it had fought? The field of battle from which McClellan tells us 87,164 men of his army had been driven in a condition so disordered and

demoralized that he did not dare to venture them again in action, though all day, up to the 19th, Lee held the field and dared him to try to take it.

2d. Lee crossed the Potomac on the *morning* of the 19th—not as Mr. Curtis puts it, "the night of the 18th." So great a number of unburied dead as 2,700 is inconsistent with the facts that during the 17th and 18th the Confederate army buried many of its dead, which, added to 2,700, would have swelled our casualties to such a number as would have included nearly all of the men in Lee's army. Northern accounts at the time put the unburied dead at 2,000. The most authentic estimates of all of Lee's casualties on the field of Sharpsburg will not exceed 8,000.

Paragraph number 3 is utterly refuted by such authority as Mr. Curtis cannot refuse to accept.

Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, thus growls over the conclusion of those *defeats* of Lee: "He leaves us the debris of his late camps, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps 2,000 of his wounded, and as many of his unburied dead—not a sound field piece, caisson, ambulance or wagon, not a tent, box of stores or pound of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper's Ferry!"

To this testimony we will add General Lee's own congratulatory order, which tells the whole story grandly, and stands for all time unquestioned and unquestionable:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
October 2d, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 116.

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding-General cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond, you have defeated the enemy at Cedar mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and after a conflict of three days utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas and forced him to take shelter within the fortification around his capital.

Without halting for repose you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper's Ferry, made prisoners of more than 11,000 men, and captured upwards of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small arms and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other insured its success by arresting at Boonsboro' the combined armies of the enemy advancing under their favorite General to the relief of their beleagured comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted from daylight until dark the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning without molestation across the Potomac.

Two attempts subsequently made by the enemy to follow you across the river have resulted in his complete discomfiture and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms. Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety.

Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. Lee, *General-Commanding.*

Paragraph 4 is correct as far as it goes; but General McClellan tells us he lost in killed, wounded and missing in the battles of South mountain, Crampton's gap and Antietam near 15,000 men.

Paragraph 5 mistakes the total number of troops engaged by McClellan for the total strength of his army present with him.

McClellan states that he had 87,164 men *actually in battle* at Antietam—and we know he had one corps which did not fire a shot.

Paragraph 6 is very wide of the mark indeed, and we will sum up from the best evidence attainable the whole forces of Lee's army engaged on the 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th of September, 1862, and we challenge Mr. Curtis to disprove the accuracy of this statement:

On the 14th, D. H. Hill, with less than 10,000 men, held McClelland's army in check all day.

On the 15th, Stonewall Jackson, with 9,793 Confederates, captured over 11,000 Federals, more than 70 cannon, several thousand horses, and all of their small arms, colors and equipments!

On the 15th, Lee took position at Sharpsburg, with 17,460 in-

fantry and several thousand cavalry and artillery, while McClellan's army confronted him on the line of the Antietam.

On the 16th, about 3 P. M., McClellan assaulted Lee with the three corps of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner, which were so severely punished, that McClellan tells us that "about the middle of the afternoon he went in person to the scene and found the aspect of affairs anything but promising"; in fact, they were driven from the field by Lee in utter confusion.

On the 17th, the attack was renewed by McClellan with a fresh corps. During the day Stonewall Jackson came to Lee—his force was 9,793 infantry, which brought Lee's whole army up to 27,253 infantry, and less than 8,000 cavalry and artillery—and this was all he had to fight with during all those days of Antietam, or *Sharpsburg*, as we call it. And with these, we learn from McClellan himself, Lee drove from the field, demoralized, 87,164 men—four-fifths of McClellan's whole army!

We will now sum up McClellan's losses during the five days, from the 14th to the 19th, inclusive:

McClellan reports his losses, from the 14th to the 17th, -	14,469
15th, Jackson captured, - - - - -	11,000
19th, A. P. Hill reports a rear-guard affair on the Potomac, in which the enemy lost, - - - -	3,000
Making the total Federal loss, - - - -	28,469

Or 1,000 more than all the infantry with which Lee fought Antietam!

It is injudicious at this late day to reiterate such crude statements of numbers as those I have been discussing. The Southern Historical Society, at Richmond, and the Archive Bureau, in Washington, have co-operated to secure for the use of those who write history all of the authentic documents in existence which bear upon the late conflict between the States. From these all questions of relative forces and losses can be accurately settted, and it is not wise to omit to consult them before making historical publications.

There has been so much disposition during the war, and since, to overestimate the strength of the Confederate armies, that I again call attention to the official statements of the United States War Department relating thereto. They are very conclusive. When we remember that the white population of the Confederate States was only about 5,000,000, and of the United States 16,000,000, the War Department reports show the men enrolled in Federal

armies, 2,600,000; men enrolled in Confederate armies, 600,000; white men from South in Federal armies (principally from Missouri, Kentucky and West Virginia), 400,000; in 1863, when our armies were greatest, their strength did not much exceed 200,000; Federal prisoners held by us, 270,000; Confederate prisoners lost by us, 220,000; Federal prisoners who died in our prisons, 22,576; Confederate prisoners who died in Northern prisons, 26,436. These figures are of unquestionable authority, and should always be regarded conclusive in considering questions which arise about relative forces, treatment of prisoners, &c.

After the generation of non-combatants, who harked us on to war against each other, while they traded in our blood, shall have passed away, these figures, with all they prove, will fix in history the conduct of the armies of the Southern Confederacy, and the character of the Southern people.

DABNEY H. MAURY.

Operations about Lookout Mountain.

We have on hand, and now publish for the first time, a number of reports of affairs about Lookout mountain. The reports given below will be followed by others until the whole of the series we have is completed.

We have been promised by several officers of high standing papers which shall discuss certain important features of these operations. Meantime these reports, never before in print, will be regarded as valuable contributions to the history of the Army of Tennessee:

Report of General Longstreet.

OCTOBER 29, 1863.

Colonel GEORGE WILLIAM BRENT, *Assistant-Adjutant General:*

Colonel—Up to the 9th of October my forces were along the regular line of investment, extending from Lookout mountain, on the left, to Lieutenant-General D. H. Hill's corps, on the right. My left occupied the base of the mountain, and sharpshooters extended the line to the river on the west slope of the mountain. I had a small picket upon the summit of the mountain, and a small cavalry force about Trenton reported to me from time to time. On the 9th, I received orders to send my sharpshooters down the river to occupy a point on the left bank between Raccoon mountain and

Walden's ridge, for the purpose of preventing the use of the road on the opposite bank by the enemy's wagon trains. As I had but a small force of sharpshooters, I thought it best to send a brigade in addition, as a smaller force would be liable to be cut off and captured. A brigade was thought to be force enough to secure its retreat to the mountains, and finally to make its escape to our main force should a movement be made against it. General Law's brigade was selected for the service, and a sufficient force was ordered to the point indicated as soon as practicable. Pits were sunk and occupied by the troops, and they effectually put a stop to the travel on the road on the opposite bank. We were advised in a few days, however, that the enemy was using another road, a little longer, which avoided this point, and he had several other roads of communication that were entirely beyond our reach, particularly the Poe and Anderson roads. On the 25th, I was ordered to make a reconnoissance in the direction of Bridgeport. This reconnoissance was interrupted by the enemy's making a crossing of the river at Brown's ferry, about three miles below the point of Lookout mountain.

As soon as the crossing was discovered, the troops near the point assembled and drove back the enemy's advance, but the force was found to be crossing in too much strength to be successfully opposed by a brigade. The brigade was therefore concentrated and withdrawn to the foot of the mountain on the west side. The force near the crossing was small, as the duty for which the brigade was ordered was to guard a point some six miles below Brown's ferry. The brigade could not be reinforced, as the enemy's moccasin batteries commanded the only road across the mountain. If it had been practicable to reinforce, I should not have thought myself authorized to do so by taking my troops that were occupying their proper positions in the line of investment for that purpose, as my orders and the disposition of my troops had no reference to any such move on the part of the enemy, and to have done so would have broken our line and exposed the whole army. Besides the enemy's position was such that he could reinforce from any point of his lines in half an hour, whilst I could only reinforce from my nearest point in about three hours. He would have the benefit of his artillery, and we could not cross the mountain with ours. On the 27th, I received orders to make arrangements and examinations for the purpose of dislodging the enemy from his new position, and with that view was called to meet the Commanding-General on the mountain on the following day. On the afternoon of the 27th, I received a report from my signal party, near Trenton, that the enemy was advancing in force from Bridgeport. I sent this information up to the Commanding-General, but as it was not confirmed by the cavalry, it was not credited.

On the 28th I met the Commanding General on the mountain in accordance with his appointment. Whilst engaged in an examination of the enemy's new position, one of my signal party re-

ported to us that the enemy was advancing in force from Bridgeport. He guided us to a projection on the mountain, about a mile off, where we saw the head of the enemy's column, and where we saw his force, about five thousand, file past and unite with the force already at Brown's ferry. The rear guard of this command, about fifteen hundred, with a battery of artillery, came up in about an hour and halted about three miles from the main force. The road between the two commands ran along the western base of a series of heights, and parallel to them. The position that had been taken by General Law's brigade was about a mile from this road, and opposite the point of the road about half way between the rear guard and the main force. As soon as the rear guard halted, I sent orders to General Jenkins to concentrate at the base of the mountain his three brigades that were on the east side, and to be ready to cross it as soon as it was dark enough to conceal our men from the fire of the enemy's batteries, and I directed that he should report to me upon the mountain at once. I also ordered General Law to advance his brigade as soon as it was dark, and occupy the height in his immediate front, which commanded the road between the enemy's forces. General Jenkins reported in time to see the positions occupied by the enemy. He was ordered to hold the point designated for General Law, with a sufficient force, whilst a portion of his command moved up the road and captured or dispersed the rear guard. He was also directed, if time and circumstances favored it, to make a demonstration against the main force, and if an attack at night should give us such advantage as to warrant it, to endeavor to drive the enemy across the river, but if the latter should appear inexpedient, to recross the mountain before daylight. As soon as it was dark, his troops were put in motion, but the route across the point of the mountain was so difficult that he was not able to get his troops into their positions until midnight. He arranged two brigades, under General Law, to hold the position between the enemy's forces, whilst his own brigade, under Colonel Bratton, was sent to make the attack upon the rear guard. His fourth brigade, General Benning's, was held on the left of General Law's two, in readiness to reinforce Colonel Bratton. The brigade under Colonel Bratton claims to have had complete success up to the moment that it was recalled. It was recalled in consequence of General Law's abandoning his position, which was essential to the safety of Colonel Bratton's command. As soon as General Law yielded his position, it became necessary to recall Colonel Bratton, and send the troops back to their positions, in order that they might pass the mountain before daylight. The loss sustained by the two brigades under General Law was probably one-tenth of the loss sustained by the single brigade which claims a victory. As General Law's troops were veterans, I can only attribute the want of conduct with his troops to a strong feeling of jealousy among the brigadier-generals. About eight o'clock at night, on the 28th, I received notice that the

Commanding-General had approved my plan, and information from him that another of my divisions had been relieved from the lines and could be used in this attack, but it was too late for it to cross the mountain before daylight, and the success of the affair depended entirely upon a night attack and a surprise. To have put two divisions on the west side of the mountain during daylight would have exposed them to an attack from the enemy's entire force, without artillery, and in a position where they could not be reinforced. My object was merely to inflict such damage upon the enemy as might be accomplished by a surprise. That the point was not essential to the enemy at Chattanooga is established by the fact that he supplied his army at that place some six weeks without it.

About the 31st of October, Lieutenant-General Hardee, Major-General Breckinridge, and myself, were ordered to examine this position with a view to a general battle. It was decided that an attack was impracticable. That the only route by which our troops could reach the field was a difficult mountain road, only practicable for infantry, and entirely exposed to the enemy's batteries on the other side of the river. His positions were connected by a short and easy route, whilst ours would have been separated by a mountain impassable to artillery, except by a detour of some fifty miles, and hardly practicable for infantry.

Our position was so faulty that we could not accomplish that which was hoped for.

We were trying to starve the enemy out by investing him on the only side from which he could not have gathered supplies.

Copies of communications connected with this matter are appended to this report. The reports of the subordinate officers have already been forwarded.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. Longstreet, *Lieutenant-General.*

List of Casualties in Jenkins' brigade—Colonel John Bratton commanding—in the action at Lookout Mountain, on the night of the 28th of October, 1863.

COMMAND.	Killed—Officers and Enlisted Men.	Wounded—Officers and Enlisted Men.	Missing—Officers and Enlisted Men.	Total—Officers and Enlisted Men.
Sixth South Carolina regiment	.....	13	3	16
Fifth South Carolina regiment	9	84	9	102
Second South Carolina rifles	6	51	7	64
First South Carolina regiment	2	38	5	45
Palmetto sharpshooters	6	35	3	44
Hampton legion	8	65	12	85
Grand total	31	286	39	356

Original Rough Draft of Report of General C. L. Stevenson.

JANUARY 2, 1863.

General—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the troops of my command, west of Chattanooga creek, on the 24th of November, 1863.

On the 12th of November, I was directed to move my division from the position near the tunnel of the East Tennessee and Georgia railroad, which it had occupied since its return from East Tennessee, to the extreme left of our infantry lines, the top of Lookout mountain, reporting to Lieutenant-General Hardee. On the 11th of November, the positions of the troops of his command were assigned by the Lieutenant-General—Walker's division (commanded by Brigadier-General Gist) to occupy that portion of the line which lay west of Chattanooga creek, to the Chattanooga road, at the base of the mountain; Cheatham's division (commanded by Brigadier-General Jackson), that known as the "Craven House slope," extending from the left of Walker's line to Smith's trail, on the western side of the mountain; and the defence of the top of the mountain was entrusted to my division and a very small and inadequate force of cavalry.

The position assigned to me, the table on the top of the mountain, included the pass at Johnston's crook, distant eighteen (18) miles. The numerous passes along the western crest, to "Nickajack" pass, a distance of about ten (10) miles, were held by infantry; the remainder by a small force of cavalry. The defensive works on the mountain extended across from east to west at about two and a half miles from the point.

To guard this extended line, to protect these numerous passes, and to complete, with the dispatch so frequently urged upon me by the Commanding-General, the line of defence, the work upon which was prosecuted, agreeably to his order, day and night, and the necessity of watching with the utmost vigilance the movements of the heavy force of the enemy threatening my rear at Stephens' gap and Johnston's crook, demanded and received my constant and undivided attention. By personal inspection and reconnoissance, I familiarized myself with the character of the line entrusted to me, but had neither time nor occasion to acquaint myself with the dispositions made by the Lieutenant-General Commanding for the defence of the rest of the line, further than such information as I acquired by personal observation in visiting and adjusting the posts of my pickets and signal stations, at and near the point of the mountain, from which place, in favorable weather, both armies could be plainly discerned.

On the 23d of November, about 1 o'clock P. M., my attention was attracted by heavy firing in the valley below. I immediately proceeded to the point of the mountain, from which I could plainly see all the movements of the enemy. I watched them closely until dark, and then hurried off the following dispatch, by signal, both to Lieutenant-General Hardee and direct to General Bragg:

"I observed closely from the point the movements of the enemy until dark. Their object seemed to be to attract our attention. All the troops in sight were formed from centre to left. Those on their right moved to centre. The troops from 'Raccoon' were in line in full sight. If they intend to attack, my opinion is it will be upon our left. Both of their bridges are gone."

The movements of the enemy and his demonstration against our right, were such that, in my own mind, I had not the slightest doubt that his purpose was to attract our attention, induce us to concentrate on our right, thereby weakening our left, and thus render the acquisition of the "Craven House slope" practicable for him.

His manœuvre had the desired effect, for during that evening Walker's entire division was removed from its position to the extreme right, and the force west of Chattanooga creek thereby diminished more than one-third. After dark, I was informed by Lieutenant-General Hardee, that he had been ordered to the extreme right, and I was directed to assume command of the troops west of Chattanooga creek. To fill, as far as possible, the vacancy caused by the removal of Walker's division, Jackson's brigade, of

Cheatham's division, was removed from the "Craven House slope," and Cumming's brigade, of my own division, from the top of the mountain—General Cumming, as senior officer present, being placed in command of the two brigades. I was advised by Lieutenant-General Hardee to transfer my headquarters to the "Craven house," and subsequently to the camp just vacated by him.

Having thus, without the slightest premonition—not only a large portion of the troops, but even the permanent commands having been removed—been placed in command, at night, at a most critical period, over a wing of the army with whose position and disposition, as I have already stated, I had enjoyed no opportunity of making myself acquainted, I at once used every exertion to gain the necessary information, by sending every officer of my staff, and devoting the whole night myself to riding over and examining the lines. I found the position, at which General Hardee advised me to establish my headquarters, to be on the *eastern* side of Chattanooga creek, some distance beyond the extreme right of my line, and at least two and a half miles from the base of the mountain. The distance, and the fact that the situation was most unfavorable for personal observation, determined me to return to the mountain, which afforded this advantage in the highest degree, and I accordingly addressed you the appended communication (A). On my way back I examined the whole line, and, at sunrise, reached the "Craven house."

After examining the "Craven House slope," I was convinced that, should it be attacked by the enemy, it would be impossible, with the force at my disposal, to hold any point upon the northwest side, so completely was it commanded by the batteries of the enemy on Moccasin point, and those on the ridge near Lookout creek, recently erected to command that slope, and I was satisfied that the best plan that could be adopted in such an event was to hold a line near the "Craven house," placing Walthall on the Northwest slope, with a strong force of skirmishers on the creek to resist the enemy as long as possible, finally falling back fighting to the line selected; posting as many sharpshooters as possible on Lookout point, from which position they could pour upon the enemy a most destructive fire, and by descending Smith's trail with troops from above, to strike him in flank. Accordingly, after seeing General Moore, and conversing with him upon the subject of his line, and his ability to hold it, of which he spoke with some confidence, I went to the top of the mountain to make what I conceived to be the proper disposition of the troops there. I directed Brigadier-General Brown, then commanding my division, to hold the large portion of Pettus' brigade ready to move at a moment's notice to any point to which it should be ordered. I thus provided, as well as the means at my disposal permitted, either for an attack upon Cumming or Jackson.

Immediately upon my arrival on the mountain, I directed the lookouts at the point to keep a close watch, and advise me of any movements that the enemy might make.

About 10 o'clock A. M., I received from Brigadier-General Jackson, the communication (B) written him by General Walthall, and, soon afterwards was informed by the men at the point that there was some picket firing on Lookout creek. I immediately rode to the point to see what was going on. The enemy had, by felling trees, constructed three (3) temporary bridges over the creek, and in a short time forced a passage. The troops, as they crossed, formed to cover the passage of the remainder. I immediately sent a staff officer of General Hardee's, Major W. D. Pickett, who happened to be with me, to General Jackson, to inform him of what I had seen, and to direct him at once to place all of his troops in position. He reached General Jackson, I suppose, a little after eleven (11) o'clock A. M. I caused the picket at Smith's trail to be largely increased, and a strong force to be posted as sharpshooters along the crest of the mountain. The artillery, with trails raised, opened with spirit and effect, and was used until the enemy advanced so close under the cliff that the guns could not be sufficiently depressed for the shots to take effect.

General Walthall's pickets and skirmishers extended from the turnpike bridge of Lookout creek to the railroad bridge, and thence making nearly a right angle across the northwest slope of the mountain to a point near Smith's trail. The enemy, as Walthall mentions in his report, had threatened to force a passage of the creek on his right, but their real movement was upon his left. A large force had moved up the creek, under cover of the fog, crossed above, and passing along the western slope, attacked him successfully in flank and rear. Their advance on the flank and from the front was gallantly contested, but though their front line sometimes wavered, they pressed on, Walthall falling back to the line which I have before mentioned, but with very heavy loss in prisoners, owing to the enemy's taking him in flank and rear. Finding that the fog was becoming so dense that the troops on the northern point of the mountain could not see the enemy moving upon Walthall, I gave orders for Pettus, with my only disposable force, to move down and report to Brigadier-General Jackson. He started at 12½ o'clock, and reached the scene of action a little past one (1) o'clock, relieving Walthall on the left of Moore's line. This position was held by Moore, Walthall and Pettus until about 8 o'clock P. M., when Walthall, and part of Pettus' command, were relieved by Clayton's brigade, commanded by Colonel Holtzclaw, which was sent to cover the movement to the right. Moore and Holtzclaw retired from the position about 2 o'clock A. M., on the 25th.

Early in the day the appended communication (D), was received from General Bragg. A perusal of it will show how highly important he on *that day* considered my making such dispositions as would effectually prevent a severance of the troops which I commanded from the main body of the army.

About the time that the attack was made upon Walthall, the enemy massed a considerable force upon the Chattanooga road, in

front of Cumming's line, evidently for the purpose of co-operating with and making a demonstration in favor of their assaulting column. The number of his troops massed for this purpose, who had been in plain sight until the view was obscured by the mist, the serious weakness of Cumming's force, there not being a man for yards upon some parts of the line, and the certainty that to reinforce the command near the "Craven house" from Cumming was to give the enemy an opportunity to cut us off from the main body, without even a show of resistance, are facts which rendered it highly improper to withdraw a man from that line.

I have already stated that he had but two brigades to hold the lines from Chattanooga creek to the Chattanooga road at the base of the mountain; the force early that morning at the "Craven House slope" had consisted of two brigades, Moore's and Walthall's, and was now reinforced by the larger part of a third, Pettus', while, on the mountain top, there were but one very small brigade and two regiments of another, the larger portion being between the front and the works, the other picketing and holding a line of about ten (10) miles.

I had been directed by General Bragg, if I needed reinforcements, to call for them (see letter marked C), and as soon as I saw that the enemy were attacking and would carry the point, I availed myself of the order, and called both upon Generals Breckinridge and Bragg for them by a staff officer. I instructed him to say to them that if they would send me reinforcements, I would, when the fog rose, attack the enemy in flank by sharpshooters on the mountain crest, and descending Smith's trail take him in rear, and, I doubted not, drive him from the slope. This statement I repeated by three other staff officers, sent at intervals of a half hour. After waiting for some time for an answer, I received a verbal order from General Bragg, to the effect that no reinforcements could be sent me—that I must withdraw as best I could, under cover of the mist and night, and that one brigade would be sent to the base of the mountain to cover the withdrawal. Subsequently, I received the following note:

"2½ o'clock P. M.

"The General-Commanding instructs me to say, that you will withdraw your command from the mountain to this side of Chattanooga creek, destroying the bridges behind. Fight the enemy as you retire. The thickness of the fog will enable you to retire, it is hoped, without much difficulty."

After dark, Major-General Breckinridge, then my corps commander, reached the foot of the mountain with one brigade—Clayton's—to be used in covering the withdrawal, by which Walthall's and a part of Pettus' command, as has been heretofore stated, were relieved.

I was engaged in issuing the necessary orders for the retirement of the troops, when Major-General Cheatham, a part of whose division was then under my command, arrived. He informed me that he had come to consult with me, but not to take command.

I sent the troops from the top of the mountain down, and then proceeded myself to a point near its base, where General Cheatham and myself had appointed to meet. Here, as senior officer, he assumed command, and I then gave no further directions with regard to the retirement of the troops, except such as I received from him for those of my own division. Brown was directed at once to cross Chattanooga creek (about 11 o'clock P. M.), Cumming at 1 o'clock, and Cheatham's division afterwards, all with directions to await further orders on the eastern side. General Cheatham then left me, as I understood, to get further orders from General Bragg.

About 12 o'clock at night, two staff officers of General Bragg's rode up to where I was (General Cumming's quarters), and stating that they could not find General Cheatham, handed me orders to him from General Bragg, to send all the troops that had been west of Chattanooga creek to the extreme right. This order was immediately given, and was executed as quickly as possible.

The conduct of the troops was all that could have been desired, and they accomplished all that could have been expected of them. The withdrawal of Walker's division, on the night of the 23d, in my opinion, rendered the position on the left untenable, opposed by so large a force, and it was beyond the power of the troops there to do more than to secure the road communicating with the top of the mountain until the general commanding the army could decide whether he would reinforce them sufficiently to hold the line or abandon it. His decision I have already given. The mountain was held till 2 o'clock of the next morning, and the troops, artillery and trains were withdrawn in order to the eastern side of Chattanooga creek.

Report of General E. C. Walthall.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA, December 13, 1863.

Major JAMES D. PORTER, JR., *A. A. G., Cheatham's Division:*

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my command in the affair on Lookout mountain, 24th November, 1863.

About dark, on the evening of the 23d, I received orders from Brigadier-General Commanding to hold my command in readiness to move at a moment's notice, and, later in the night, to have three days' rations prepared; but in view of the movements of the enemy on the previous day, my command, which occupied a position on the west side of Lookout mountain, and near the northern slope, was ordered to "stand to arms." Before daylight, on 24th of November, my picket line, which extended along Lookout creek from the turnpike bridge, near its mouth, to the railroad bridge across it, and thence up the mountain side to the cliff, was strengthened by increasing its reserves early in the morning, troops having been observed moving rapidly up the creek.

The fog, at that time, being very dense, it was impossible to estimate the numbers of the troops in motion, and this fact, as well as what seemed to be the state of things in Chattanooga and on the river, was reported to the Brigadier-General Commanding.

Shortly thereafter, the fog having been partially dissipated in the valley (though it still obscured the crest of the mountain above), with Brigadier-General Moore, the ranking officer at hand, I observed the movements of the enemy across Lookout creek, from a point near the right of my command, and saw a brigade take position in front of that part of my picket line between the two bridges, of which one regiment was thrown forward, and soon the pickets were engaged. Brigadier-General Moore returned to his command, it being agreed between us that he would notify the Brigadier-General Commanding of what had been observed. Rude breastworks of logs and stones had been constructed on the mountain side by the command which had occupied the ground before me, running parallel to the mountain and the creek, and along these my command, except the Thirty-fourth Mississippi regiment, with which the picket reserves had been strengthened, was formed awaiting the development of the enemy's purpose, it being uncertain whether he would pass across the creek on the right, as the movements discovered would seem to indicate, or would approach from the left of the crossing of the creek above the angle in my picket line, with the troops which had already moved in that direction. Soon after the firing commenced across the creek, two batteries, which had previously been erected on the ridge beyond Lookout creek (of which, in conversation with the Brigadier-General Commanding, I had more than once made mention), opened upon my main line, less than three-quarters of a mile distant; and while these batteries were shelling, two pieces of artillery were planted between the creek and the river, which, although across the creek from my picket line, was yet, by reason of the course of the stream, in rear of much of that part of the line which took the direction of the creek.

Major Johnson, commanding Thirtieth, and Colonel Brantley, commanding Twenty-ninth Mississippi regiments, occupying positions nearest to it, had been instructed to support that part of the picket line which extended up the mountain side from the railroad bridge, should the enemy approach from that direction, and the other regiments—Twenty-seventh Mississippi, under Lieutenant-Colonel Jones, and Twenty-fourth Mississippi, under Colonel Dowd—were held ready to move to the right or left, as occasion might require. While writing a communication to inform the Brigadier-General Commanding of the position of the pieces in the angle of the creek (with the suggestion that a single piece, in a position which had been prepared for artillery, could silence them, and that this done, I thought I could hold the force in check), I received information through scouts sent out up the creek to observe the movements of the enemy, that a force had crossed the creek above

the angle in the picket line, I added this to the communication, and sent it to Brigadier-General Commanding by one of his staff officers. In the meantime, Brigadier-General Moore had applied to me to know the position of my line, as he was ordered to form on my right, and I learned from a staff officer of Brigadier-General Commanding, that such would be General Moore's position. I informed both where my line then was (and Captain Moreno, of the staff of the Brigadier-General Commanding, went with me, at my request, and looked at my position), but that the direction which would ultimately be given my line would necessarily depend upon the direction from which the enemy, then engaging my pickets on the right and threatening my left, almost at right angles to the part engaged, might make his main attack.

Meanwhile the firing from the batteries beyond the creek, which before had been irregular, became constant and heavy, and soon the enemy advanced on the left, in three lines running across the mountain side. Such a resistance as I could offer a force like this, consisting, as the Federal General Thomas, in an official dispatch to his Government says, of Geary's division and two brigades of another corps, was made with my small command, nearly one-third of which was covering a picket line more than a mile in extent. While Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Mississippi regiments, in support of the picket line, were resisting the enemy in the position assigned them (to cover which it had been necessary to take intervals), and when the immense numbers of the enemy had been discovered, the Twenty-seventh, and part of the Twenty-fourth Mississippi regiments were put in position several hundred yards in rear of the picket line, where, being sheltered from the enemy's small arms, and reserving their fire till the regiments and pickets in front had passed behind them in falling back, they delivered a destructive fire upon the advancing lines. The front line wavered, and then was broken at one point, but after falling back a short distance, it soon reformed, and despite my rapid and well directed fire, moved steadily and irresistibly forward, pressing heaviest upon my extreme left. I endeavored in falling back to turn the rocks and irregularities of the ground to the best account, for the protection of the men, and retiring from one position of strength to another, to yield the ground as slowly as possible, with the hope that support (for which I had sent to General Moore) might reach me. Many officers and men were captured, because they held their positions so long as to render escape impossible, the ground in their rear being rugged, rocky and covered with fallen timber.

My command being greatly sheltered, were enabled to inflict upon the enemy, as he advanced, a loss far greater than it sustained.

By 12 o'clock M., or about that time, and two and a half or three hours after the first picket firing began, I was driven to the ridge which runs down the Northern slope of the mountain, and here, with three companies of sharpshooters from the Twenty-fourth Mississippi regiment, which had previously been posted there

(and afterwards strengthened by another from the same regiment), I made an effort to retard the enemy's progress till the remainder of my command, including the pickets on the right, then in charge of Colonel J. A. Campbell, Twenty-seventh Mississippi regiment, could pass across the Northern slope of the mountain. The slope was commanded by the casemated batteries on Moccasin point, from which my command was constantly sheltered, from the time the slope was reached till they had passed across it. This passage was effected, in part, by means of a rifle pit, designed for the double purpose of a covered way and defence against an attack from a Northern direction, which runs across that part of the slope west of Craven's house, the sharpshooters on the ridge meanwhile resisting the enemy's advance as far as they were able, being themselves subjected to a heavy fire from the Moccasin guns.

After passing Craven's house, between half-past twelve and one o'clock P. M., or about that time, I dispatched a staff officer to Brigadier-General-Commanding to advise him of my movements. Most of my picket line to the right of the railroad bridge (which had been forced back upon the reserves in the rifle pits, at the foot of the mountain, and there were unable to check the force opposing them) were cut off, including the efficient officer in charge of it—an ineffectual effort having been made, as soon as the enemy began to overwhelm me on the left, to retire it up the steep mountain side, before the advancing lines, sweeping along the west side of the mountain, could occupy the slope near Craven's house.

The only pathway leading from the right of the picket line to Craven's house, ran up the creek to a point near the railroad bridge, and then obliquely in its general direction across the side of the mountain to the northern slope, forming an acute angle near the bridge. When the left was forced back, this angle was possessed by the enemy, and then the picket force on the right had to be withdrawn up a rugged, steep, broken, rocky and difficult passage, even for a footman at leasure.

The character of the ground making it impossible to communicate through mounted men with different parts of the line, the overwhelming force of the enemy, the advantageous positions of his batteries beyond the creek, the extent and direction of my picket line, and the fact that my only outlet, when forced to retire, was across a point commanded by the Moccasin guns, all assisted to create confusion, in the withdrawal of my command, to a point on the east side of the mountain, without the direct range of the enemy's guns.

The point selected was about four hundred yards from the Craven house; there my line extending from the road up to the cliff. About 1 o'clock P. M., I checked the enemy's advance, which was heaviest on my left, and was soon informed that reinforcements would be sent to me by a staff officer of Brigadier-General Commanding. In the course of half an hour or three-quarters, Brigadier-General Pettus came up with his command in fine order, and

moved promptly upon the line I occupied, engaging the enemy at once and with spirit, and enabling me to withdraw my command and replenish my ammunition, then well-nigh exhausted, from my ordnance train, which I had ordered up to the road in my rear. This done, I formed my command, under cover, immediately in his rear for his support at such point as it might be needed. Soon afterwards, through one of his staff officers, he requested me to send him support on his left, and I immediately ordered Colonel Brantley, Twenty-ninth Mississippi regiment, with his own regiment, Thirtieth Mississippi, and a small detachment of the Thirty-fourth, to support this part of the line, and in a few moments the remainder of my command was moved up to strengthen the line, which along its whole length was hotly engaged. I directed Colonel Brantley to advance his left as far as it could be done without leaving an interval between his line and the cliff, so as to get the benefit of an oblique fire upon the line which was pressing upon us. This order was executed with that officer's usual promptness. In the meantime orders were received from Major-General Stevenson, through Major Ingram, of the staff of Brigadier-General Commanding, to hold the line then occupied till reinforcements should arrive, when an advance would be made, and the forces on the mountain would co-operate; and from Brigadier-General Commanding, through a staff officer, that the position would be held as long as possible, and if forced to retire, that I could fall back up the mountain. Later in the evening an order reached me from the latter to hold my position, if possible, till ordered to retire.

General Pettus' command and my own held the position all the afternoon (during the most of which time it was so hazy and misty that objects could not be well distinguished except at a short distance), and until long after nightfall, when, having been relieved by Colonel Holtzclaw, with his brigade, I withdrew my command to the road leading down the mountain road in the rear, and there remained till about 11 o'clock, when, under orders from Major-General Cheatham, I moved my command to McFarland's spring, where it passed the remainder of the night.

At no time during this prolonged struggle, whose object was to prevent the occupation by the enemy, first, of the important point near Craven's house, and afterwards the only road down the mountain leading from Major-General Stevenson's position to the main body of the army, did I have the benefit of my division commander's personal presence. Reference has been made to such orders as reached me from him after I was relieved, and while awaiting orders to move, I saw him for the first time, on his way, as he told me, to see the General-in-Chief.

The casualties in my command cannot be correctly reported, inasmuch as the killed, and many of the wounded, fell into the enemy's hands. The accompanying list, to which I respectfully refer, only shows among the killed and wounded such as were known certainly to be so, and cannot, for want of positive infor-

mation, embrace a large number, particularly of the pickets and their reserves on the right, who are supposed to have fallen, as they were long subjected to a very heavy fire from both artillery and small arms, but of whose loss, further than they fell into the enemy's hands, no report can be had.

I regret that, for want of a competent person to prepare one, I am unable to submit an accurate map of the ground I occupied, and its surroundings, as it would contribute greatly to a perfect understanding of movements and events as related.

No copies of the dispatches forwarded during the morning having been retained, and as I am unable to obtain such now, I have been compelled to refer to them from memory. The officers and men of my command, with a few exceptions, did their duty well in this engagement; but it is due in particular to commend Colonel W. F. Brantley, Twenty-ninth Mississippi regiment, and Lieutenant-Colonel R. P. Mackelvaine, Twenty-fourth Mississippi regiment, for the skill, activity, zeal and courage, I have ever observed in them under similar circumstances, but which, in an especial degree, signalized their action on this occasion. The latter officer was not with his regiment during the engagement west of the mountain, having been previously assigned to duty on the picket line, where he rendered me important aid. Major John Ingram, Assistant Adjutant-General to Brigadier-General Commanding, was with me during most of the afternoon, and I am pleased here to signify my high appreciation of his gallantry, and the valuable assistance I received at his hands, in his bearing my orders and otherwise. To Lieutenants James C. Harrison, Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and George M. Govern, Assistant Inspector-General of my own staff, I am indebted for the promptness, gallantry and efficiency with which all their duties upon the field were discharged.

I submit herewith the reports of regimental commanders, showing many details not incorporated herein.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

E. C. Walthall, *Brigadier-General.*

The Battle of Williamsburg and the Charge of the Twenty-fourth Virginia of Early's Brigade.

By Colonel R. L. Maury.

The Immortal Twenty-fourth.—The Yankee General Hancock said that the Fifth North Carolina and the Twenty-fourth Virginia, for their conduct in battle before Williamsburg, ought to have this word inscribed upon their banners. The Twenty-fourth in the fight of yesterday vindicated its title to this honor. * * * *.—*Richmond Enquirer*, *June* 2, 1862.

The narratives of Colonel Bratton, of the Sixth South Carolina, and of Colonel McRae, of the Fifth North Carolina, published in the *Papers* of the Southern Historical Society for June and August last, describing the charge made by a small part of Early's brigade [the Twenty-fourth Virginia, supported by the Fifth North Carolina] at Williamsburg, upon a redoubt on our extreme left, defended by General Hancock with five regiments and ten guns, affords a proper occasion to record an account of the achievements there of the Twenty-fourth Virginia infantry, which bore the principal part in that action. This regiment opened the attack, drove the enemy before it, although his force was eight or ten times theirs, silenced his fire, and having advanced within twenty yards of the redoubt, was only stopped by orders from the division commander. Its daring and its dash won from the Major-General (D. H. Hill) this hearty commendation: "The courage exhibited by the Fifth North Carolina and the Twenty-fourth Virginia made too a wonderful impression upon the Yankees, and doubtless much of the caution exhibited in their subsequent movements was due to the terror inspired by the heroism of these noble regiments. History has no example of a more daring charge. * * * * * It contributed largely to detain McClellan, to demoralize his troops and to secure our retreat from a vigorous and harassing pursuit." And the commander of the forces attacked, General Hancock, declared that it should bear the word "immortal" upon its banner forever.

The authors of the narratives referred to have failed to give this regiment the exceedingly prominent and conspicuous place in that charge to which accident and its own valor entitle it. The charge of Early's brigade was the charge of the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and the enemy's whole resistance was directed against its attack. This is evidenced by the fact that its whole heavy loss was incurred in its advance, while the Fifth North Carolina, the only other regiment of the brigade in the fight, in its gallant *advance*

to support these Virginians, suffered scarcely at all, although in *returning* its losses were perhaps heavier. The writer, therefore, formerly Colonel of these sturdy mountaineers [at that time Major and commanding during the latter part of the action—Colonels Terry and Hairston having been wounded], feels that his duty to his gallant comrades, who so freely shed their blood on every field from Manassas to Appomattox, demands that he should show their title to the pre-eminence won by their valiant deeds in the estimation of friend and foe, and preserve in lasting memorial the proofs thereof. The more so, perhaps, because, owing chiefly to the active campaign upon which it then entered, no report or description, so far as known, of the part taken by this regiment at Williamsburg, has ever been made. None of the writer's superior officers witnessed the entire fight, for all were wounded before its close, and being himself wounded a few weeks afterwards at Seven Pines, he made no detached report of the Williamsburg charge. A very thrilling account was published by the newspapers of the day of the part taken by the Fifth North Carolina, which attracted much attention and is now on record; so that the future historian, unless a careful critic as well, finding no description of the charge of the Virginians, would naturally conclude that they bore but a subordinate part.

The Twenty-fourth Virginia infantry was one of the very first organized of the Virginia regiments. It was composed of companies raised in the mountain counties of Southwest Virginia, and as General Early was its first colonel, it was, particularly in the first days of the war, often spoken of as Early's regiment. It was formed in June, 1861, at Lynchburg, and proceeded forthwith to Manassas, where its Colonel was soon given a brigade, to which this regiment was attached. The appearance of this brigade upon the enemy's left flank at Manassas is stated by General Beauregard to have been the signal for the giving way of his line and the commencement of his flight.

The regiment remained encamped near Union mills during the following winter, picketing the railroad near Burk's and Fairfax stations, and in the spring moved with the army to the Rappahannock and then down on the Peninsula. When it reached the Yorktown lines, it mustered for duty some seven hundred muskets. Its field officers were Colonel William R. Terry, of Bedford, promoted from captain of cavalry for gallantry at Manassas, a dashing soldier of many a battle whose scars he bears to this day; Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Hairston, of Henry, a very Bayard in looks

and bearing, who was desperately wounded in the forefront of the charge at Williamsburg, and Major Richard L. Maury, of Richmond, the writer.

The regiment served with increasing distinction from Manassas to Appomattox Courthouse. In the van at the former, it was also at the post of duty and honor at the latter, where its few ragged, battle scarred, limping survivors, heroes of a hundred victories, with hearts still as stout and courage as high as ever, with the writer, then their Colonel, laid down those bright muskets and gleaming bayonets which had been so eagerly seized just four years before to defend the rights and liberties of their dear Virginia, and with which so well had they done their *devoir* that even in submission the world admired and all brave hearts applauded their dauntless deeds.

At odd times, when the Army of Northern Virginia was inactive, the brigade of which this regiment formed part—and which, from its earliest engagements, seemed to have attracted the attention of its commanders and gained their special confidence—went to Suffolk, North Carolina and Drury's Bluff in successful quests of glory and renown. After it was reorganized in 1862, Kemper commanded it, and Pickett was its Major-General until the sad disaster at Five Forks (1865).

At Yorktown Early held the lines just outside the village. Outnumbered as the Confederates were, the incessant duty necessarily imposed upon them in picketing, skirmishing and constant watching by night and day without relief, was wearing and arduous in the extreme. The weather was wet, the troops without shelter, the trenches full of mud and water and the supplies but scant. This exposure and hardship, greater than they had ever borne and so different from their snug quarters at Manassas, was quickly followed by sickness and disease, so that during the three weeks in the Yorktown trenches the seven hundred muskets of the Twenty-fourth Virginia were reduced to something like five hundred effectives.

On the retreat to Williamsburg, commencing the night of May 3d, Early's brigade was the rear guard—and the Twenty-fourth, being the left regiment, brought up the rear of all—the most fatiguing place, as every soldier knows, of the whole line of march.

All this was truly an ill preparation for the desperate charge to be set before them so soon; but let it not be forgotten in reckoning the glory of their deeds.

The horrible roads are well remembered even now by all who passed them on that dark and rainy night. There had been constant rains for weeks and ceaseless use of every highway all the while. The mud and water were ankle and sometimes knee deep, and infantry were often called to help the weary horses drag wagons and artillery from holes and ruts in which the wheels had sunk up to the very axles. So the march was tedious and dragging and slow. The men fell asleep on the wayside as they halted for a moment, and sometimes not a mile in an hour was made. Thus morning found them scarcely half way to Williamsburg [fourteen miles], and midday had long gone by ere the rear passed through the gray old town, and, weary and jaded, were allowed to take whatever of rest a halt in an open field a mile or so beyond and a tentless bivouac in the pelting rain might afford. Supperless but not to sleep they lay upon the soaking ground that night, and without breakfast, weary, wet and hungry, but jolly in spirits, they are ready at daylight to resume their march.

General Johnston had no intention of tarrying at Williamsburg, nor was the place defensible, for the enemy now had control of both James and York rivers on either flank and intended to push Franklin's division (30,000), kept on transports below Yorktown so as to move in a minute, rapidly up the York to West Point in the vain hope of getting in our rear. Our orders were that Magruder should not halt at all and that the other divisions should take up their march to the Chickahominy at early dawn—Longstreet being in the rear. So Smith moved on at day, then the trains followed, and Hill's infantry were filing into the road when orders came to halt and then to return to town.

The enemy's van had come up and was disposed to skirmish with the rear guard—fresh troops were arriving every moment—there was no time to wait to deliver a regular battle, for Franklin was already sailing up the York—but our trains were not well away and 'twas deemed prudent for Hill to tarry as Longstreet might need aid; doubtless, too, General Johnston was not unwilling to turn and deal the enemy a blow to show how little demoralization his backward movement created, and how, though in retreat, his men were quite as ready and as able too to fight as when on a victorious advance. Thus Hill's trains went on, but his infantry and some artillery returned to Williamsburg and the former stacked their arms upon the college green and passed the day in waiting and expectancy, while the rain still fell and fell.

Longstreet was being pressed more vigorously, the skirmish was becoming a fight just beyond the town and could be distinctly heard by all, and wounded and ambulances and prisoners passed frequently by. Every one looked for orders to the front each moment; amid such scenes and sounds the tension of expectation and excitement was most intense; meantime evening, dark, gloomy and cloudy, drew slowly on, when, suddenly, about three o'clock galloped up the looked for courier. "Move quickly to the support of Longstreet," said he.

And now were seen a series of blunders by generals which, as often after, the priceless lives of our gallant soldiers were sacrificed to correct, and which in this brilliant Williamsburg charge caused the useless slaughter of the very flower of Early's brigade—for though it need never have been made, yet it ought to have been a grand success, and to have resulted in the easy capture of Hancock's whole command, had due precaution been taken before commencing the attack and proper skill displayed in arranging, conducting and supporting it after it had been commenced. To make this clear one should recall the surrounding circumstances.

The prudent forethought of General J. B. Magruder, who, with his troops, had so successfully held the lines from Yorktown to Mulberry island since the war began, had caused the construction of a cordon of redoubts just below Williamsburg, running entirely across the Peninsula from Queen's creek of York to James river. Commencing near Saunder's pond on the York side near where the road crosses it, this line runs northwest for a mile or more, in which space are three redoubts; then due west some three hundred yards, passing another to Fort Magruder with several outlying smaller works, and thence westwardly in an irregular course, skirting a stream and swamp, some two miles more, passing six redoubts to the road leading to Allen's wharf on Jame river. The centre of this line was Fort Magruder, a large, well constructed closed earthwork, located about one mile from Williamsburg on the main road running down the Peninsula, which, just beyond, falks into the Yorktown and the Warwick roads.

The redoubts to the right, on the James river side, were all occupied by Longstreet's division, which relieved Hill—guarding the rear on the 4th—and whose obvious duty was to cover all the lines on which the enemy could advance. But this was not done; for on the morning of the 5th none of these left works were occu-

pied in force, and only one or two of the nearest even with pickets.*

Thus the left of the Confederate line of works, like that of the English at Preston Pass, was undefended, and one of the few passes across the swamps stretching along its front remained entirely open to the enemy. The redoubt constructed expressly to guard this passage seems not to have been considered worth a thought in the morning, when it could have been occupied without a loss, while in the eveningtime the lives of hundreds of the best of soldiers were thrown away in a fruitless attempt to regain it.

Why were these redoubts not occupied? They were constructed for just such an occasion; for it was well known that the Yorktown lines would have to be evacuated sooner or later. General Johnston, in his narrative, pages 122–4, says he knew nothing of them, and so does Longstreet, and Hill, and Anderson, although they were all charged with their defence. Each is in sight from the other, and all are in a continuously open space. McLaws, of Longstreet's division, who occupied this part of the line the afternoon before with Kershaw's and Semmes' brigades, knew of them, for Colonel Marigny, with his Tenth Louisiana, occupied this very work [see McLaws' report of the battle of Williamsburg] until relieved by R. H. Anderson. Colonel Bratton, of the Sixth South Carolina, of Anderson's brigade, whose regiment was posted near the glacis of Fort Magruder, knew of them; for he reported them unoccupied [see his narrative—*Southern Historical Society Papers*, June, 1879]. It would be interesting to know to whom he made this report. He also saw the Yankees later in the day take possession of that on the extreme left. Moreover, all the army had entered this entrenched line at Fort Magruder, and when preparing to defend it, surely common prudence, not to say ordinary generalship, should have suggested the importance of ascertaining the position of its flanks; and it should not have been presumed, as seems to have been done, that so skilful a soldier as General Magruder had constructed but half a line of fortifications. And, indeed, the Commanding-General knew from the time he went to Yorktown, or very soon thereafter, that his army would soon withdraw [see Johnston's narrative, page 116], and this was the only road. It was apparent, too, that at or about Williamsburg would be the first halt, and it was to be expected that the enemy's van would come

* See Colonel Bratton's statement, Southern Historical *Papers*, June, 1879, page 299. General Anderson says in his report: "My not occupying these redoubt was perhaps a mistake, but I did not understand Longstreet's orders to include them."

up with our rear here. If 'twas "prudent to construct these works" [Johnston's narrative], would it not also have been prudent to ascertain their location?

But it is even stranger how Longstreet could have remained in ignorance of them, for they were in actual sight from Fort Magruder, where he must have been both on the 4th and 5th. As McLaws occupied them on the 4th, why did not Anderson, who relieved him, occupy all the posts he occupied? Who relieved Marigny's Tenth Louisiana and how came that relief to be withdrawn afterwards? Can it be that Bratton, who was posted on the Confederate left on the 4th and 5th, relieved Marigny, who occupied this position, and that he was also in fault in not having occupied this left redoubt also? But all these mistakes, growing out of ignorance or carelessness, might have been avoided had General Magruder been assigned to the defence of the rear on that day, for he and his troops were perfectly familiar with the whole country—they had been stationed here all the previous autumn and winter, and had themselves laid out and built these very fortifications.

As the Confederate army entered these lines about noon of the 4th, Longstreet, who led the van, and, by the usual routine, would be in the rear next day, halted just within, while the remainder of the forces marched on past Williamsburg. In the afternoon the enemy's van appeared, driving in the cavalry, and McLaws, with Semmes' and Kershaw's brigades, went back to these lines, and the Yankee van retired. That evening McLaws was relieved, as already said, by R. H. Anderson, commanding the brigades of Anderson and Pryor. In the morning, after much skirmishing, without advantage to the enemy, he appeared on the right in force under Hooker, attacking with spirit, but, though reinforced by Kearney, he was pressed back, driven and almost routed.* Here was fighting pretty much all day, but night found Longstreet holding his position, while the enemy seemed cured of any desire to again molest the Confederate rear.†

* Testimony before Congressional Committee on Conduct of War. Part I, pages 353-556.

† On the retreat the van of to-day is the rear guard to-morrow. Such was the custom of the Army of Northern Virginia—and Longstreet having led the first day, was rear guard the second. Was he in *front* at starting because General Johnston had found him, as afterwards General Lee did, "slow to move," and therefore started him first? Possibly, for the evacuation of the Yorktown lines had been ordered on a previous night, and D. H. Hill had moved out bag and baggage at the appointed time for a mile or more, but was then halted until nearly day, and then ordered back to his former position. Fortunately the enemy had not discovered his absence—a bit of rare good luck not to have been expected. It was then currently reported that the waiting had been for Longstreet, and as he had not moved out in time for the army to get well away before dawn, it was necessary to return.

Sumner, with 30,000 men, had also come up early on the 5th, but had sat quietly down across the Yorktown road, just out of sight and range. Although in command—for McClellan seems to have considered that the position for the general-in-chief on a pursuit was fifteen miles in rear, and had remained below Yorktown*—he took no part in what was going on around him; and though importuned for aid by both Hooker and Kearney, who were "almost routed," he declined to part with a man; and when Hancock, finding the empty redoubt on the left, ventured into it, he actually commanded him to return. In fact, he seems to have forgotten that he was in pursuit of what was described as a flying and demoralized enemy, and though himself in command, and holding the van, his chief object on finding the foe seems to have been to let him well alone.

Not so Hancock, one of his subordinates, who was made of sterner stuff, and who had other views of the duties of pursuers of a flying foe; for on the morning of the 5th, between 10 and 11 o'clock, leaving Sumner at Whittaker's, full half a mile or more from the nearest Confederate line, he takes his own brigade and part of Naglee's—five regiments—and ten guns, in all probably over 4,000 men, and learning that one of the redoubts on the extreme left of the Confederate line was unoccupied, he crosses Saunders' pond and marches into it, and then, in the language of the Comte de Paris, "seeing no enemy, he fearlessly proceeded to march into the next." But on approaching it, he perceives Bratton, with part of his Sixth South Carolina, preparing to oppose him, whereupon, although in far greater force, he halts, falls back, and calls for aid. But Sumner seems to have been in no mood to detain the "flying foe," and orders Hancock to retire. The latter, well knowing the lucky prize he had found, determined to stay; so falling back from the "fearless advance," spoken of by the Comte de Paris, to the redoubt he first occupied, he makes his dispositions for a stand, and Bratton, with commendable care, that might well have been imitated that day by others of higher rank, extends a line of pickets from his main body across Hancock's front and into the woods beyond. The latter gets his guns into battery, and occasionally throws a chance shot or shell here and there at a venture, but with but little damage, if any. Thus the day wore on. Towards evening, this artillery fire becoming somewhat annoying to Fort Ma-

*Evidence of Governor Sprague and others before Congressional Committee on Conduct of War.

gruder, 'tis said, although Hancock showed no signs of making use of the position he had stumbled upon, which, in fact, was the key to the entire Confederate line, and opened to the enemy a road to Williamsburg, as well as to Longstreet's rear, D. H. Hill and Early, anxious to have a share in the day's work, asked and obtained leave to assault General Hancock and drive him away. There appears to have been no necessity for this, however, for Hancock's fire had done no damage all day, and was not more harmful now—the fighting was well-nigh over—and he himself was preparing to fall back further for the night. (See Hancock's report, battle of Williamsburg.) The Confederates had beaten off every attack made upon them, and the whole line was to be abandoned before morning. Nevertheless the leave was given, with a charge from General Johnston "to be careful."

Forthwith Hill brings his command to the front. Early's brigade, eager for the first of a hundred battles, coming from the college green at the double-quick through the narrow streets of the old historic town, where the cheers and the tears of the women and the maidens at doors and windows waving adieux as they pass so quickly by, and the unaccustomed sight of dead, wounded and prisoners brought up from the field to which they were hurrying, the rapid motion, the galloping of artillery, couriers and staff, with all the burning excitement of the approach to battle, sent the blood coursing through their veins, which tingles even now as but the memory of it all flushes the cheek and brightens the eye, though eighteen long years have passed away.

The brigade hurries half a mile or more down the Yorktown road, files short to the left, passes through a newly plowed, soft and muddy field half a mile further, and forming into line behind a wood, which screens from sight all beyond, breathless, hot and heavy of foot from rapid motion over such a ground, halts and prepares to load. Thus formed, it consists of the following regiments, counting from the right: The Fifth and Twenty-third North Carolina, commanded respectively by Colonels Duncan K. McRae and Hoke; and the Thirty-eighth and Twenty-fourth Virginia, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Powhatan B. Whittle and Colonel William R. Terry; the Twenty-fourth Virginia being thus on the left, and the Fifth North Carolina on the right. This brigade is assigned to the attack, and the remainder of the division—the brigades of Rodes, Featherston and Rains, with the second company of Richmond howitzers—is held in reserve close by. Major-

General D. H. Hill will lead and takes special charge of the right wing, the two North Carolina regiments; and the Virginians, of the left, will be led by General Early.

Regardless of the rule which places commanding officers in *rear* of the line in a charge, Early, with his staff, takes position in *front* of his old regiment, the Twenty-fourth, and its field-officers, all mounted, do likewise. The order is given to load and then to fix bayonets—and the guns are loaded and the bayonets fixed. In a few words, Early, addressing his men, says they are to assault and capture a battery "over there," pointing to the woods—and grimly adding, that their safest place, after getting under fire, will be at the very guns themselves, advises all to get there as quickly as possible. Expectation is on tiptoe, and many a gallant heart, in generous emulation, resolves to be the first to reach these guns. With only these few moments of halt to regain breath, the order is given to march, and the line moves forward.*

The generals did not know the position of the redoubt to be attacked, nor even its exact direction from where the line was formed; yet no skirmishers were thrown forward to discover it, nor was any proper reconnoissance made.† The latter might easily have been done, for from the point where Bratton was with the Sixth South Carolina, he had a view of the whole field, and his pickets extended from his redoubt into the woods whence Early's brigade was soon to emerge. But these ordinary precautions do not seem to have been thought of, and the Major-General, arranging his forces to attack a strong enemy in a strong position, only to be approached across a large open boggy field (in his report he says it was half a mile wide), without knowledge of their numbers or location, and without reconnoissance or skirmishes, sounded the charge and ordered the advance. The disposition of the supports were made with equal lack of skill, for the three additional brigades and the battery of artillery, as brave and gallant soldiers as ever fired a gun, though close at hand, were never brought upon the field at all, and the attack failed for want of their aid. They were ample for the purpose, for they outnumbered the foe, and were quite sufficient to have captured General Hancock and his five regiments

* This little halt was even briefer for the writer and his part of the regiment than for the other portions of the brigade. In the run down from Williamsburg, the line had become open and much extended. The Twenty-fourth Virginia was in the rear, and the writer's part of it in rear of all; so that when the halt was made, and line of battle formed, it was the last to get into position, and had barely time to load before the march forward began.

† Colonel Bratton's narrative, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, June, 1879, pages 299-300. Colonel McRae's narrative, *Southern Historical Society Papers*, August, 1879, page 364.

and ten guns, one and all, who were far in advance of General Sumner, and who could only retreat by a narrow road over Saunders' pond.

From all this want of generalship, skill and care, arose great confusion and greater misfortune. Not knowing exactly the location of the point of attack, it was scarcely possible that the line of battle would be properly arranged with regard to it, and so it happened; for when at last it came in sight of the enemy, instead of the centre being opposite the point attacked, as should have been, with the line moving directly upon it, the extreme left (the left of the Twenty-fourth Virginia) was opposite the battery, and the remainder of the brigade away off to the right, and moving in a direction across the enemy's front. These sturdy old musketeers—some of whom were not inapt military scholars, and by dint of comparing notes, careful observation, and an occasional book or two, had learned as well how a battle should be set in order as many a general officer—understood from the advance being thus commenced without skirmishers, and from General Early's little address before starting, that they were as close upon the position to be attacked as could be, that the charge commenced then and there, that the battery to be taken was just over the wood, a hundred yards distant perhaps, and that they would fall upon the foe in a moment.

With this impression upon their minds, it was difficult to restrain the impatient valor and restlessness of the men as they moved off, but still they advanced across the field steadily, and, preserving their alignment well, though with more rapid step, they entered the woods. Here the miry ground, the dense and tangled undergrowth, dripping with wet, and the large fallen timber, somewhat impaired the line, which increasing excitement, running higher every moment, which was thought would bring them under fire, rendered it difficult for the officers to correct. Still every one pressed forward with all the strength he had left; there was no halting, only greater speed, though every moment less breath and more fatigue. But no enemy is seen yet. They have left the field whence they started, they have traversed the tangled woods down the hill, across a county road, into the forest again and up another slope, but heavy, weary, breathless, and almost broken down, and still no foe is found, although half a mile and more has been passed. But now light appears ahead, the trees are thinner, and a large open field is seen towards the right and in front. It is there

that the redoubt and the battery and the enemy must be. The glorious Virginians press forward towards it, and in a moment more are on the edge of the opening, seeing before them, like a picture, the cordon of Confederate redoubts stretching away to Fort Magruder; that on the extreme left, directly in face of the left of the Twenty-fourth Virginia, is occupied by the enemy, whose entire force of five regiments and ten guns are well advanced in the field directly in front of it. As yet the Confederates have not been noticed. Ah! why were not these brave spirits marched quietly to this point and formed, where all could have seen and clearly understood the work before them! then indeed would it have been done, and well done, and done quickly.

The enemy is seen for the first time; for the first time is seen the battery to be taken. His line faces rather to the southwest, while the advance is from the west. Owing to the unfortunate manner in which the attack was arranged, the Twenty-fourth alone sights the enemy, is much nearer to him, and issues from the woods some time before any other part of the brigade. Immediately upon seeing the Yankees, they spring forward into the open with renewed energy, and remembering the address of Early, who is riding just before them, they press heartily onwards to lose not a moment in closing with those ten guns and four thousand muskets of General Winfield Hancock.

But the wild advance, at such a foolish speed, and over such a heavy ground, had brought disorder on the line. The two middle regiments are not to be seen, and do not issue from the woods at all during the entire action, while the right regiment, Colonel McRae's, does not reach the open until the Twenty-fourth Virginia had been well engaged for some time and was driving the enemy back; and when it does enter the field, 'tis far to the right where no enemy was, and, in fact, in rear of Bratton's line.

Thus, as it leaves the woods, the Twenty-fourth Virginia, alone and unsupported, with both flanks in the air, finds itself confronted by ten guns, defended by five regiments of infantry, with a strong redoubt in their rear. Clinging instinctively to the skirt of woods bordering the field on its left flank, so as to mask its weakness as well as might be, and opening out its files as far as possible to cover the foe's five regiments, these fearless mountaineers break at once into the double-quick and charge with a wild cheer that thrills through every heart. At once they are heavily engaged. In opening their files, several of the largest companies on the right

became detached, and mistaking the redoubt held by Bratton for the objective point, rushed towards it.* But the remainder go straight on, and the brunt of the affair falls upon the left wing, led by the writer, they being closest to and moving directly upon the foe, and receiving the fire both from front and flank. The advanced force delivered a steady volley at most uncomfortably short range and then give way, retreating towards the redoubt. As they retire, the guns, which have already been hurried back, again open; and these Virginians, but a portion of the Twenty-fourth regiment, weary and breathless, already shattered by shot and shell, receive Hancock's whole fire of musketry, shell, grape and canister, as, pressing over the field with undaunted courage, they approach nearer and nearer the foe. None halt or hesitate, but all rush forward with a vigor hardly to be paralleled and now with a silence that would do honor to the first veterans on record, though to many 'tis their first fight. A spirit of death or victory animates every bosom; and mindful of Early's advice, each one anxious to be the first at these guns, they still press on, not so quickly, perhaps, as they would have done had they not been exhausted by their run through field and forest, but still without delay, and the enemy all the while gives way before them, though some of his regiments tarry longer than others.

The leaden hail was fearful; it poured in from front and either flank, and for the first time was heard the barbarous explosive bullet which the Yankees introduced and used. The artillery, too, was well served, and soon both grape and canister were cutting through the wheat with a terribly suggestive sound, carrying down many a brave spirit, and men and officers fell dead and wounded on every side. Yet the advance is maintained; down a slope first, and up again on the further side—still on and on. The regiment soon finds that it is alone; it knows that "some one has blundered," and marvels that the supports are nowhere seen, and that the Major-General, with his part of the brigade, does not appear. Still none falter or cast a look behind. They are pressing the enemy well back, though receiving deadly wounds meantime, for his attention is engrossed by this attack, and the Virginians are drawing his

* This separation furnishes the explanation of part of Colonel Bratton's somewhat involved account of this affair in the *Historical Society Papers* for June, 1879. He speaks of the "Twenty-fourth regiment" and of "Early's regiment" as if they were two regiments, mistaking these companies thus separated for a distinct regiment. The officer he speaks of as Lieutenant-Colonel Early was doubtless the gallant Captain Sam. Henry Early, of General Early's staff.—R. L. M.

whole fire. Gray-haired old Coltraine, of Carrol, that gallant, staunch old soldier, is well in front, his colors already pierced with many a bullet, and men and officers press quickly on unchecked by the murderous fire directed upon them. The ground is soft and yielding; the wheat half knee high, drenched with rain, clings heavily to the legs, and many trip and stumble and sometimes fall. The flag staff is shattered, but Coltraine grasps the staff and cheerily waves the siken folds in front. Away to the right is seen the gallant Fifth North Carolina coming up at the double-quick to our aid, led by that *preaux chevalier*, Colonel Duncan McRae, his horse briskly trotting in advance. A cheer bursts forth and all take heart and still press forward. But the Virginians are much nearer the redoubt, and the enemy, regardless of the approaching supports, still concentrated all their fire upon this devoted band, and with terrible effect. Early's horse has been shot, and in another moment he himself receives a wound, the effect of which his bended form still shows. Terry, too, that gallant leader, ever in the van of many an after battle, has gotten the first of frequent shots full in the face, and the dauntless Hairston also goes down desperately wounded; so the writer, then but a youth, finds himself for the first time in command of his regiment, and the only mounted officer there.* Captains Jennings and Haden, and Lieutenant Mansfield, too, the bravest of all these braves, lie dead upon the ground. Lieutenant Willie Radford, soldier and scholar, has freely given up his young life, so full of bloom and promise, in defence of home and dear native land, and lies with his face up to heaven and his feet to the foe, his noble brow, so lately decked with University honors, now pale and cold in death, and his Captain [afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel Bently], ever present in the field from Manassas even to Appomattox, fell bleeding by his side many yards in front of their company, and Captain Lybrock and Lieutenant Shockley, too, fall wounded to the earth. But no pause is made. Ten minutes—fifteen—have passed while they cross that field of blood, and every other man is down. But the supports are approaching; not all the rest of the brigade, as was expected—or a part of the division, fresh and in order—but only a single regiment, the gallant Fifth North Carolina, who, seeing what odds the Virginians were fighting, had, as soon as it emerged into the field and found no enemy confronting them, sought leave to march towards

* The Fifth North Carolina, with all its mounted officers, had not yet gotten up to the more advanced position of the Twenty-fourth Virginia.

the firing and were now hastening to an awful destruction in their zeal to share that glorious field. The enemy, too, fall back more quickly as they see reinforcements coming up, and run into and behind the redoubt, to which they have all retreated now. Confusion has seized upon them there, for the Virginians are within twenty yards and show no signs of halting. The fire of the enemy slackens, and as their assailants reach the fence of substantial rails with a rider, ceases entirely. The order to their artillery to "cease firing" and "limber up" is distinctly heard, and some of the guns are actually run off; the infantry, too, are in great tumult, their bayonets seem tangled and interlocked, some run into the fort, many make off to the rear, and voices calling to others to halt and stand steady are clearly heard. In a word, General Winfield Hancock's five regiments and ten guns have been attacked and driven in by a single Virginia regiment, and are now on the point of being routed.

As the Twenty-fourth gains the fence just spoken of, the enemy having ceased firing entirely, it pauses a moment to breathe and reform its scattered line, preparatory to a last dash—no man thinks of turning back, for the enemy is retreating before them—and here, too, now are their gallant comrades fresh and eager for a share in the struggle. While the men were in the act of climbing this fence, the writer seeking a gap where his horse could pass, Adjutant McRae communicated to him General Hill's order to retire immediately; whereupon, anticipating that the enemy would reform and open with terrible effect at such short range as soon as the backward movement was perceived, the regiment was obliqued into the woods upon which its left flank rested, and, retiring thus under cover, came off without further damage.

Not so its gallant comrades, who, having advanced with but little loss, and just rectified their alignment behind the fence, were now in perfect line right under the enemy's guns. Their retreat was across a broad, open field; and as they faced about, the foe, quickly rallying and reforming, more than five or six times their number, hurled shot and shell through their devoted ranks with awful destruction. The retreat was the signal for slaughter, and, as Colonel McRae says, the regiment "was scarcely harmed at all *till* the retreat began"—the loss was desperate in a few moments afterwards. [*Southern Historical Society Papers*, August, 1879, page 362.] Before they recrossed that fearful field, the best blood of all the Old North State fed the fresh young wheat at their feet, and a hundred Carolina homes were cast into direful mourning and distress.

And all for what? Had the regiments been allowed to go on, the redoubt would have been captured without further loss, and held until some one had thought of reinforcing them with part of the three remaining brigades of the division, or with the other two regiments of their own brigade, all of whom were within a thousand yards. If McRae had not come up, and by sending his Adjutant back, furnished the Major-General with a ready messenger, by whom to order the troops to retire, it seems that the Twenty-fourth regiment would have been left, as had already been done, to press forward alone until it reached the works, into which a few might have gotten, as they afterwards did at Gettysburg, in the great charge of Pickett's division, where, by a singular coincidence, the line attacked was in charge of this same General Hancock. Then, as at Williamsburg, a handful left to dash themselves to atoms upon the enemy's entrenchments, while abundant support, stood quietly by and watched the fruitless onslaught.

Well, indeed, might friend and foe write highest laudations of so gallant a charge! rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in all the resplendent record of that ever glorious army. The blow thus delivered, at the very opening of that memorable campaign, not only stunned the enemy—who never attacked again on the Peninsula!—but furnished the whole army with an inspiring example, which could not but have an admirable effect.

The glowing language of General Hill's report has already been cited. Colonel (now General) Bratton, who was an eye-witness of the whole affair [although he seems to have had but a confused recollection of the regiments engaged], says: "The Twenty-fourth Virginia meantime emerged from the wood nearer the enemy than my redoubt, and moved in fine style upon them. * * * I have never on any field, during the war, seen more splendid gallantry exhibited than on that field at Williamsburg." [*Southern Historical Society Papers*, June, 1879, pages 301–2.] And a captain of Her Majesty's Scotch Fusileers, who was in Hancock's redoubt, and saw the charge, made himself known next day to Dr. George T. Harrison, Surgeon of the Twenty-fourth, left at Williamsburg to attend the wounded, saying that he did so because he understood the Doctor belonged to the Twenty-fourth Virginia, and he desired to tell him that during his entire Crimean experience, he had never seen more gallantry displayed upon a field of battle.

Nor were the foes unwilling to declare their admiration or to testify to the impression made upon them by these dashing soldiers.

General Hancock declared that they should have "immortal" written upon their banner forever; and although he had, as already said, five regiments of infantry and ten guns—4,000 men—he called loudly and frequently for reinforcements, which, to the extent of three brigades (Smith's two and Naglee's), General McClellan sent him immediately after his arrival from the rear.* The latter considered this action the most important of the entire battle. He made it the chief subject of his first two telegrams to Lincoln, pronouncing Hancock's conduct brilliant in the extreme (his loss was only twenty). And in his official report, written more than a year afterwards, he characterized it as one of the most brilliant engagements of the war, and declared that General Hancock merited the highest praise! So far from pressing the Confederates, as he had boasted he would do, after this day's work he sat quietly down in the ancient borough of Williamsburg, while these same "demoralized and flying" Confederates sauntered up to the Chickahominy at their leasure, pausing on the route to *reorganize* their regiments whose period of service had expired, and to elect their officers! Nor did General McClellan ever again try the experiment of attacking General Johnston's men.

A few days after (May 9, 1862) the following animated account of the charge appeared in the columns of the New York *Herald:*

* * * "From the sharp fire of our skirmishers in the woods on our left, came the first information of a movement in that direction, and thus put all on the alert. * * * The fire grew hotter in the woods, and in a few moments, at a point fully half a mile away from the battery, the enemy's men began to file out of the cover and form in the open field. It was a bold and proved an expensive way to handle men. Wheeler opened his guns on the instant, and the swath of dead that subsequently marked the course of that brigade across the open field began at that spot. At the same moment also our skirmishers in the field began their fire. Still the enemy formed across the opening with admirable rapidity and precision, and as coolly too as if the fire had been directed elsewhere, and then came on at the double-quick step in three distinct lines†, firing as they came. All sounds were lost for a few moments in the short roar of the field-pieces, and in the scattered rattle and rapid repetition of the musketry. Naturally their fire could do us but little harm under the circumstances, and so we had

*It is noteworthy, that although McClellan's army was in pursuit of a retiring foe, he himself, instead of being in the van, remained below Yorktown, nearly twenty miles away, during the entire fight.—R. L. M.

†A mistake, for the Twenty-fourth Virginia was the only regiment making the attack from this point.—R. L. M.

them at a fair advantage, and every nerve was strained to make the most of it. Still they came on. They were dangerously near. Already our skirmishers on the left had fallen back to their line, and those on the right had taken cover behind the rail fence leading from the house to the woods, whence they blazed away as earnestly as ever. Yet the guns are out there, and they are what these fellows want, and in the next instant the guns are silent. For a moment, in the confusion and smoke, one might almost suppose that the enemy had them, but in a moment more the guns emerge from the safe side of the smoke cloud, and away they go across the open field to a point near the upper redoubt, where they are again unlimbered and play away again. Further back also go the skirmishers.* And now for a moment the Rebels had the partial cover of the farm and out-buildings, but they saw that they had all their work to do over, and so came on again. Once more they are in the open field, exposed to both artillery and musketry, but this time the distance they have to go is not so great, and they move rapidly. There is thus a another dangerous line of infantry; they are near to us, but we are also near to them. Scarcely a hundred yards were between them and the guns,† when our skirmish line became silent. The lines of the Fifth Wisconsin and the Thirty-third New York formed up in close order to the right of the battery, the long range of musket barrels came level, and one terrible volley tore through the Rebel line. In a moment more the same long range of muskets came to another level, the order to charge with the bayonet was given, and away went the two regiments with one glad cheer. Gallant as our foes undoubtedly were, they could not stand that. But few brigades mentioned in history have done better than that brigade did. For a space, generally estimated at three-quarters of a mile, they had advanced under the fire of a splendidly served battery, and with a cloud of skirmishers stretched across their front, whose fire was very destructive, and if, after that, they had not the nerve to meet a line of bayonets that came towards them like the spirit of destruction incarnate, it need not be wondered at. * * * * * *

"This was the fight of the day—a fight that was in itself a hard fought and beautiful battle—a battle in which each side must have learned to respect the courage of the other, and which shed glory on all engaged in it. Different statements have been made as to the enemy's force. * * * It is probable that there were two brigades, or part of two. One of them was Early's, and comprised the Fifth North Carolina and Twenty-fourth Virginia regiments and a Georgia regiment, and dead were found on the field in the uniform of the Louisiana Tigers. It would probably be safe to state their force at three thousand."‡

* The "skirmishers" here spoken of were evidently the main body itself. See General Hancock's official report of the arrangement of his regiments.—R. L. M.

† The artillery, after retiring, had unlimbered again in rear of the redoubt.—R. L. M.

‡ The Twenty-fourth Virginia did not carry as many as six hundred into that charge. The force of the Fifth North Carolina was about the same.—R. L. M.

In General Hancock's official report, it is stated that the retiring regiments abandoned upon the field one of their battle-flags, which his men found and brought in; but this was not the Twenty-fourth's colors; for trusty old Coltraine never losed his grasp upon his precious charge, and having borne it proudly aloft as well in the advance as the retreat, it to-day droops sadly in the library in the capitol at Richmond, faded, tattered and pierced with many a bullet, but pure and unpolluted by touch of hostile hand.

In his first dispatch to Lincoln, General McClellan states that Hancock had repulsed Early's brigade by a real charge with the bayonet, and this statement is again and again repeated, until Mr. Swinton, generally accurate, amplifies upon it thus: "A few of the enemy who approached nearest the fort were bayoneted"—[Army of the Potomac, Swinton, page 116]—and he adds a note: "This is official." Rather a doubtful verification, seeing the exceeding great difference in those days between facts and official accounts thereof.

Now, doubtless, by all the laws of war, five regiments and ten guns, drawn in line on ground of their own selection, when attacked by a single regiment in the open and unsupported, instead of giving back and retreating (some by orders and some without), or even "feigning to retreat," as Mr. Swinton says (page 116), should have held their ground, and when the venturesome regiment came up, quietly taken them prisoners—or, perhaps, they might have sallied out and captured it as it advanced. And similarly when this numerous force, abandoning the position they had chosen, and "feigning to retreat," had run into and behind the redoubt they were set to defend, five regiments and ten guns should not have allowed two, with unsupported flanks, to approach them within twenty or thirty yards, and utterly silence their fire, without giving them a taste of cold steel.

But so in fact it was. And in answer to General McClellan and Mr. Swinton and others, the writer hereof, who led the charge of "those who approached nearest the fort"; who himself approached it as near, or nearer, than any other of the assailants, and there remained for several minutes; who being mounted had ample opportunity of seeing all that transpired in front; who entered the field as soon as any of his regiment, and left it later than all save those poor fellows who lay upon the sod, affirms that so far from any bayonet charge having been made upon the Twenty-fourth Virginia, that, as already stated, its advance was steady and uninterrupted from the commencement of the action till it reached the

fence, and was ordered to retire; that during that advance the enemy was driven all the while before it, till they reached their redoubt, and that, in fact, the latter never advanced a foot while this regiment remained upon the field. Any charge made by them, therefore, must have been after the Twenty-fourth had retired; and if, as Mr. Swinton says, any of those who approached nearest the fort were bayoneted, it must have been after they were dead, wounded or prisoners.

The only approach to the use of the bayonet which the writer saw or heard of on that day (and his opportunities for knowing all that occurred there were of the best), was when Private Kirkbride, of Carroll, frantic at the fall of his brother, ran down a Federal officer (a captain of the Fifth Wisconsin), and was about to plunge his bayonet into him. Hearing the earnest call of the officer for quarter, across the field above the din of battle, and seeing that there was no time to spare if the man was to be saved, the writer galloped to where he was, shouting to Kirkbride to hold. The officer begging to surrender, tendered his sword, and unbuckling the belt, with scabbard and pistol, asked that he might be put under guard forthwith; but was told that there was no time to tarry for his pistol, and no men to spare for his guard, and he had better get to the rear; and Kirkbride and his companion hastened on. This occurred but a short time before the fence was reached and the order was given to retire, so that the Federal soon after found himself with his friends again, some of whom (General Hancock himself among them, it is believed) sent the writer soon after, by exchanged prisoners, hearty acknowledgments and thanks for saving their comrade's life.

General McClellan, with his usual exaggeration when counting Confederate soldiers, reported that Hancock had captured two Colonels, two Lieutenant-Colonels, and killed as many more. As a matter of fact, he captured none, and the only field-officer killed was the heroic Budham, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth North Carolina, a very impersonation of courage itself. They claimed to have killed the writer also; but in this, as in many other statements, they were greatly in error.

RICHARD L. MAURY,
Late Colonel Twenty-Fourth Virginia Infantry.

Strength of Ewell's Division in the Campaign of 1862—Field Returns.

LYNCHBURG, May 3, 1880.

DR. JOHN WILLIAM JONES, *Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

SIR—I have recently obtained from one of my staff officers, who had charge of them, a large number of the official papers of Ewell's division, subsequently commanded by me, and among them I find the official returns of the strength of the division at and before the important campaigns and battles of 1862, in which it participated, and as it happens that these returns are not among those in the Confederate archives at Washington, to which Colonel Taylor had access, and from which he has given abstracts in his "Four Year's with General Lee," I send you herewith abstracts from the returns of the division, which will show its strength in the Valley campaign of 1862, at the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond, and in the campaign of August, 1862, against Pope. The returns of Lawton's brigade, when it joined Ewell's division, will give the means of estimating the strength of that brigade in the Seven Days' Battles, about which some persons appear to be under a great misapprehension.

I send also the official report of General Trimble of the operations of his brigade about Manassas, in August, 1862, which happens not to be published among the reports of the operations of the Army of Northern Virginia for 1862, owing to the fact that the report was written and received after my report of the operations of the division had been sent in. It is an interesting report, and constitutes a valuable contribution to the history of the campaign to which it has reference.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. EARLY.

The monthly returns for Ewell's division for the month of April, 1862, made out on the 1st of May, 1862, when the brigades were stationed at Conrad's store and Swift Run gap, in the Valley, show the following officers and men present for duty:

IN ELZEY'S BRIGADE.

Infantry—General and staff officers		3
Regimental and company officers		58
Quartermasters	3	
Commissaries	1	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	4	
Enlisted men		1,033
Total	8	1,094
Artillery—Officers		3
Enlisted men		84
Total		87

IN TRIMBLE'S BRIGADE.

Infantry—General and staff officers		4
Regimental and company officers		153
Quartermasters	5	
Commissaries	4	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	6	
Enlisted men		2,140
Total	15	2,297
Artillery—Officers		5
Surgeon	1	
Enlisted men		80
Total	1	85

IN TAYLOR'S BRIGADE.

Infantry—Brigade staff (General Taylor and aids absent on leave)		1
Regimental and company officers		124
Quartermasters	3	
Commissaries	4	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	7	
Enlisted men		2,819
Total	14	2,944
Artillery—Officers		5
Enlisted men		73
Total		78

Attached to Ewell's command were the Second and Sixth Virginia cavalry, whose strength present for duty was as follows:

SECOND AND SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Regimental and company officers		54
Quartermasters	1	
Commissaries	2	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	4	
Enlisted men		841
Total	7	895

CONSOLIDATED STRENGTH OF DIVISION FOR DUTY.

Major-General and staff officers		4
Division-quartermaster	1	
Division-commissary	1	
Division-surgeon	1	
Infantry—General and staff officers		8
Quartermasters	9	
Commissaries	9	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	17	
Regimental and company officers		335
Enlisted men		5,992
Artillery—Surgeon	1	
Officers		13
Enlisted men		237
Total strength of Division	38	6,589

Cavalry temporarily attached:

SECOND AND SIXTH VIRGINIA CAVALRY.

Quartermasters	1	
Commissaries	2	
Surgeons and assistant surgeons	4	
Regimental and company officers		54
Enlisted men		841
	45	7,484
		45
Entire force carried into the Valley to the assistance of Jackson, including general and staff officers of all kinds		7,529

Subsequent returns of Elzey's and Trimble's brigades, of the 10th of May, 1862, about ten days before Ewell's junction with Jackson, show that there was a slight diminution in the effective strength of each of these brigades. There is no return of Taylor's brigade of that date, but the return for May, made on the 1st of June, show a diminution of more than 400 in the effective strength

of that brigade. When the division went to the Valley, Elzey's brigade was composed of the Thirteenth Virginia regiment, the First Maryland regiment, and a battery of artillery.

On the 14th of June, 1862, just four days after the battle of Port Republic, the returns then made show the following number of officers and men present for duty in the infantry:

In Elzey's brigade:	
Officers	95
Enlisted men	1,049
In Trimble's brigade:	
Officers	123
Enlisted men	1,049
In Taylor's brigade:	
Officers	106
Enlisted men	1,793
Aggregate	4,967

These are the last returns before the movement to join General Lee in the attack on McClellan. The First Maryland regiment had then been detached from Elzey's brigade, and the Twelfth Georgia, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-first Virginia regiments, had been transferred to it. The Forty-fourth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments, all small regiments at that time, were subsequently transferred to the brigade, and constituted a part of it in the battles around Richmond. The artillery attached to the brigades was absent at Mechum's River depot, to replenish ammunition and get new horses.

The returns for the division, made the 10th and 12th of July, 1862, the first full returns after the Seven Days' Battles, show present for duty, in the infantry:

In Elzey's, then Early's brigade (10th July):	
Officers	115
Enlisted men	1,444
In Trimble's brigade (12th July):	
Officers	100
Enlisted men	1,528
In Taylor's brigade (12th July):	
Officers	67
Enlisted men	1,291
Total	4,545

Elzey's (then Early's) brigade, then consisted of the Twelfth Georgia, and Thirteenth, Twenty-fifth, Thirty-first, Forty-fourth, Fifty-second and Fifty-eighth Virginia regiments, as it had done during the battles.

There was no return for Wheat's battalion, of Taylor's brigade, of that date, but the return for July 20th showed present for duty one officer and one hundred and eleven enlisted men.

The returns for the morning of the 9th of August, 1862, the day of the battle of Cedar Run, show in the division, present for duty:

Infantry—Officers	333
Enlisted men	4,368
Artillery—Officers	10
Enlisted men	226
	4,927

The changes in the organization of the division since the Seven Days' Battles had been the transfer of the Sixteenth Mississippi regiment from Trimble's brigade, the transfer of the Fifth and Fourteenth Louisiana regiments to Taylor's brigade, and the transfer of the Ninth Louisiana from it.

Before the 26th of August, 1862, Lawton's brigade was added to the division, Wheat's battalion of Taylor's brigade was disbanded, and the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment joined Early's brigade, and the returns for that day show in the division, present for duty:

Infantry—Officers	467
Enlisted men	6,646
Artillery—Officers	13
Enlisted men	276
Total	7,402

Lawton's brigade was transferred to the division about the 13th of August, and a return of it for that day shows in its six infantry regiments, present for duty:

Officers	119
Enlisted men	1,922
Total	2,041

And an aggregate present, including extra duty men, sick, &c., of 2,520. Its losses in the Seven Days' Battles amounted to 567.

General I. R. Trimble's Report of Operations of his Brigade from 14th to 29th of August, 1862.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, January 20th, 1863.

Brigadier-General J. A. EARLY, *Commanding Ewell's Division:*

General—In compliance with your request, I furnish you a statement of the operation of my (Seventh) brigade from August 14th to August 29th, the day I was wounded.

August 14th—Marched with army from Liberty mills.

August 15th—Bivouacked on march.

August 16th—Encamped at Clark's mountain.

August 17th, 18th and 19th—Encamped at Clark's mountain.

August 20th—Marched from Clark's mountain and bivouacked at Stephensburg.

August 21st—Bivouacked near Rappahannock river.

August 22d—Marched up south side of river, crossed Hazel river at Welford's mill, near which point my brigade was left to guard the wagon train, which being attacked by the enemy who had crossed the Rappanannock, I had an engagement of two hours with a superior force, and drove it across the river with great slaughter. General Hood's brigade coming up, relieved me, but took no part in the action. See my report of this battle to Lieutenant-General Jackson by his order.

August 23d—Marched to near Warrenton Springs.

August 24th—Remained stationary. Heavy artillery engagement with the enemy. In the evening marched to Jefferson and bivouacked.

August 25th—Marched up the river, crossed and halted at Salem—distance, thirty miles.

August 26th—Marched to Bristoe—twenty-seven miles. Trains attacked. At 10 P. M. General Jackson sent me word, if I thought proper, I could attack Manassas Junction that night. Set out to do it with two regiments of near five hundred men in all. Made the attack about 12 M., captured two batteries of four pieces each with all their horses and equipments, over three hundred prisoners, about two hundred negroes, a large number of horses and wagons, a full train of army supplies and 100,000 rations of flour and beef, medical stores, &c., &c., with a loss of but fifteen killed and wounded. See my report to General Jackson by order.

August 27th—My brigade occupied three of the old batteries and redoubts at the Junction. Captain Latimer's battery warmly engaged this day with the enemy, and very effectively dispersing several bodies of the enemy's infantry and cavalry, marched to Centreville unopposed and back to the Junction.

August 28th—Marched with the army to old Manassas battle-ground, and thence to near Page-land, where, at sunset, the advance columns of General Pope's army were attacked by Jackson's and Ewell's divisions—General A. P. Hill being near Sudley's mills.

My brigade occupied the left wing of our *attacking* force—General Lawton's brigade on my right, General Jackson's division on the extreme right. General Early's brigade, not engaged that night, as the enemy had not advanced to his front, was a fourth of a mile to my left, and somewhat in the rear.

On the order of General Jackson to advance, my brigade moved forward in beautiful order in line of battle, across an open field, soon met the fire of the enemy, and returned it briskly, but not effectively, as the opposing force was under the brow of the plain. It soon grew dark, and the contest was fiercely maintained for an hour by both forces, with severe loss on both sides. About 8 o'clock a charge was ordered, when the Twenty-first Georgia, Major Hooper, and Twenty-first North Carolina, Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton, gallantly advanced in the face of a terrific fire of musketry—Colonel Fulton taking his flag and displaying most conspicuous bravery. The fire was the more fatal from the circumstance that the Fifteenth Alabama, being in a skirt of wood, did not advance—not hearing the order. This exposed the two regiments to a front and cross fire from the enemy, who outflanked them, and whose position under the hill enabled them to see the forms of our men against the sky. They rose up when our line was within thirty steps, and delivered a most deadly fire, in which Colonel Fulton was mortally wounded.

The two regiments held their ground most resolutely, until ordered to fall back to the fence, forty steps in the rear, where they continued until evening, retiring across the turnpike, three-fourths of a mile.

The Fifteenth Alabama, in advancing to the front, passed through a skirt of woods and halted at the fence bordering an open field, in which troops were seen. A doubt was expressed whether they were our own or the enemy's—many voices cried out, "Don't fire on our own men"; others said, "They are Yankees." In this un-

certainty, only one company on the left opened its fire, and continued it doubtingly at intervals. Unfortunately, Captain Feagan, who was on the right, believed them to be our men, and took no *prompt* means to discover their character, and thus lost the opportunity of delivering a destructive fire upon them.

The Twelfth Georgia advanced to the fence, opened fire rapidly against a force in front, receiving a galling fire in return, and held their ground until the close of the action. Neither the Twelfth Georgia nor Fifteenth Alabama heard the command to charge.

The left of the brigade was exposed during the whole action to the rapid discharge of a small piece of ordinance, or 6-pounder lightly charged, throwing balls and slugs and case shot, which, if well aimed, would have swept our men from the field—but the hail of projectiles passed mostly above us, like blasts of a hurricane.

I cannot refrain from the remark, that I have never known so terrible a fire as raged for over an hour on both sides. The dead and wounded bore next morning melancholy evidence of its severity. The Twenty-first Georgia had that afternoon called the rolls in my presence, and found *two hundred and forty-two* men in ranks; the next day, at noon, but sixty-nine men could be found for duty. The same fearful proportion was lost by the Twenty-first North Carolina. But three captains in both regiments escaped death or wounds. In this action General Ewell was wounded.

I cannot omit to mention here the truly gallant and heroic bearing of Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton in this as in former engagements. He fell in the desperate charge mortally wounded, and died the same night, requesting in his last moments that the Confederate flag he had himself borne should be displayed before his failing sight.

The Confederate States army had no braver officer or kinder hearted gentleman. His State should cherish his memory, and tell her sons in all time to emulate his patriotic virtues.

The Twenty-first Georgia and Twenty-first North Carolina regiments, or the shattered fragments left unhurt, were left next day to bury their dead.

August 29th—I took the Fifteenth Alabama and Twelfth Georgia into the action on Friday at 10 o'clock, and by order of General Lawton posted them on his left. I selected the line of the railroad excavation and embankment, a good position, as the events of that and the next day proved, and awaited the advance of the enemy,

who, largely reinforced, seemed resolved to exterminate Jackson's corps before General Longstreet should come up. Desperate fighting had begun in the woods on my left on the line of the railroad. Our skirmishers had been driven in, and every moment I expected a heavy force of the enemy to be hurled against our small body, not three hundred in all, but men resolved to fight to the last.

As the attack was delayed, and I feared the enemy intended, by a circuit, to outflank us through the wood between General Lawton and myself, I rode rapidly to the top of the hill, having no staff officer near me, to observe the direction in which they were advancing, when an explosive ball from the advance skirmishers shattered my leg. With great pain I kept my horse, rode back, and was carried from the field.

I presume a list of killed and wounded on the 28th, 29th and 30th has been officially handed in by my successor, and is herewith inclosed.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

I. R. Trimble, *Brigadier-General.*

Note.—The Twelfth Georgia regiment was transferred from Early's brigade to Trimble's brigade on the 27th of August, 1862.

J. A. E.

Battle of Gettysburg.

Report of General S. D. Ramseur.

HEADQUARTERS RAMSEUR'S BRIGADE,
July 30, 1863.

Major G. PEYTON, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

In accordance with orders from division headquarters, I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my command in the actions of the 1st, 2d and 3d of July, 1863, near Gettysburg, Pennsylvania:

July 1st.—In rear of the division train, as a guard on the march from Heidlersburg to Gettysburg, my brigade arrived on the field after the division had formed line of battle. I was then held in reserve to support General Doles on the left, Colonel O'Neal left centre, or General Iverson on the right centre, according to circumstances. After resting about fifteen minutes, I received orders to send two regiments to the support of Colonel O'Neal, and with the remaining two to support Iverson. I immediately detached the Second and Fourth North Carolina sharpshooters to support O'Neal, and with the Fourteenth and Thirtieth hastened to the support of Iverson. I found three regiments of Iverson's command almost annihilated, and the Third Alabama regiment coming out of the fight from Iverson's right. I requested Colonel Battle, Third Alabama, to join me, which he cheerfully did, with these regiments—Third Alabama, Fourteenth and Thirtieth North Carolina—I turned the enemy's strong position in a body of woods, surrounded by a stone fence, by attacking in mass on his right flank, driving him back and getting in his rear. At the time of my advance on the enemy's right, I sent to the commanding officer of the Twelfth North Carolina, of Iverson's brigade, to push the enemy in front. This was done. The enemy, seeing his right flank turned, made but feeble resistance to the front attack, but ran off the field in confusion, leaving his killed and wounded, and between 800 and 900 prisoners in our hands.

The enemy was pushed through Gettysburg to the heights beyond, when I received an order to halt and form line of battle in a street in Gettysburg running east and west.

To Colonel Parker, Thirtieth North Carolina; Colonel Bennett, Nineteenth North Carolina; Colonel Grimes, Fourth North Carolina, and Major Hurt, Second North Carolina, my thanks are due for

the skill and gallantry displayed by them in this day's fight. Lieutenant Harvey, Fourteenth North Carolina sharpshooters, commanding sharpshooters, deserves especial praise for his daring conduct. He whipped a Yankee regiment (150th Pennsylvania) with his sharpshooters, and took their regimental colors from them with his own hands. Colonel Battle, with the Third Alabama, rendered brilliant and invaluable service; attaching his regiment to my command, on his own responsibility, he came in at the right place, at the right time, and in the right way.

July 2d—Remained in line of battle all day, with very heavy skirmishing in front. At dark I received an order from Major-General Rodes to move by the right flank until Brigadier-General Doles' troops cleared the town, and then to advance in line of battle on the enemy's *position* on the Cemetery hill; was told that the remaining brigades of the division would be governed by my movements. Obeying this order, until within two hundred yards of the enemy's position, where batteries were discovered in position to pour upon our lines direct cross and enfilade fires. Two lines of infantry behind stone walls and breastworks were supporting these batteries. The strength and position of the enemy's batteries and their supports, induced me to halt to confer with General Doles, and with him to make representation of the character of the enemy's position, and ask further instructions. In answer, received an order to retire quietly to a deep road, some three hundred yards in rear, and be in readiness to attack at daylight; withdrew accordingly.

July 3d—Remained in line all day, with severe and damaging skirmishing in front. Exposed to the artillery of the enemy and our own short range guns, by the careless use or imperfect ammunition, by which I lost seven (7) men killed and wounded. Withdrew at night and formed line of battle near Gettysburg, where we remained on the 4th of July. Commenced retreat with the army on the night of the 4th instant.

I desire to express my thanks to the gentlemen of my staff, Captain Gales, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant Richmond, Aid-de-Camp; and Lieutenant Morrison, volunteer aid, for gallant and efficient services. My casualties are as follows :

	Killed.	Wounded.	Prisoners.	Total.
Second Regiment	4	27	1	32
Fourth Regiment	8	24	24	56
Fourteenth Regiment	5	37	2	44
Thirtieth Regiment	6	34	5	45
	23	112	32*	177

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. D. RAMSEUR, *Brigadier-General.*

General Davis' Report of Operations of Heth's Division.

HEADQUARTERS DAVIS' BRIGADE,
August 22, 1863.

Major WILLIAM H. PALMER, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of Major-General Heth's division in the battle of the 3d of July at Gettysburg. On the evening of the 2d, this division, under command of Brigadier-General J. J. Pettigrew (Major-General Heth having been wounded in the engagement of the 1st), moved to the front and was formed in line of battle, with Archer's brigade on the right, commanded by D. B. Fry (Brigadier-General Archer having been wounded and captured on the 1st of July); Colonel Brockenbrough's brigade on the left; Pettigrew's, commanded by Colonel James K. Marshall, of the Fifty-second North Carolina, on the right centre, and Davis' on the left centre, immediately in the rear of our artillery, which was in position on the crest of a high ridge running nearly parallel to the enemy's line, which was on a similar elevation and near one mile distant—the intervening space, except the crests of the hills, being fields intersected by strong post and rail fences. In this position we bivouacked for the night.

Early on the morning of the 3d, the enemy threw some shells at the artillery in our front, from which a few casualties occurred

in one of the brigades. About 9 A. M. the division was moved to the left about a quarter of a mile, and in the same order of battle was formed in the rear of Major Pegram's battalion of artillery, which was posted on the crest of a high hill, the ground between us and the enemy being like that of our first position. About 1 P. M. the artillery along our entire line opened on the enemy, and was promptly replied to; for two hours the fire was heavy and incessant. Being immediately in the rear of our batteries, and having had no time to prepare means of protection, we suffered some losses—in Davis' brigade two men were killed and twenty-one wounded. The order had been given that when the artillery in our front ceased firing, the division should attack the enemy's batteries, keeping dressed to the right and moving in line with Major-General Pickett's division, which was on our right, and marched obliquely to the left. The artillery ceased firing at 3 o'clock, and the order to move forward was given and promptly obeyed. The division moved off in line, and, passing the wooded crest of the hill, descended to the open fields that lay between us and the enemy. Not a gun was fired at us until we reached a strong post and rail fence, about three-fourths of a mile from the enemy's position, when we were met by a heavy fire of grape, canister and shell, which told sadly upon our ranks. Under this destructive fire, which commanded our front and left with fatal effect, the troops displayed great coolness, were well in hand and moved steadily forward, regularly closing up the gaps made in their ranks. Our advance across the field was interrupted by other fences of a similar character, in crossing which the alignment became more or less deranged. This was in each case promptly rectified, and though its ranks were growing thinner at every step, this division moved steadily on in line with the troops on the right. When within musket range we encountered a heavy fire of small arms, from which we suffered severely; but this did not for a moment check the advance. The right of the division, owing to the conformation of the ridge in which the enemy was posted, having a shorter distance to pass over to reach his first line of defence, encountered him first in close conflict, but the whole division dashed up to his first line of defence, a stone wall, behind which the opposing infantry was strongly posted. Here we were subjected to a most galling fire of musketry and artillery, that so reduced the already thinned ranks that any further effort to carry the position was hopeless, and there was nothing left but to retire.

to the position originally held, which was done in more or less confusion. The division reached the line held in the morning about 4 P. M., and remained there thirty hours expecting an attack from the enemy. No demonstration was made on any part of our line during that or the following day, on the night of which we began our retreat to Hagerstown. In the assault upon the enemy's position, the coolness and courage of men and officers is worthy high commendation, and I regret that the names of the gallant men who fell distinguished in that bloody field have not been more fully reported. In this assault we are called upon to mourn the loss of many brave men and officers. Colonel D. B. Fry, Thirteenth Alabama, commanding Archer's brigade, and Colonel James K. Marshall, of the Fifty-second North Carolina, commanding Pettigrew's, were wounded and taken prisoners whilst gallantly leading their brigades. The number killed and wounded was very great, and in officers unusually so, as may be seen from the fact that in Archer's brigade but two field officers escaped; in Pettigrew's but one, and in Davis' all were killed or wounded. Brigadier-General Pettigrew had his horse killed and received a slight wound in the hand. Not having commanded the division in this engagement, and having been exclusively occupied by the operations of my own brigade, this report is necessarily imperfect, and I regret that I am unable to do full justice to the division.

I am, Major, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH R. DAVIS, *Brigadier-General.*

Report of Brigadier-General A. R. Wright.

CAMP NEAR ORANGE COURTHOUSE,
September 28th, 1863.

Major THOMAS S. MILLS, *A. A. G., Anderson's Division:*

Major—I submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the military operations at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of July last.

On the morning of the 1st of July, I moved my brigade from its camp near Fayetteville, Pennsylvania, and by order of the Major-General commanding the division, marched in the direction of Gettysburg, passing through the South mountain at Cashtown gap. In this march my brigade was immediately in rear of Ma-

hone's brigade, and I was instructed to follow Mahone's command. About 10 o'clock A. M., and when within about one mile of Cashtown (which is at the foot of the eastern slope of South mountain), my command was stopped by the halt of Mahone's brigade in the road, in my immediate front. In a few minutes after I had halted, the report of artillery was heard in the direction of Gettysburg, and seemingly not more than six or eight miles distant.

After remaining about an hour or hour and a half in the road, the column again moved forward, my brigade following Mahone's as before. On arriving near Cashtown, I was directed to file off to the right of the turnpike and bivouac my men in a piece of timbered land in the rear of Mahone, who had preceded me in the woods. At the same time I was informed that my wagon train would be parked in the open field in my front. In this position I remained until about 1 P. M., when we again took up the line of march along the turnpike in the direction of Gettysburg.

When within about six miles of the latter place, I was compelled by severe indisposition to leave my command, and consequently know nothing more of the day's operations, except that derived from Colonel Gibson, of the Forty-eighth Georgia regiment, who, in my absence, assumed command of the brigade. By him I was informed that between 4 and 5 o'clock P. M., the brigade reached a position three-quarters of a mile to the right of the turnpike, and about two and a half or three miles from Gettysburg, where they remained until the next morning, when I found them in line of battle at 7 A. M., on returning to the command July 2d. Just after assuming command, I received orders to move my brigade by the right flank, following immediately in rear of Perry's brigade. In this order, I was conducted by Major-General Anderson to a position already occupied by the troops of the Third corps, and was directed to relieve a brigade (Davis', I think, of Heth's division) then in line of battle, about two miles south of Gettysburg. About noon, I was informed by Major-General Anderson that an attack upon the enemy's lines would soon be made by the whole division, commencing on our right, by Wilcox's brigade, and that each brigade of the division would begin the attack as soon as the brigade on its right commenced the movement. I was instructed to move simultaneously with Perry's brigade, which was on my right, and informed that Posey's brigade, on my left, would move forward upon my advance. This being the order of battle, I awaited the signal for the general advance, which, at about 5 P. M.,

was given by the advance of Wilcox's and Perry's brigades on my right. I immediately ordered forward my brigade, and attacked the enemy in his strong position on a range of hills running south from the town of Gettysburg. In this advance, I was compelled to pass for more than a mile across an open plain, intersected by numerous post and rail fences, and swept by the enemy's artillery, which was posted along the Emmettsburg road, and upon the crest of the height on McPherson's farm, a little south of Cemetery hill. In this advance, my brigade was formed in the following order: The Twenty-second Georgia regiment on the right, the Third Georgia in the centre, and the Forty-eighth Georgia on the left. The Second Georgia battalion, which was deployed in front of the whole brigade as skirmishers, was directed to close intervals on the left as soon as the command reached the line of skirmishers, and form upon the left of the brigade. Owing to the impetuosity of the advance, and the length of the line occupied by them, the Second battalion failed to form all its companies upon the left of the brigade—some of them falling into line with other regiments of the command. My men moved steadily forward until reaching within musket range of the Emmettsburg turnpike, when we encountered a strong body of infantry posted under cover of a fence, near to and parallel with the road. Just in the rear of this line of infantry were the advanced batteries of the enemy, posted along the Emmettsburg turnpike, with a field of fire raking the whole valley below.

Just before reaching this position, I had observed that Posey's brigade on my left had not advanced, and fearing that if I proceeded much further, with my left flank entirely unprotected, I might become involved in serious difficulties, I despatched my Aid-de-Camp, Captain R. H. Bell, with a message to Major-General Anderson, informing him of my own advance, and its extent, and that General Posey had not advanced with his brigade on my left.

To this message, I received a reply, to "press on; that Posey had been ordered in on my left, and that he (General Anderson) would reiterate the order." I immediately charged upon the enemy's line, and drove him in great confusion upon his second line, which was formed behind a stone fence, some hundred or more yards in rear of the Emmettsburg turnpike. At this point we captured several pieces of artillery, which the enemy, in his haste and confusion, was unable to take off the field. Having gained the Emmettsburg turnpike, we again charged upon the

enemy, heavily posted behind a stone fence which ran along the abrupt slope of the height, some one hundred and fifty yards in rear of the pike. Here the enemy made considerable resistance to our further progress, but was finally forced to retire by the impetuous charge of my command. We were now within less than a hundred yards of the crest of the height, which was lined with artillery, supported by a strong body of infantry, under protection of a stone fence. My men, by a well directed fire, soon drove the cannoniers from their guns, and leaping over the fence charged up to the top of the crest and drove the enemy's infantry into a rocky gorge on the eastern slope of the height, and some eighty or a hundred yards in rear of the enemy's batteries. We were now complete masters of the field, having gained the key, as it were, to the enemy's whole line. Unfortunately, just as we had carried the enemy's last and strongest position, it was discovered that the brigade on our right had not only not advanced across the turnpike, but had actually given way, and was rapidly falling back to the rear, while on our left we were entirely unprotected—the brigade ordered to our support having failed to advance.

It was now evident, with my ranks so seriously thinned as they had been by this terrible charge, I should not be able to hold my position unless speedily and strongly reinforced. My advanced position, and the unprotected condition of my flanks, invited an attack, which the enemy were speedy to discover, and immediately passed a strong body of infantry (under cover of a high ledge of rocks, thickly covered with stinted undergrowth), which fell away from the gorge, in rear of their batteries before mentioned, in a southeasterly direction, and emerging on the western slope of the ridge, came upon my right and rear at a point equidistant from the Emmettsburg turnpike and the stone fence, while a large brigade advanced from the point of woods on my left, which extended nearly down to the turnpike, and gaining the turnpike, moved rapidly to meet the party which had passed around upon our right. We were now in a critical condition. The enemy's converging line was rapidly closing upon our rear—a few moments more and we would be completely surrounded—still no support could be seen coming to our assistance, and with painful hearts we abandoned our captured guns, faced about, and prepared to cut our way through the closing lines in our rear. This was effected in tolerable order, but with immense loss. The enemy rushed to his abandoned guns as soon as we began to retire, and poured a severe

fire of grape and cannister into our thinned ranks as we retired slowly down the slope into the valley below. I continued to fall back, until reaching a slight depression a few hundred yards in advance of our skirmish line in the morning, when I halted, reformed my brigade, and awaited the further pursuit of the enemy. Finding the enemy not disposed to continue his advance, a line of skirmishers was thrown out in my front, and a little after dark my command moved to the position which we had occupied before the attack was made.

In this charge my loss was very severe, amounting to six hundred and eighty-eight in killed, wounded and missing—including many valuable officers.

I have not the slightest doubt but that I should have been able to maintain my position on the height, and secured the captured artillery, if there had been a protecting force on my left, or if the brigade on my right had not been forced to retire.

We captured over twenty pieces of artillery, all of which we were compelled to abandon. These pieces were taken by the respective regiments composing the brigade, as follows: The Third Georgia, eleven pieces; Twenty-second Georgia, three pieces; Forty-eighth Georgia, four pieces; and the Second battalion several pieces, the exact number not ascertained, but believed to amount to as many as five or six pieces. I am gratified to say that all the officers and men behaved in the most handsome manner—indeed, I have never seen their conduct excelled on any battlefield in this war.

In the list of casualties, I am pained to find the name of Colonel Joseph Warden, commanding the Twenty-second Georgia regiment, who was killed at the head of his command near the Emmettsburg turnpike. The service contained no better or truer officer, and his death, while deeply deplored by his friends and associates, will be a serious loss to the Confederacy.

Major George W. Ross, commanding Second Georgia battalion, was seriously wounded, fell into the hands of the enemy, and has since died. This gallant officer was shot down while in the enemy's works, on the crest of the heights, endeavoring to have some of the captured artillery removed. As a disciplinarian he had no superior in the field. An accomplished gentleman and gallant officer, the country will mourn his loss.

Colonel William Gibson, commanding Forty-eighth Georgia

regiment, was seriously wounded, and left upon the field. I am pleased to say that recent information received, gives assurance of his ultimate recovery. This regiment suffered more severely than any other in the command; being on the extreme left, it was exposed to a heavy enfilade, as well as direct fire; the colors were shot down no less than seven times, and were finally taken.

During the morning of Friday, 3d, my brigade remained quietly in its original line of battle. Late in the afternoon it was moved forward five or six hundred yards, to cover the retreat of Pickett's division, which had assaulted the enemy's position at the same point where my brigade had advanced the day before, and had been forced to retire. Soon after I was ordered by General Lee to move my brigade to the right, several hundred yards, and form in rear of Wilcox's brigade, to support the latter in case the enemy should advance upon it, which was now threatened. In this position I remained until after nightfall, when I retired to my original position, in line of battle, upon the hill. On Saturday, the 4th, my command remained quietly in line until about sunset, when I was ordered to take up the line of march for Fairfield. We reached the latter place about midnight, marching through drenching rain, and then I received orders to move on to Monterey gap, in South mountain, and support Iverson's brigade, which had been attacked in the mountain while guarding a large wagon train. About daylight I came upon the rear of the train, on the top of the mountain, but found the road so completely blocked up as to prevent my further progress. I halted my command and permitted my men to lie down and take a little rest, while I rode to the front to ascertain the exact condition of affairs.

I found General Iverson near Monterey, and not far from the Waynesboro' turnpike, and from him learned that all danger to the train had passed. I directed him to move on in the direction of Waynesboro' as rapidly as possible, so as to enable our troops to get through the mountain pass.

Shortly after this, Major-General Anderson came up and assumed the further direction of the day. From this time until we recrossed the Potomac my brigade lost not a single man. In the very severe and fatiguing march of the night before recrossing the river my entire command displayed a patient endurance of physical suffering and heroic fortitude rarely exhibited by any troops. A detailed list of the casualties of my brigade was forwarded to you immediately after the battle, and is therefore omitted in this report.

Enclosed I hand you copies of the reports of officers commanding the different regiments composing this brigade.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

A. R. WRIGHT,
Brigadier-General Commanding Brigade.

Report of Brigadier-General Joseph R. Davis.

HEADQUARTERS DAVIS' BRIGADE, August 26th, 1863.

Major R. H. FINNEY, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report to you of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of the 1st of July, 1863, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Early on the morning of the 1st I moved in rear of Archer's brigade, with three regiments of my command (the Eleventh Mississippi being left as a guard for the division wagon train) from camp on the heights near Cashtown, by a turnpike road leading to Gettysburg. When within about two miles from town our artillery was put in position and opened fire. I was ordered to take position on the left of the turnpike, and, with the right resting on it, press forward towards the town. About 10.30 A. M. a line of battle was formed, with the Forty-second Mississippi, Colonel H. R. Miller commanding, on the right; Fifty-fifth North Carolina, Colonel J. R. Connally commanding, on the left, and Second Mississippi, Colonel J. M. Stone commanding, in the centre. Skirmishers were thrown forward and the brigade moved forward to the attack.

Between us and the town, and very near it, was a commanding hill in wood—the intervening space being inclosed fields of grass and grain, and was very broken. On our right was the turnpike and a railroad, with deep cuts and heavy embankments, diverging from the turnpike as it approached the town. On the high hill the enemy had artillery, with infantry supports. The line of skirmishers advanced, and the brigade moved forward about one mile, driving in the enemy's skirmishers, and came within range of his line of battle, which was drawn up on a high hill in a field a short distance in front of a railroad cut. The engagement soon became very warm. After a short contest, the order was given to

charge, and promptly obeyed. The enemy made a stubborn resistance and stood until our men were within a few yards, and then gave way and fled in much confusion, but rallied near the railroad, where he again made a stand, and after desperate fighting, with heavy loss on both sides, he fled in great disorder towards the town, leaving us in possession of his commanding position and batteries. After a short interval he again returned in greater numbers, and the fight was renewed. Being opposed by greatly superior numbers, our men gave way under the first shock of his attack, many officers and men having been killed or wounded, and all much exhausted by the excessive heat; but the line was promptly formed, and carried to its former position, and whilst there engaged, a heavy force was observed moving rapidly towards the right, and soon after opened a heavy fire on our right flank and rear. In this critical condition, I gave the order to retire—which was done in good order, leaving some officers and men in the railroad cut, who were captured, although every effort was made to withdraw all the command. This was about 1 P. M. About 3 P. M. a division of Lieutenant-General Ewell's corps came up on our left, moving in line perpendicular to ours, and the brigade was again moved forward, and, after considerable fighting, reached the suburbs of the town, into which the enemy had been driven. The men, being much exhausted by the heat and severity of the engagement, were here rested, and about sunset were ordered to bivouac about a mile to the rear. In this day's engagement, the losses in men and officers were very heavy. Of nine field officers present, but two escaped unhurt. Colonel Stone, of the Second Mississippi, and Colonel Conally, of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina, were both wounded while gallantly leading their men in the first charge. Lieutenant-Colonel M. T. Smith, of the Fifty-fifth North Carolina—a gallant and efficient officer—was mortally wounded. Major Belo, of the same, was severely wounded. Lieutenant-Colonel Mosely and Major Feenay, of the Forty-second Mississippi, were both severely wounded. A large number of the company officers were killed or wounded. It is due to the gallantry of a few brave men to state that a part of the Second and Forty-second Mississippi (under the lead of Lieutenant Roberts, of the Second Mississippi), dashed forward and after a hand to hand contest, in which the gallant Roberts was killed, succeeded in capturing the colors of a Pennsylvania regiment. A number of

prisoners were captured—the Forty-second Mississippi taking one hundred and fifty, and other regiments perhaps as many or more.

I am indebted to the members of my staff for the prompt and efficient manner in which they discharged their duties. My Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant Estes, and Captain Lowry had their horses killed. Captain W. T. Magruder and Lieutenant T. C. Holliday, and Cadet James D. Reid were all in action and rendered valuable service.

I am, Major, your obedient servant,

JOSEPH R. DAVIS,
Brigadier-General Commanding.

Report of Brigadier-General C. Posey.

HEADQUARTER'S POSEY'S BRIGADE,
July 29, 1863.

Major MILLS, *Assistant-Adjutant General:*

Major—On the morning of July 2d, my brigade was placed in position before Gettysburg in the rear of Major Pegram's battery of artillery, in an open field, with woods on my right and left flanks. My position was to the right of the cemetery, about which the enemy's lines of battle were formed. In the afternoon I received an order to advance after Brigadier-General Wright, who was posted on my right in a woods. Before the advance was made, I received an order from the Major-General, through his Aid-de-Camp, Captain Shannon, to advance but two of my regiments, and deploy them closely as skirmishers. I had then a thin line of skirmishers in front, and at once sent out the Forty-eighth and Nineteenth regiments, Colonel Jane and Colonel Harris commanding. These regiments advanced some two or three hundred yards beyond the barn and house, which were burned. Later in the day I sent out the Sixteenth, and receiving information that the enemy was threatening their right and left flanks, I took out the Twelfth regiment, and requested Brigadier-General Mahone, who was on my left, in the rear of another division, to send me a regiment to support my left. He being at this time ordered to the right, could not comply. When I reached the barn, I found my regiments (three) well up in advance—they had driven the enemy's pickets in their works, and the artillerists from their guns in their front. It being then nearly dark, I sent the Major-General a message, in-

forming him of my position. He then ordered me to fall back to my original position in the rear of Pegram's battery. On the 3d, my brigade was held in reserve to support the battery in my front. The list of casualties has already been sent in to you.

Very respectfully,

C. Posey, *Brigadier-General.*

Report of Brigadier-General Edward L. Thomas.

Headquarters' Thomas' Brigade,
August 12, 1863.

Major J. A. Engelhard, *Assistant-Adjutant General:*

Major—I reply to circular of August 12, 1863. I have the honor to report that this brigade, on July 1st, was, by order of Major-General Pender, formed in line of battle on the left of the road leading to Gettysburg. In this order it advanced to within about one mile of Gettysburg, in readiness to support Major-General Heth's division. From this position the brigade moved still farther to the front, and took a position assigned to it by Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill. Here we remained until near sunset, when, by General Pender's order, we took position near Gettysburg—on the right of the town—in support of artillery. This position was occupied until the night of July 2d, when, with General McGowan's brigade, it was directed to take position in the open field, about three hundred yards in front of the enemy's line, on the right of General Ewell's corps. Here we remained until the night of July 3d, when we were ordered to take position in the woods on the right of Gettysburg, near the town, from which place, on the night of July 4th, the march was commenced to Hagerstown, Maryland. The brigade lost many valuable men and officers in heavy skirmishing with the enemy. The conduct of men and officers throughout the campaign was highly commendable.

With highest respect, your obedient servant,

Edward L. Thomas, *Brigadier-General.*

Report of Brigadier-General William Mahone.

HEADQUARTERS' MAHONE'S BRIGADE, ANDERSON'S DIVISION,
July 10, 1863.

Major T. T. MILLS, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—The operations of this brigade in the battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, may be summed up in a few brief remarks. The brigade took no special or active part in the actions of that battle beyond that which fell to the lot of its line of skirmishers. During the days and nights of 2d and 3d of July, the brigade was posted in line of battle immediately in front of the enemy, and in support of Pegram's batteries. In this front its skirmishers were quite constantly engaged, and inflicted much loss upon the enemy; and after the repulse of our troops on the 3d, maintained firmly its line. During the 2d and 3d the brigade was exposed to a large share of the terrific shelling of those days, and from which its loss was mainly sustained. Casualties in the battle—killed, eight men; wounded, two officers and fifty-three men; missing, thirty-nine men. Total, one hundred and two.

I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM MAHONE, *Brigadier-General.*

Defence of Vicksburg in 1862—The Battle of Baton Rouge.

By Major JOHN B. PIRTLE.

[The *Louisville Branch of the Southern Historical Society* has been sustained with a good deal of spirit and interest. They hold regular meetings, and have had read before them a number of papers which deserve to be put in permanent form, and which the president, Major W. O. Dod, and the secretary, Major E. H. McDonald, have promised to send us. Our readers will thank us for giving this week the interesting and valuable paper read before the society by Major John B. Pirtle.]

The Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, had been for several weeks encamped at and near Tupelo, Mississippi, and here on the night of the 18th of June, 1862, the reserve corps, as Breckinridge's division was called (this designation had been given it when the dispositions for the battle of Shiloh were made), received orders to be prepared to march at daylight the next morning.

Memphis was now in the possession of the enemy, and a heavy column of infantry and cavalry was menacing our railroad lines at Oxford and Grenada, where we had large quantities of army supplies. To protect these points, Breckinridge's division was detached from the army and marched across the country to the railroad near Abbeville, reaching there on the 22d of June. The enemy did not advance, as was expected, but returned to Memphis, and, after removing the supplies from Grenada, in obedience to orders from the Commanding-General, the division proceeded by railroad to Vicksburg, part of the command reaching there on the 29th, and the remainder on the 30th of June. In order that you may understand the situation at Vicksburg at this time, it will be necessary for me to digress a little.

After the capture of New Orleans, Major-General Lovel, who had been in command there, determined to make a defence at Vicksburg, and the patriotic people of that devoted city approved his determination, although they knew it might cause its destruction. Brigadier-General M. L. Smith, with a force of some 2,000 men, occupied the city, and proceeded to erect batteries for heavy guns on the bluffs which overlooked the river. Water batteries were also constructed and heavy guns put in position. The city was in a measure ready for defence before the enemy's fleet of gunboats, mortars and transports from New Orleans arrived below it.

When Breckinridge's command reached Vicksburg, the fleet was in sight below the city, and in a few days the upper fleet from Vicksburg arrived. The Federals now had above and below the city more than forty gunboats, mortar-boats, rams and transports, besides an army. On the 2d of July the bombardment begun, and for over three weeks it was kept up without much intermission. Our troops were placed in convenient positions to support the batteries, and proper dispositions were made to promptly repel any attack that might be made by a land force. Some of you who are present will remember the disagreeable nights spent in the railroad cut, the picket duty on the river front, and the march to Big bayou, on the Warrenton road, to meet an enemy "who was not," the "Castle," and the "Smede House." You will remember, too, that because of the necessary exposure to which the troops were subjected, malarial disease abounded, filling the hospitals with fevered patients, so that in less than three weeks from the 30th of June nearly one-half of the defenders of Vicksburg were on the sick list. At the commencement of the bombardment many families were living at their homes in the city, and it is true that quite a

number remained throughout the siege. Although, when the enemy withdrew, hardly a house remained which had not been struck. There were very few casualties, as even thus early the people had dug caves in the sides of the hills; and, when the regular morning and afternoon shelling begun, they gathered their little ones in and remained in safety until there was a cessation. Often, on returning to their homes, they would find a ruthless enemy had been there. Perhaps it was the mother's room which the unfriendly shell, two feet long and a foot in diameter, had entered and destroyed, leaving nothing fit for further use, except the woodwork, which might do for kindling. I know of an instance, during one of the night bombardments, in which a large solid shot entered a room in which two children were sleeping, and, after passing through the bureau, struck the bed, tore out the foot-posts and passed out of the house. The bed was dropped to the floor, but the children, though much frightened, were unharmed. On one occasion, soon after the investment, a regiment which had been on picket duty along the river front, on being withdrawn, was marched along the road on the bluff down to the centre of the city and out the Jackson road to its camp. The movement was in full view of the enemy, and provoked a terrific fire. At first the range was bad, but before the regiment had got out of their reach the shells burst above and around it in a manner very unpleasant. Two men were struck by pieces of shell, one being killed. No more regiments were moved by daylight along that bluff. The spectacle during the night bombardments was grand. Such displays of pyrotechnics have rarely been seen. The graceful ascent of the bomb making its curve just before it reached the city, that it might explode over it; shells bursting here, there, everywhere; the lurid light of the mortar as the bomb was shot upward; the hisses and shrieks most unearthly of the "buggy wheels," as the men called the long, conical shells, the noise of the batteries, the earth trembling, made impressions never to be effaced from the memory of those who were at Vicksburg during the summer of 1862. When at last the enemy, apparently tired out, would cease firing, the silence would seem strange.

The Yazoo river empties itself into the Mississippi at a point about twelve miles, I think, above Vicksburg. Up the Yazoo, on the approach of the fleet, had been run several steamboats and other crafts, which were protected by a ram called the Arkansas. General Van Dorn, the Commanding-General at Vicksburg, believed this ironclad to be formidable enough to successfully attack the

whole upper fleet of the enemy, and he thought that if she could fight her way through that fleet and reach Vicksburg uninjured, it would demonstrate to the enemy the impossibility of their taking the city, for they then would be put on the defensive. He determined to make the venture, and Captain Brown, her commander, was ordered to bring her out into the Mississippi, and after sinking a boat in the Yazoo to prevent the enemy reaching our steamboats, let her drive right through the upper fleet. How well Captain Brown obeyed his instructions you all know. On the morning of the 15th of July, the cannoneers at the Vicksburg batteries discovered a commotion in the fleet above, and rapid firing was heard. There was a scattering of the groups of war vessels and transports, and soon from the midst of them, firing broadsides from all her port-holes, came riding down a queer-looking craft flying the Confederate flag. It was the Arkansas. She had run the gauntlet of the upper fleet, dealing death and destruction as she came. She had proved her offensive power, for she had inflicted much damage. A right royal welcome did she receive as she rounded to at the wharf, and right nobly had she earned it. Her injuries were slight, and soon repaired. Her casualties, if my memory serves correctly, were but seven—two killed and five wounded. Among her crew was a young man from this city named Gilmore. He had formerly been an officer in the First Kentucky infantry, a one-year regiment, which had been mustered out when its term of service expired. From the Kentucky brigades volunteers were accepted to fill the places of those who had been killed and wounded. About a week after this event, just about sunrise, the Essex, a formidable Federal ironclad, bore down on the Arkansas, but after a short fight withdrew. The evident intention was to fasten on to the Arkansas with grappling irons and then board her with a superior force, but the attempt failed, and the Essex lost a number of her crew killed. The enemy, now apparently satisfied that Vicksburg was impregnable to his attack, seemed determined to destroy the city at any rate. The bombardment was more furious than ever for a few days, and then gradually ceased, and on the 27th of July the fleets which for nearly a month had day and night rained an iron hail upon the city, acknowledged defeat and steamed away. Not a gun in the batteries had been dismounted, and we had lost but twenty-two men killed and wounded. The successful defence of Vicksburg had been accomplished. Hardly had the enemy disappeared, when orders were issued to Breckinridge's command to break up camp and proceed to the railroad and take the cars for Camp Moore. It

was rumored that a heavy force of the enemy from Baton Rouge was threatening that point, but the rumor proved unfounded. Camp Moore was on the New Orleans and Jackson railroad, near the little town of Tangipahea, some seventy or eighty miles above New Orleans. It was the place where the Louisiana regiments were organized, equipped and drilled at the beginning of the war. Breckinridge's command arrived at Camp Moore late in the afternoon of the 28th of July, and on the morning of the 30th it was put in motion toward Baton Rouge. At Camp Moore, Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles with a small force joined us, and we numbered now about 4,000 men all told. The weather was itensely hot, and about one-third of the men were without shoes. Many had no coats. No baggage was allowed; each man carried his all on his back, and some were almost naked. Water along the line of march was very scarce; often it was ten to fifteen miles from one running stream to another, and no other water to be had. Sometimes we passed stagnant water, ponds on which the green scum lay thick. I saw many men drive off the scum with their hands and greedily drink that water. The fierce heat of the sun was reflected on the sandy road and made greater. Men sickened and fell out of the ranks every mile we marched, until at last, when we reached Comite river, about ten miles from Baton Rouge, there were not more than 2,600 men fit for duty. Here a day of needed rest was taken and the men given an opportunity to wash their ragged clothes. Here General Breckinridge made a stirring speech to the Kentuckians, beginning, "My brave, noble, ragged Kentuckians." Before giving you an account of the battle of Baton Rouge, it is proper that I should tell you why we were sent to fight that battle, and the result it was hoped would be accomplished. Baton Rouge is one hundred and twenty miles above New Orleans, on the east side of the Mississippi, and forty miles above it Red river, which enters Western Louisiana near the Texas and Arkansas line, runs through and empties into the Mississippi. The mouth of Red river was blockaded. The Red river country, a rich agricultural region, not having been subjected to the ravages of war, was full of supplies much needed by the armies on the east side of the Mississippi, for the country on the east side had been pretty well drained of cattle, corn, forage, sugar, molasses and salt. There were many steamers in Red river ready to bring out supplies as soon as the blockade should be removed. At Baton Rouge was a force of the enemy, estimated at 4,000 to 5,000 strong, and four or five gunboats. If the enemy's forces at Baton Rouge could be captured,

the Mississippi would be open nearly to New Orleans, and the navigation of Red river secured. General Breckinridge was therefore ordered to make the attack, and the Arkansas was ordered to co-operate by engaging the gunboats, it being believed she could drive them off, or at least by occupying their entire attention, render them unable to give protection and assistance to the land forces. On the afternoon of the 4th of August, General Breckinridge, having learned by messenger that the Arkansas had passed Bayou Sara, and would be at hand ready to co-operate at daylight next morning, ordered one day's rations cooked, and at 11 o'clock that night the command started for Baton Rouge. It was a rather dark starlit night. The march was slow, frequent halts being made, so that the men might not be fatigued. General Ben Hardin Helm's Kentucky brigade was in advance, and about 3 o'clock in the morning, when about a mile and a half from the enemy, and during a halt, an unfortunate accident (if I may so call it) occurred. We had no information that any of our friends were in our front, and when suddenly there came galloping down on us at full speed what, from the noise made by the horses' hoofs, seemed to be a regiment of cavalry, we naturally supposed it was an attack of the enemy, and for a few moments considerable confusion ensued, the men scattering to the right and left of the road and opening fire on the supposed enemy. It was a body of partizan rangers or mounted home guards, who had managed to get through to the front, and which stampeded on being halted and fired on by the enemy's pickets. When order was restored it was found that Brigadier-General Helm had been seriously wounded, his horse having reared and fallen on him. His Aid-de-Camp, Lieutenant Alex. Todd, was killed, as were several of the men, and Lieutenant-Colonel Caldwell, of the Ninth Kentucky, and Captain Roberts, of the Fourth Kentucky, were wounded. Two of the three guns of Cobbs' battery were disabled.

It was now nearly day, and the dispositions for attack promptly made, the command taking position in a single line to the right and left of the Baton Rouge and Greenwell Springs road. While the line was forming we could distinctly hear the reveille of the enemy. A field band was playing the "Grand March from Norma," and every note was borne clearly out to us in the still air of early morning. Soon the order to advance was given, and the troops moved rapidly forward through cornfields and gardens, over fences, around houses, quickly driving in the skirmishers and developing the enemy's line, behind which, when the fog cleared, we could

see a heavy reserve force. General Breckinridge had formed the command into two divisions, the left being placed under the command of Brigadier-General Daniel Ruggles, and the right under Brigadier-General Charles Clarke. The battle was opened by Ruggles' division, which encountered the enemy strongly posted in a wood in front of a regimental camp. Semmes' Louisiana battery, attached to this division, was splendidly managed, and fought well up with the infantry, using grape and canister at close quarters with fine effect. Clarke's division now closed in on the enemy, who found the fire too hot, and he slowly retired through the first encampment, taking position in front of the second encampment, and being reinforced by the reserves. Owing to the broken nature of the ground and the obstructions, the line had, in advancing, become considerably deranged and disconnected, but as soon as it was adjusted it was thrown forward on the forces posted in front of the second encampment. Here the first determined and obstinate resistance was met. The contest was warmly maintained for a considerable time, probably an hour, and our losses were heavy. Colonel Allen, one of Ruggles' brigadiers, was wounded, his brigade was repulsed and fell back in confusion. Colonel Thompson, commanding the other briggade of Ruggles' division, was wounded leading a charge. Colonel Thomas H. Hunt, who succeeded to the command of Helm's brigade when General Helm was disabled, was wounded, and many regimental and company officers killed and wounded. Inch by inch the enemy was driven back, and the left of the army had reached the second encampment, when suddenly the right began to fall back. It was said to be in obedience to General Clark's orders, and Colonel John A. Buckner, now in command of Helm's brigade, rode along his line directing his men to retire to a ravine a short distance in the rear, and form there. The order to retire was unexpected and not understood, and the movement was made in some disorder, but the men quickly rallied in the ravine. Just as the line fell back General Clarke was badly, and it was supposed mortally, wounded. The enemy did not follow, but took advantage of his opportunity to change his line somewhat, shortening it, and retiring his left to the woods in front of his third encampment. Clarke's division was now moved a short distance to the left, being joined on its left by Thompson's brigade of Ruggles' division. The whole line was moved forward across a road parallel with the river, and now became exposed to a sharp fire from the gunboats. The enemy was in front of the third encampment, which was in the edge of town and near the arsenal.

General Breckinridge rode along the line and was greeted with enthusiasm. The men felt that the decisive moment had arrived, that victory was theirs. As the order "forward" was given, above the roar of the enemy's guns could be heard that clear, shrill, not-to-be-described cheer, called by the Federals the "Rebel yell." On moved the line unchecked by the heavy fire it met, closer and closer it came, until it seemed that there would be work for the bayonet, when suddenly the Federal line broke, panic-stricken, and, in a confused mass, fled to the river, to the shelter and protection of the gunboats. General Breckinridge had been anxiously listening for the sound of the Arkansas' guns. It was now 10 o'clock. Had she done her part the enemy was ours. But the heavy fire from the gunborts on our position was evidence that she had not arrived. Orders were therefore given to burn the camps, and the command retired a short distance out of reach of the gunboat fire and remained waiting, anxiously waiting, for the Arkansas. Late in the afternoon news of her fate reached General Breckinridge, and the little army moved back to its camp on Comite river. Just before daylight, when the Arkansas had reached a point some four miles above Baton Rouge, a serious break occurred in her machinery and her engine refused to work. Finding her drifting helplessly, her commander, Lieutenant Stevens, moved her to the shore and every effort was made to repair the damage, but without success. In the meanwhile negroes had conveyed word to the enemy her whereabouts and her condition. An easy capture was anticipated, and two gunboats were sent to bring her in. But the Arkansas was not destined to become a trophy of her foes. General Van Dorn, in his report to the Secretary of War, described her destruction in language so graphic that I quote it here: "On the cautious approach of the enemy, who kept at a respectful distance, Lieutenant Stevens landed the crew, cut her from her moorings, fired her with his own hands, and turned her adrift down the river. With every gun shotted, our flag floating from her bow, and not a man on board, the Arkansas bore down upon the enemy and gave him battle. Her guns were discharged as the flames reached them, and when her last shot was fired the explosion of the magazine ended the brief but glorious career of the Arkansas. It was beautiful, said Lieutenant Stevens, while tears stood in his eyes, to see her when abandoned by commander and crew and dedicated to sacrifice, fighting the battle on her own hook."

About a week after the battle, Baton Rouge was evacuated and the forces there returned to New Orleans. The Mississippi river

was now open nearly to New Orleans. Vast quantities of army supplies were brought from Red river and distributed from points on the east side of the Mississippi. Steamboat communication with the trans-Mississippi was re-established. Every result hoped for in the battle of Baton Rouge had been accomplished, save only the capture of the forces there.

Telegrams from General Lee's Headquarters in September, 1864.

September 16, 1864.

Brigadier-General JOHN GREGG, *via Chaffin's Bluff:*

Telegram received. Endeavor to ascertain nature of reported movement of the enemy, as also their strength, and of what composed.

W. H. TAYLOR, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

September 16, 1864.

Governor Z. B. VANCE, *Raleigh, North Carolina:*

Twenty-six hundred muskets have been sent to you, and orders have been issued for one thousand to be sent from Salisbury.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

HEADQUARTERS PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA,
17th September, 1864.

General J. A. EARLY, *Winchester, Virginia:*

A deserter reports arrival here of Eighth corps under General Lew Wallace. General Wallace is said to be here. Is report correct?

R. E. LEE.

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, 17th September, 1864.

His Excellency JEFFERSON DAVIS, *Richmond, Virginia:*

W. B. Swittell, Company E, Fourth North Carolina regiment infantry, is presumed to be with his command in Early's corps in the Valley. Nothing is known of his case here.

R. E. LEE, *General.*

Official: W. H. TAYLOR,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

Editorial Paragraphs.

OUR JUNE NUMBER being necessarily delayed by the absence of the Secretary and other causes beyond our control, we decided to combine it with the July number. Our subscribers lose nothing either in the quantity or the quality of matter by the combining of these two numbers under one cover, and we are sure that they will not complain.

RENEWALS ARE STILL IN ORDER, and we would beg our friends to see that their neighbors whose time has expired renew their subscriptions. We can now send back numbers, and subscribers would do well to complete their sets *at once*, as we may not be able to do so when they want them.

And we earnestly beg the large number of subscribers whose time expires with this number to send on their renewals promptly.

GENERAL A. T. HAWTHORNE, of Marshall, Texas. has been appointed our General Agent for Texas and Arkansas. General Hawthorne was a gallant soldier in the Trans-Mississippi Department, and is too well known in that region to need any commendation from us. We know that he will receive a cordial welcome from his comrades and other friends of the cause, and we trust that he will not only enroll a number of members, but will secure much material for a true history of the Trans-Mississippi Department of the Confederacy.

REV. H. S. BURRAGE, OF PORTLAND, MAINE, and Rev. Dr. King, of Boston, favored us with a visit in May, and we had much pleasure in going over with them portions of the battlefields around Richmond, and in "fighting our battles over again" in a peaceable and fraternal way.

Captain Burrage, since his return home, has written in his paper (*Zion's Advocate*) a series of very interesting sketches on some of the movements in the campaign of 1864, in which he participated. We could wish that more of "our friends the enemy" would visit us, for many mistakes on both sides will never be corrected unless by personal intercourse and friendly discussion.

"MEMORIAL DAY" AT WINCHESTER must have been a grand affair, and we were very much disappointed at being unable to fulfil our purpose of being present. As the 6th of June fell on Sunday this year, the 5th was observed as "Memorial Day" and the Maryland monument was unveiled with imposing ceremonies. The Governor of Virginia (Colonel F. W. M. Holliday), whose "empty sleeve" rendered him especially worthy to grace the occasion, the "Confederate States Army and Navy Society of Maryland," the Fifth Maryland regiment from Baltimore, a number of

Virginia military companies, and an immense concourse of people, estimated at 15,000, were present.

An appropriate address of welcome by Governor Holliday was suitably responded to by Mayor Latrobe, of Baltimore. The orator of the day was Spencer E. Jones, Esq., of Maryland, who during the war was a gallant private in the "Maryland Line," and whose oration seems to have given the highest satisfaction to all who heard it.

Touching scenes of the occasion were the presentation by Governor Holliday of Mrs. Jackson and her daughter, Miss Julia, to the veterans of the old Stonewall Brigade who were present, and the reception by General B. T. Johnson of the flag of the First Maryland (Federal) regiment, which was captured at Front Royal May 23, 1862, by one of his men, and was now sent by its custodian, Miss Nannie McKay, in whose presence it was captured, to be returned to Colonel Kenly, who, despite the terrible wound he received that day, still survives, for his gallant First Maryland (Federal) regiment.

The whole affair seems to have been a splendid success. The monument, which is erected in the "Maryland section" of Stonewall cemetery is described as being very beautiful and appropriate, and certainly reflects credit on all who had part in devising or executing this tribute to the heroic "boys in gray" of Maryland.

General I. M. St. John was born in Georgia, not in New York, as we erroneously stated in our last issue. His father had been residing in New York for some years, and we were thus led into the error. We have received a very fine photograph of him, taken during the war, and prize it very highly as handing down the features of one of the most loyal Confederates, one of the most accomplished gentlemen, one of the truest friends, and one of the sincerest Christians whom we ever knew.

William Mahl, General Superintendent of the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line and the L. C. and Lexington railway, placed us under obligations for courtesies, cordially and politely extended, when several weeks ago we had occasion to pass over his admirably managed roads.

During a Recent Visit to Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky, we found it very pleasant to meet in the former city Major W. O. Dod, President; Major E. H. McDonald, Secretary, and Hon. H. W. Bruce, an active member, of the Louisville Branch of our Society; and in the latter city, G. W. Ranck, Secretary of the Kentucky Historical Society; Major H. B. McClellan, formerly of General J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and Captain C. H. Morgan, formerly of General John H. Morgan's staff, and to receive from them all, not only personal courtesies, but assurances of valuable help in our great work. Judge Bruce, Major Dod, Major McClellan, and Captain Morgan all promised us papers which will prove of great interest and real historic value.

Literary Notices.

O'Hara and His Elegies. By George W. Ranck, Lexington, Kentucky.

We are indebted to the accomplished author for a copy of this beautful little volume, which is in every sense a literary gem.

The biographical sketch of O'Hara, tracing his life from his birth in Danville, Kentucky, through his career as politician, editor, soldier, in Mexico and in the Confederate service (where he served with great distinction as Colonel of the Twelfth Alabama regiment, and on the staff of General Albert Sidney Johnston and General John C. Breckinridge), and his career after the war until his death in 1867, is admirably done, and shows the author a master of this style of writing. And no competent critic can read the two exquisite poems given as specimens—"The Bivouac of the Dead" and "The Old Pioneer"—without pronouncing them gems of the first water, and concurring with Mr. Ranck in the very high estimate he places upon the genius of the author.

We are also indebted to Mr. Ranck for a splendid photograph of Colonel O'Hara, which we will place in our gallery of Confederate soldiers, and doubly prize as the counterpart of a gallant soldier and gifted child of genius and song.

Jackson's Valley Campaign. By Colonel William Allan, late Chief of Ordnance, Second corps A. N. V. With full maps by Captain Jed. Hotchkiss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

We have just received, through the courtesy of the author, a copy of this every-way model book. After one has read the many so-called "histories" or biographies bearing on the late war, in which the writers rush into print without either the material or the industry to be reasonably accurate in their statement of facts, it is really refreshing to read this superb book. Colonel Allan has used the utmost diligence in verifying his statements, has studied the official reports and other documents on *both* sides, and has produced a book which will stand *as the authority* on that brilliant campaign which made "Stonewall" Jackson and his "foot cavalry" famous for all time.

Colonel Allan's style is clear, forcible and interesting, and one rises from the perusal of his narrative with the full conviction that he has been reading not romance, but history. Soldiers who fought on the other side will be struck with the absence of all partizanry, the freedom of the book from any harsh epithets, and the calm, historic spirit in which it is written.

The maps, prepared by Major Jed. Hotchkiss, of Jackson's staff—one of the very best topographical engineers which the war produced—are very valuable, and we do not hesitate to say that no one, North or South, who wishes to know the truth concerning this campaign, can afford to be without this invaluable history. We need scarcely add that the volume, in type, paper, binding, etc., is gotten up in the beautiful style for which Lippincott & Co. are famous.

"*Brown University in the Civil War.*" By Henry Sweetser Burrage.

We are indebted to the accomplished author for a copy of this well written and beautifully gotten up book, and place it upon our shelves as an important chapter of the "war between the States."

It gives an introduction on "The University in Relation to the Rebellion"; a chapter of "Biographies of Students who Died in the Service or from Disease Contracted in the Service"; an account of "The Memorial Tablet in Manning Hall," and a "Roll of Students, Graduates and Non-Graduates, who Served in the Army and Navy of the United States during the Rebellion."

There were in the service in all capacities during the war two hundred and sixty-six of the old students, and of these twenty-one were killed or died from wounds or disease contracted in the service. We have said that the book is admirably gotten up (albeit there are, of course, sentiments which *we* utterly repudiate, and phrases which we would fain hope our friend Major Burrage would modify if he had written in 1880 instead of 1868), and we would rejoice to see such a volume for every college and university in the land.

We were very much struck by one statement, as illustrating the odds against which the South fought: *Brown University not only continued its regular sessions but, had in attendance more than its average of students during the whole war.* This was probably true of other Northern colleges; *while nearly every college at the South was closed, and its professors and students enlisted en masse in the armies of the Confederacy.*

"*The University Memorial.*" By Reverend John Lipscomb Johnson, B. A.

It is a singular coincidence that at the very time we received the volume concerning Brown University, we also received from our old college friend, the author, this splendid tribute to the alumni of the University of Virginia, who fell in the Confederate service. Alas! instead of twenty-one, this death-roll contains the names and brief biographies of one hundred and ninety-eight alumni of our noble University, who marched forth cheerfully to defend what *they* believed the cause of constitutional freedom, and laid their lives a willing sacrifice on the altar of "the land they loved." And even this long roll, because of imperfect records, is not complete, and it is believed that at least two hundred and seventy-five of our alumni fell in the great struggle.

Unfortunately there has been made out no roll of old students of the University who served in the Confederate army, but it is confidently believed that fully three-fourths of those who were of military age volunteered the first year of the war.

We regret that we have now only space to add that Mr. Johnson has done his work with skilful hand and tender touch, and has produced a book that deserves a place in every library. Copies may be procured of the author, Professor John L. Johnson, University of Mississippi, Oxford, Mississippi.

Scribner's Monthly and *St. Nicholas* continue to excel in beautiful illustrations and interesting, varied and valuable matter; every month bringing both grown people and little folks under renewed obligations for these superb magazines.

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Va., Aug. and Sept., 1880. Nos. 8 and 9

General Hardee and the Military Operations Around Atlanta.

By Colonel T. B. Roy, late of General Hardee's Staff.

[In presenting the following paper from the gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman who wrote it, it is, perhaps, proper to say again that the *Southern Historical Society* is not responsible for any sentiments uttered by writers in these pages. When there are points of controversy among Confederates we give impartially *both* sides, and leave the intelligent reader to judge for himself without comment from us.]

The publication of General Hood's book, entitled "Advance and Retreat," the wide circulation which circumstances have concurred to give it, and the fact that a new generation has grown up, unfamiliar with the matters there referred to, make it essential that certain charges and imputations therein made against General William J. Hardee should be met and refuted. Some of these matters, consisting of suggestion and opinion, and of alleged verbal communications between persons, all of whom are now dead, are difficult to deal with. This difficulty is enhanced by the lapse

of time—over fifteen years—since the events transpired, by the death of many of the chief actors in those events, and by the loss of most of General Hardee's official records and papers, which, during active operations, were, from time to time, sent to places in the rear, which proved insecure; but, as a member of General Hardee's staff, on duty with him during all that period, and honored, then and afterwards, with his friendship and confidence, I deem it my privilege and duty to contribute what I can towards the right and the truth in these matters.

In the early part of 1865, General Hood made an official report to the War Department, covering the operations at and about Atlanta, which was afterwards published in the public press of the day, and which I take to be the same as contained in the appendix to this book. This elicited from General Hardee a communication to the Department, bearing date 5th of April, 1865. This paper does not purport to be a report, in the ordinary sense of the term; and having been prepared amid the duties and activities of a campaign, and without access to sources of information afterwards open, it may be inaccurate in some matters of mere detail; but it was mainly addressed to certain specific statements contained in General Hood's report, and it is as to these statements only that I quote it. It is as follows:

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS,
CAMP NEAR SMITHFIELD, NORTH CAROLINA.
April 5th, 1865.

To General S. COOPER,
Adjutant and Inspector-General, Richmond, Virginia:

General—The want of subordinate reports has hitherto prevented me from making an official report of the operations of my corps of the Army of Tennessee, from the opening of the campaign at Dalton to the time of my transfer from that army on the 28th September, 1864. Many of the general officers of that corps were killed, wounded or captured in the recent Tennessee campaign without having made up their reports, and this obstacle, therefore, still exists; but the publication of General Hood's official report makes it a duty to place at once upon record a correction of the misrepresentations which he has made in that report with respect to myself and the corps which I commanded.

It is well known that I felt unwilling to serve under General Hood upon his succession to the command of the Army of Tennessee, because I believed him, though a tried and gallant officer, to be unequal, in both experience and natural ability, to so important a command, and soon afterward, with the knowledge and approval of General Hood, I applied to His Excellency the Presi-

dent to be relieved from duty with that army. The President replied that it was my duty to remain where I was. I accepted the decision, and gave to the Commanding-General an honest and cordial support. That in the operations about Atlanta I failed to accomplish all that General Hood thinks might have been accomplished is a matter of regret; that I committed errors is very possible; but that I failed, in any instance, to carry out in good faith his orders, I utterly deny. Nor during our official connection did General Hood ever evince a belief that I had, in any respect, failed in the execution of such parts of his military plans as were entrusted to me. On the contrary, by frequent and exclusive consultation of my opinions, by the selection of my corps for important operations, and by assigning me, on several occasions, to the command of two-thirds of his army, he gave every proof of implicit confidence in me. The publication of his official report, with its astonishing statements and insinuations, was the first intimation of his dissatisfaction with my official conduct.

Referring to the attack of the 20th July at Peach-tree creek, he says:

"Owing to the demonstrations of the enemy on the right, it became necessary to extend Cheatham a division front to the right. To do this Hardee and Stewart were each ordered to extend a half division front to close the interval. Foreseeing that some confusion and delay might result, I was careful to call General Hardee's attention to the importance of having a staff officer on his left, to see that his left did not take more than half a division front. This unfortunately was not attended to, and the line closed to the right, causing Stewart to move two or three times the proper distance. In consequence of this, the attack was delayed until nearly four P. M. At this hour the attack began as ordered, Stewart's corps carrying the temporary works in its front. Hardee failed to push the attack as ordered, and thus the enemy, remaining in possession of his works on Stewart's right, compelled Stewart, by an enfilade fire, to abandon the position he had carried. I have every reason to believe that our attack would have been successful had my orders been executed."

I was ordered, as above stated, to move half a division length to the right; but was directed, at the same time, to connect with the left of Cheatham's corps. The delay referred to by General Hood was not caused by my failure to post a staff officer to prevent my command from moving more than half a division length to the right, for Major Black, of my staff, was sent to the proper point for that purpose; but it arose from the fact that Cheatham's corps, with which I was to connect, was nearly two miles to my right, instead of a division length. Had General Hood been on the field, the alternative of delaying the attack, or leaving an interval between Cheatham's command and my own, could have been sub-

mitted to him for decision. He was in Atlanta, and in his absence the hazard of leaving an interval of one and a half miles in a line intended to be continuous, and at a point in front of which the enemy was in force and might at any time attack, seemed to me too great to be assumed. The attack thus delayed was, therefore, made at four P. M. instead of at one o'clock.

My troops were formed as follows: Bate's division on the right; Walker's in the centre; Cheatham's, commanded by Brigadier-General Maney, on the left, and Cleburne's in reserve. The command moved to the attack in echelon of division from the right. Walker's division, in consequence of the circular formation of the enemy's fortifications, encountered them first and was repulsed and driven back. Bate, finding no enemy in his immediate front, was directed to find and, if practicable, to turn their flank; but his advance, through an almost impenetrable thicket, was necessarily slow. Expecting but not hearing Bate's guns, I ordered Maney and Cleburne (whose division had been substituted for Walker's beaten troops) to attack. At the moment when the troops were advancing to the assault, I received information from General Hood that the enemy were passing and overlapping the extreme right of the army, accompanied by an imperative order to send him a division at once. In obedience to this order, I immediately withdrew and sent to him Cleburne's division. The withdrawal of a division at the moment when but two were available compelled me to countermand the assault, and the lateness of the hour, which made it impossible to get Bate in position to attack before dark, left no alternative but to give up the attack altogether. These movements and their causes were fully explained to General Hood at the time, and seemingly to his entire satisfaction.

No mention is made in General Hood's report of the fight made by Cleburne on the 21st, which he described as the "bitterest" of his life. But it was the well known and often expressed opinion of that noble and lamented officer, that but for the withdrawal of his division, which prevented the assault on the 20th, and its timely arrival on the right, the enemy would, on the morning of the 21st, have succeeded in gaining the inner works of Atlanta.

On the 21st of July, General Hood decided to attempt on the following day to turn the enemy's left flank.

The original plan was to send my corps by a detour to Decatur, to turn the enemy's position; but my troops had been marching, working and fighting the night and day previous, had had little rest for thirty-six hours, and it was deemed impracticable to make so long a march in time to attack on the following day. This plan was therefore abandoned, and General Hood decided to strike the enemy in flank.

General Hood says: "Hardee failed to entirely turn the enemy's flank as directed, took position and attacked his flank." In proof that General Hood's instructions were obeyed, I have only to mention that when my dispatch, informing him of the position I had

taken and the dispositions I had made for the attack, was received, he exclaimed to Brigadier-General Mackall, his Chief-of-Staff, with his finger on the map, "Hardee is just where I wanted him."

I will not in this report enter into the details of the engagement of the 22d July, one of the most desperate and bloody of the campaign, and which won the only decided success achieved by the army at Atlanta.

In the afternoon of the 28th July, when the corps of Stewart and Lee on the left had been badly repulsed in an attack upon the enemy's right, and were attacked in turn, a serious disaster was apprehended. General Hood sent several couriers in quick succession and in great haste to summon me to his headquarters, which were between my own and the then battlefield, and about one and a half miles nearer to it. He there directed me to proceed to the field, and, if necessary, to assume command of the troops engaged. If I failed of my duty in any respect on the 20th or 22d of July, it is a little singular that on the 28th General Hood, remaining at his headquarters in Atlanta, should have sent me to take command on a field where there was no portion of my own corps, and where nearly two-thirds of his army were engaged. Upon my arrival on the field, the fighting had nearly ceased, and I found it unnecessary to assume command.

This fight is mentioned by General Hood in terms to leave an impression of its success; but it was well known throughout the army that the loss in men, organization and morale in the engagement, was serious. No action of the campaign probably did so much to demoralize and dishearten the troops engaged in it. It was necessary, in order to cast upon me the onus of the general failure at Atlanta, to cover up any want of success on the part of others.

But if strange that General Hood should have placed me in command of two-thirds of his army on the 28th, after my failures of the 20th and 22d, it is not less remarkable that in the following month, remaining himself in Atlanta, nearly thirty miles from the scene of action, with one corps of his army, he should have sent me in command of the other two corps to make an attack at Jonesboro', upon which, he says, so much depended.

On the 26th of August the enemy drew in his left on the north front of Atlanta, in pursuance of a design to turn our position and move upon our railroad communications. Wheeler had cut the railroad between Atlanta and Chattanooga, and General Hood believed the enemy to be retreating for want of supplies. He even ordered General W. H. Jackson, commanding the cavalry then with the army, to harass the rear of the retreating enemy. General Jackson endeavored to convince him of his error, but to no purpose. The opportunity to strike the flank of the enemy, exposed during the five days occupied in the movement, was neglected and lost. It was not until the 30th of August, in the evening of which day the enemy actually reached the vicinity of Jonesboro', that he was

convinced, by information sent him by myself from Rough-and-Ready, that the enemy were moving on that place. He then determined to attack what he believed to be two corps of the enemy at Jonesboro'. The enemy had reached Jonesboro' before the order was given to move against him. I was telegraphed at Rough-and-Ready, in the evening of August 30th, to come to Atlanta, and an engine was sent for me. I arrived in the night. General Hood ordered me to move with Lee's corps and my own, commanded by Major-General Cleburne, to Jonesboro', and to attack and if possible drive the enemy across Flint river. The troops were in vicinity of Eastpoint, and were put in motion at once. I left Atlanta by rail and reached Jonesboro' before daybreak, expecting to find Lee and Cleburne there. To my disappointment I found that Cleburne, who was in advance, had encountered the enemy in force upon the road which he had been instructed to take, and had been compelled to open another road. This occasioned great delay. Cleburne got into position about nine A. M. and Lee not until eleven A. M. Three brigades of Lee, which had been left on picket, did not get up until 1.30 P. M.

Foreseeing that the attack could not be made before the afternoon, and that the enemy would have time, by entrenching himself, to add strength of position to superiority of numbers, I telegraphed these facts to General Hood early in the day, and urged him to come to Jonesboro' and take command. Communication with Atlanta by rail was then still open, but he did not come.

As soon as the lines could be adjusted, I ordered the attack. Lee's corps was on the right. Cleburne had orders to turn the enemy's right flank, and Lee to begin the attack when he should hear Cleburne's guns. Lee, mistaking the guns of Cleburne's skirmishers for the main attack, began the movement before Cleburne became seriously engaged. He encountered formidable breastworks, which he was unable to carry, and after considerable loss was driven back in confusion. Cleburne had carried the temporary works of the enemy and a portion of his command had crossed Flint river and captured two pieces of artillery, which he was unable, however, to bring over the river. He was now moving upon the enemy's main works. I sent my Chief-of-Staff, Colonel Roy, to Lieutenant-General Lee to ascertain whether his troops were in condition to renew the attack. General Lee expressed the decided opinion that they were not. Immediately after this I was informed by another staff officer, Colonel Pickett, that the enemy were preparing to attack Lee. In view of the demoralized condition of Lee's troops, as reported by the same officer, I withdrew a division from Cleburne to support Lee. It now became necessary for me to act on the defensive, and I ordered Cleburne to make no further attempts upon the enemy's works.

It is proper to state that the enemy were strongly entrenched, and had one flank resting on Flint river, and both well protected. Their fortifications had been erected during the day and night pre-

vious and were formidable. Two corps were in position, with a third one in reserve. Three other corps were in supporting distance between Jonesboro' and Rough-and-Ready. The Twentieth corps alone of Sherman's army had been left in front of Atlanta. These facts were obtained from Captain Buell, a captured officer of Major-General Howard's staff.

On the night of the 31st the following dispatch was received in duplicate from General Hood:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
"OFFICE CHIEF-OF-STAFF, August 31st, 1864—6 P. M.

"Lieutenant-General HARDEE, *Commanding, &c.:*

"General Hood directs that you return Lee's corps to this place. Let it march by two o'clock to-morrow morning. Remain with your corps and the cavalry, and so dispose your force as best to protect Macon and communications in rear. Retain provision and ordnance trains. Please return Reynold's brigade, and, if you think you can do so and still accomplish your object, send back a brigade or so of your corps also. There are some indications that the enemy may make an attack upon Atlanta to-morrow.

"Very respectfully, &c.,

"F. A. SHOUP, *Chief-of-Staff.*"

Lee's corps proceeded to Atlanta in obedience to this order, and I remained at Jonesboro' with my corps and a body of cavalry under Brigadier-General Jackson.

It will be seen from the above order, that Lee's corps was not recalled, as General Hood states, with a view of attacking the enemy in flank; but to protect Atlanta from an apprehended attack by Sherman's army, which General Hood, with a marvelous want of information, evidently still believed to be in front of Atlanta.

On the morning of September the 1st, the situation was as follows: General Hood was at Atlanta with Stewart's corps and the Georgia militia; my corps was at Jonesboro', thirty miles distant,* and Lee's corps on the road from Jonesboro' to Atlanta, fifteen miles from each place and in supporting distance of neither. The Federal commander, on the other hand, had concentrated his whole army upon my corps at Jonesboro, except the one corps left in front of Atlanta, and was now in position to crush in detail the scattered forces of his unwary antagonist.

My position at Jonesboro' had been taken up on the failure of the attack on the day previous. It was not strong naturally, and there had been little time to strengthen it by art; but it was absolutely necessary to hold this position through the day to secure

*This is inaccurate. The distance by rail, I am informed, is twenty-one miles.

the evacuation of Atlanta, which had now become a necessity. To add to my embarrassment, I was encumbered by the ordnance and subsistence trains of the army, which had been sent for safety from Atlanta to Jonesboro', and could not now be sent further to the rear, because the superiority of the enemy in cavalry made it indispensable to their safety that they should remain under the protection of the infantry. It is difficult to imagine a more perplexing or perilous situation.

Yet it is the engagement of this day, fought under such circumstances, which General Hood disposes of in two contemptuous sentences—an engagement in which my corps was attacked by six corps, commanded by General Sherman in person, and where, upon my ability to hold the position during the day, depended the very existence of the remainder of the army; for it is not too much to say that if the enemy had crushed my corps, or even driven it from its position at Jonesboro', on the 1st September, no organized body of the other two corps could have escaped destruction. Through the splendid conduct of the troops, the position was held against the fierce and repeated assaults of the enemy.

At night the object of the stand, which was to secure the successful retreat of the two corps in Atlanta, having been gained, I retired about four miles and took up a position in front of Lovejoy station, which was maintained against a renewal of the attack, on the following day, and until the remainder of the army formed a junction with my corps, and Sherman withdrew to Atlanta.

General Hood sums up the total losses of his entire army, from the date of his assuming command on the 18th July to the Jonesboro' fight inclusive, at five thousand two hundred and forty-seven (5,247). The casualties in my corps alone during that time considerably exceeded seven thousand (7,000) in killed, wounded and captured.

General Hood says: "The vigor of the attack (on the 31st August) may be, in some sort, imagined when only 1,400 were killed and wounded out of two corps engaged." This attack was made principally by Lee's corps, and the loss was chiefly in that corps. It is true that the attack could scarcely have been called a vigorous one. Nor is it surprising that troops which, for two months, had been hurled against breastworks, only to be repulsed, or to gain dear-bought and fruitless victories, should now have moved against works with reluctance and distrust; but dispositions were made to renew the attack, which would probably have resulted bloodily enough to have satisfied even the sanguinary expectations of the Commanding-General, but for developments of the enemy's forces and movements, which made it necessary for me to assume the defensive. I now consider this a fortunate circumstance, for success against such odds, could, at best, only have been partial and bloody, while defeat would have been almost inevitable destruction to the army.

The fall of Atlanta does not date from the result of the battle of

Jonesboro, but from General Hood's misconception of his adversary's plans. After the 30th of August, General Hood's whole plan of operation was based upon the hypothesis that Sherman was moving only a detachment to Jonesboro, whereas, in reality, he was moving his army.

He divided his forces to attack a concentrated enemy. He in effect sent a detachment of his army to attack an enemy who was superior to his whole army.

Had it been possible with two corps to have dislodged three corps of the enemy from a chosen position on the 31st, I should still have had to meet three fresh corps on the following morning with my own corps alone; for it must be remembered that Lee's corps was withdrawn by General Hood before he knew the result of the fight on the 31st. The fate of Atlanta was sealed from the moment when General Hood allowed an enemy superior in numbers to pass unmolested around his flank and plant himself firmly upon his only line of railroad. If, after the enemy reached Jonesboro', General Hood had attacked him with his whole army instead of with a part of it, he could not reasonably have expected to drive from that position an army before which his own had been, for four months, retiring in the open field.

I have the honor to be, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE, *Lieutenant-General.*

He at the same time wrote as follows to the Secretary of War:

HEADQUARTERS CAMP NEAR SMITHFIELD, N. C.,
April 5th, 1865.

Hon. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, *Secretary of War, Richmond, Va.:*

General—I have just concluded, and will to-day forward to General Cooper, a report of the operations of my corps about Atlanta, and intended merely as an answer to the misrepresentations contained in General Hood's report respecting myself. You will oblige me by authorizing its publication, which I consider due alike to the truth of history and to my own reputation.

With high respect, your obedient servant,

W. J. HARDEE, *Lieutenant-General.*

The events which ensued upon the fall of Richmond no doubt prevented further action in this matter.

By reference to General Hood's report (see appendix) it will be observed that the gravamen of these charges was as follows:

(1.) That on the 20th July there was delay occasioned by Hardee's shifting too far to the right, and that "Hardee failed to push he attack as ordered." (321.)

(2.) That on the 22d of July "Hardee failed entirely to turn the enemy's left, as directed, took position and attacked his flanks." (322.)

(3.) That at Jonesboro', on the 31st of August, he did not succeed in dislodging the force of the enemy there in position; and the attack, measured by the loss—fourteen hundred killed and wounded—was not vigorous. (324.)

Fifteen years later, and some seven years after General Hardee's death, these charges are reproduced, amplified and reinforced; and he is now, in effect, charged with wilful disobedience of orders on these occasions, arising from a purpose to thwart the operations of the Commanding-General, and supplemented by such unsoldierly and dishonorable means as cautioning his troops against the breastworks they were about to assault.

General Hardee was a soldier by nature and by education. His career in the old army was long and in a high degree honorable. In the war between the States his military service covered the entire period of its duration. It extended through every grade—from Colonel to Lieutenant-General. It embraced every command, independent and subordinate, from a brigade to a military department. In the outset he declined the position of Adjutant-General, in favor of active service in the field, and throughout the war, from Missouri to North Carolina, as the trusted lieutenant of Albert Sidney Johnston in Kentucky—in charge of the first line of battle at Shiloh—at Perryville—in command of the victorious left wing at Murfreesboro'—in the long and deadly grapple of Sherman's and Johnston's armies from Dalton to Atlanta—at Savannah, and through the Carolinas—at Bentonville, leading a remnant of the Army of Tennessee in the last charge it ever made—always on duty; always at the post of honor and of danger; always equal to the trusts reposed in him, there is no chapter in the history of the fortunes or the misfortunes of the Western army which does not bear conspicuous witness to his honorable service. Even at Missionary Ridge, in command of the right, he not only held his own, and repulsed all assaults upon him, but charged the enemy in turn, and brought off prisoners and captured colors, as after nightfall, he withdrew, in perfect order, from the position which had covered the retreat of the army. He afterwards declined the command-in-chief of that army under circumstances which, if showing an undue diffidence of his own abilities, showed also exalted patriotism, and an absence of all selfish ambition.

And one of the last acts of his military career was that at Bentonville, when, at a critical moment, he in person threw a handful of cavalry against infantry, in a charge in which his only son, a boy of sixteen—true scion of a gallant stock, whose tender years had not sufficed, in his father's eyes, to withhold him from his country's service—fell mortally wounded, in the front of the battle. He withheld no duty, no service, nothing, from the cause; and his personal and soldierly qualities were attested in so many ways, and on so many fields, and are known to so many scores of thousands of the rank and file of both armies, still living, that unless such a life can be lived in vain, and unless history be a myth, these charges, with their suggestions and intendments, would refute themselves.

General Hardee's report, though addressed only to these charges as then formulated, sufficiently shows their utter groundlessness in any shape; and I add such matters as may further confirm or illustrate the facts. The facts being established, any injurious opinions which may have been entertained or expressed in ignorance of, or in despite of the facts, are of consequence only to those guilty of that wrong. And, as to some of the suggestions of the text, no one, on behalf of General Hardee, need discuss or characterize such an outgrowth of unreasoning prejudice and passion, fostered, no doubt, by fifteen years of morbid brooding over the adverse criticism to which the author refers.

20th July, 1864.

General Hood, referring to the contemplated attack on the 20th July, says in his report: "Owing to the demonstrations of the enemy on the right, it became necessary to extend Cheatham a division front to the right." (321.) Sherman also describes the dispositions and movements of his forces which occasioned that necessity (Memoirs, volume II, pages 71–73). General Hood's report shows that his instructions to Hardee and Stewart were "to close the interval" (321) created by shifting Cheatham to the right. General Stewart's report shows the same (349); General Hardee's likewise; and all agree that the interval, either because the movements of the enemy had made it necessary to shift Cheatham much more than a division length, or from some other cause, was two or three times greater than was supposed, and occasioned the delay. The object in posting a staff officer at the point designated was not, as General Hardee understood it, to limit his extension

to the right, but to divide the supposed interval equally between Hardee's and Stewart's corps. The attack was thus delayed in fulfiling an express order of General Hood.

Major S. L. Black, now of Indian Bay, Arkansas, says of this, under date of May 31st, 1880: "I was the staff officer referred to by General Hardee, and I did go and post myself at the point indicated, and did halt the left of General Hardee's corps at that point; and also pointed out to a staff officer of General Stewart the place where our left would rest after moving half a division front to the right. When the left of General Hardee's corps began moving further to the right, at the point at which I halted it, which it did before the right of General Stewart's corps came up, I went to the officer in command of the left brigade of Hardee's corps and told him that he must halt his troops, that he had already gone beyond the point at which I had shown him his left must rest. He replied that he had just received orders to close to the right. I remained where I was until General Stewart's right came up, which was about half an hour after our left had moved off, and explained that Hardee's corps had been halted at the point agreed upon, but that it had subsequently been ordered to close to the right. I then galloped to General Hardee and reported that I had halted his left at the point designated, but that it was then moving still further to the right. He replied that his orders were to connect with General Cheatham, who was continually moving to the right. . . . . The interval could have been quickly closed, if it had been created by one instead of repeated moves of Cheatham's corps. One corps would move a short distance to the right, halt, face and prepare for action, when it would again become necessary to close to the right. In this matter General Cheatham was not to blame, for I suppose his orders were simply to prevent the enemy from overlapping or turning his flank. . . . . I know that General Hardee expressed his impatience at the delay, and his annoyance at the repeated movements to the right."

The advance to the attack was in echelon of divisions from the right; but the troops of Hardee's corps which first struck the works, formidable in character and circular in shape, were repulsed and driven back with considerable loss, including the gallant General Stevens, who fell while leading his troops to the assault. This repulse was to be regretted, both in itself and for its reaction upon Stewart, who had achieved partial success further to the left.

But General Hood shows that the forces of Thomas on the ground were fifty thousand strong (187). General Sherman shows that Thomas had, on the 19th, crossed Peach-tree creek in line of battle, building bridges for nearly every division as deployed, and was now in position with at least two of his corps entrenched (Sherman's Memoirs, volume II, pages 72–73), and I can recall no instance in that campaign where either side succeeded in carrying and holding any extensive line of well manned works, except as accomplished by Hardee's corps on the 22d of July, two days later. Hence there was nothing in the fact of such a repulse to warrant reflection upon the troops or their commander.

The situation was now as follows: Bate's division, finding no enemy in its immediate front, on account of the circular formation of the enemy's lines, had been sent forward through dense timber to find and turn his flank; Walker's division, temporarily disabled in the first assault, was shifted and ordered forward to co-operate with Bate's flanking movement; Cleburne's division, hitherto in reserve, was brought up, and with his two available divisions, Cleburne's and Maney's, Hardee prepared to renew the attack in front; and the final orders had been given to the division commanders to move to the assault, when the order, above referred to, was received from General Hood, directing that a division be withdrawn and sent to the extreme right of the army. This necessitated a countermand of the assault as it was on the point of execution, and Cleburne's division was withdrawn and dispatched as directed.

Against such forces and works as were in Hardee's front it would have been folly to throw troops in detail and without concert; and before the new dispositions thus made necessary could be perfected, General Hood countermanded the movement and ordered the troops to be withdrawn to their former positions (321, 350).

The same emergency which had necessitated the shifting of Cheatham's corps to the right, a few hours earlier in the day, and occasioned the delay in the first attack, had now, in the opinion of General Hood, required the withdrawal of a division from Hardee at this critical moment, and prevented the renewal of the attack.

Of this, and the situation at the point to which Cleburne's division was thus sent, Captain Irving A. Buck, then Cleburne's Adjutant-General, and now residing in Baltimore, writes as follows:

BALTIMORE, MD., March 27th, 1880.

Colonel T. B. ROY, *Selma, Alabama:*

Dear Sir—In reply to yours of 27th February, I submit the following:

I was Cleburne's Adjutant-General, and was on duty with him, without a day's intermission, from 29th of December, 1862, to the 1st of September, 1864, when I was wounded at Jonesboro'. I was with him throughout the operations on the 20th July, 1864. Our division, which had been in reserve, was, on the evening of that day, ordered up to replace troops beaten in the first assault, and was formed in a depression facing the wooded ridge occupied by the enemy. The preliminary order for the assault had been given, and Cleburne had selected an officer to send to each brigade commander with the order to advance, when a staff officer galloped up, and announced that General Hood had directed that a division be sent at once to Atlanta, and ours was the one to go. Five minutes more would have been too late. The division was accordingly withdrawn, and marched back through Atlanta, Cleburne and staff riding ahead to ascertain the position assigned us. It was on the extreme right of the army, with the left of our division resting on the Augusta railroad. It fell to my lot to locate the troops. I found that we were replacing cavalry; and that the enemy's line gradually inclined towards the one we were taking up, until it approached very close up to our right; and I was notified by the officer I was relieving, to do so quietly, as the enemy had been firing into him at the least noise. It was extremely dark, and the cavalry line was so slight that I had much difficulty in tracing it. I extended the caution of silence to the brigades successively, with advice to construct such defences as they could noiselessly. Skirmishing opened, and the pressure on us began at dawn, and continued during the day, varied by occasional assaults, which were handsomely repulsed. The line thus taken up in the night, and with reference to the enemy's position, was weak, ill-protected and badly enfiladed. It was an exceedingly trying and harassing day to the troops, and we suffered severely. But for our arrival and these dispositions, the enemy, at dawn on the 21st, could easily have brushed away the thin cavalry line, and marched into the interior works of the city.

And Brigadier-General J. A. Smith, who commanded the right brigade of Cleburne's division, in this new line, after stating the movements and his position, says, in his official report:

I immediately proceeded to construct such works for protection as the limited means at my disposal would permit. Owing, however, to the position being much exposed, and the close proximity of the enemy, who occupied a strongly entrenched position, our

progress was slow. About 7 o'clock he opened a battery on my left, about eight hundred yards distant, which swept my line from left to right, committing dreadful havoc in the ranks. I have never before witnessed such accurate and destructive cannonading. In a few minutes forty (40) men were killed and over a hundred wounded by this battery alone. In the Eighteenth Texas cavalry (dismounted) regiment, seventeen (17) of the eighteen (18) men, composing one company, were placed *hors de combat* by one shot alone. When the cannonading ceased, the enemy's infantry moved on our front in heavy force, and succeeded in driving the cavalry on my right in confusion from its position, thereby causing the right regiment of my brigade to give way. This regiment, the Twenty-fourth and and Twenty-fifth Texas cavalry (dismounted) was soon rallied, and, in turn, drove back the enemy with heavy loss, regaining its position in the line. During the fearful cannonading on our flank and rear, both officers and men demeaned themselves with marked coolness and courage; not a man left his post, but quietly awaited the coming charge, which was repulsed with heavy loss—the enemy leaving a number of his killed and wounded in our hands.

The reports of other officers are to the same effect; and Cleburne's views of the opportuneness of his arrival on the right, and the character of the work next day, are quoted by General Hardee above.

Lieutenant-General Wheeler, holding the extreme right with cavalry, under date of 29th February, 1880, thus refers to the situation on the 20th, after McPherson had pressed him back to a point near Atlanta:

I finally reached a strong position, which I had fortified with some care, and held it against a spirited assault of two lines of battle. It was during these operations that Generals Hardee and Stewart were attacking General Thomas, some four or five miles northwest of my position. From the line of works occupied by my troops, they could see masses of the enemy, fully twenty thousand strong, all aligned and ready to attack. I felt that any respectable effort upon their part could easily dislodge my force, and leave nothing between McPherson and the interior works which had been erected for the final defence of Atlanta.

And he furnished me the following copies of dispatches received by him that day, which illustrate the state of affairs which required the shiftings of Cheatham's corps and the call for Cleburne's division:

HEADQUARTERS, July 20, 1864—10.20 A. M.

Major-General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry Corps:*

General—General Hood directs me to say that you must retard the enemy *as much as possible.* Should you finally be forced back, form and strengthen yourself upon the right of our infantry, which is now being extended to the railroad.

Yours respectfully,

A. P. MASON, *Major and A. A. G.*

JULY 20, 1.10 P. M.

General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry Corps:*

Are you driven back, or have you only fallen back to find a good position? What is your estimate of enemy? Hold at all hazards! General Smith, with all the reserve artillery, occupies the works behind you.

Respectfully,

W. W. MACKALL, *Brigadier-General.*

General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry Corps:*

General Brown has been ordered to extend to the railroad. You will please keep in communication with him and support him. I am now on the left of my line, which is a long one. If you should find the enemy moving to my left, you will please inform me.

B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General.*

My skirmishers on my left are now heavily engaged.

5½

General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry:*

I have one thousand yards in my centre with the troops deployed in a single line, and have been compelled to take a brigade from my left, which is now not protected. I need 2,000 men to fill my line. General G. W. Smith is near you; call on him.

B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General.*

Hold until night, if possible, and keep me posted.

B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General.*

6¼ O'clock.

General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry Corps:*

The enemy are pressing my centre, which is only a single line for one mile. I am afraid it will not sustain itself. I have weakened my entire line to fill up the gap of one mile. I have sent word to General Brown to assist you if he can. You will communicate with him.

B. F. CHEATHAM, *Major-General.*

July 20, 1864—6½ P. M.

General WHEELER:

General Cheatham has been ordered to send you a brigade. Hold on as long as you can, but if forced back you must go into the fortifications with General Smith, who is now behind you, and hold them, says General Hood.

Respectfully,

W. W. MACKALL.

HEADQUARTERS, July 20, 1864—7.15 P. M.

Major-General WHEELER, *Commanding Cavalry Corps:*

General—Your dispatch of 5.45 is received. General Hood directs me to say that Cleburne's division is moving to your support, to communicate this to the men, and *urge them to hold on.* General Hood desires to see you as soon as you can safely leave your command. Yours,

A. P. MASON,
Major and Assistant Adjutant-General.

And by a combination of good luck, audacity and hard fighting, Wheeler did "hold on" until Cleburne relieved him and enabled him to move further to the right to confront the extending lines of the enemy.

Yet General Hood, in purporting to give a true and correct history of the operations of 20th of July, and while charging General Hardee with a failure "to push the attack as ordered," nowhere in his book makes the slightest allusion to the vital and controlling fact that he withdrew this division from the line of battle when on the point of moving to the assault, at the very turning point of the day, and thereby prevented the pushing of the attack.

22d of July, 1864.

With respect to the plan of operations for this day General Hood says:

"General Hardee was directed to put his corps in motion soon after dark; to move south on the McDonough road, across Entrenchment creek at Cobb's mill, and to completely turn the left of McPherson's army and attack at daylight, or as soon thereafter as possible. He was furnished guides from Wheeler's cavalry, who were familiar with the various roads in that direction . . . . ; was given clear and positive orders to detach his corps; to swing away from the main body of the army, and to march entirely around and to the rear of McPherson's left flank, even if he was forced to go to or beyond Decatur, which is only about six miles from Atlanta (177). . . . . Hardee had not only failed to turn McPherson's left, according to positive orders, but had thrown his men against the enemy's breastworks, thereby occasioning unnecessary loss to us" (179).

Singularly enough, General Hardee is accused of warning and cautioning his troops against the breastworks they were about to assault on the 20th of July, and of now needlessly hurling the same troops against breastworks on the 22d.

It is not to be presumed that the liability to encounter entrenchments had weight in determining the plan of attack. Sherman's soldiers during this campaign, it may be said, marched with a musket in one hand and a spade in the other, and could construct substantial works, protected, if in a wooded country like this, by formidable *abatis* in a very short time. General Hood cites Federal and Confederate authorities to prove that the enemy habitually entrenched at every stage in such movements as he was now making, and could never be caught without works; and all experience had shown, what was now again confirmed, that the enemy in such movements left a network of entrenchments in his wake and on his flanks.*

In reference to the detour to and through Decatur, referred to by General Hood, General Hardee says that movement was considered and discussed; but in consideration of the night march, and the fagged condition of the troops, it was deemed impracticable to make so long a march in time to attack next day, and that "this plan was therefore abandoned, and General Hood decided to strike the enemy in flank."

*Wheeler's cavalry even encountered works in the attack on the extreme easterly force near Decatur.

As the statements of Generals Hardee and Hood seem thus to conflict, they must be respectively tested by comparison with such pertinent facts as appear in the text, or are otherwise established.

One such fact is that McPherson's general position, on the Decatur side of Atlanta, was well known and defined. His pressure there, as we have seen, had been such as to necessitate the shifting of Cheatham's corps, and the exigent call for Cleburne's division as early as the 20th July, and our forces had been resisting him all along that line throughout the day on the 21st. He was now entrenched along a north and south line, facing westward, with his extreme entrenched left (the left of Blair's corps) resting at a point some three miles southeast of Atlanta and some five miles southwest of Decatur. Two plans of operations seem to have been discussed—one, by a sufficient detour, to strike and turn this left flank; the other, by a movement to and through Decatur and back on the rear of the enemy, which would have brought the attacking force in rear of McPherson's centre or right flank. The distances and positions involved necessarily made these distinct and independent plans; and it would seem most extraordinary that a force should have been sent out from Atlanta in the night, and through a country so densely wooded as to be impracticable for marching off the roadways, and by such a detour, as is indicated by the order to cross "Entrenchment creek and Cobb's mill" (see map, 167), with a roving commission, either to turn and attack this flank, located as described, or to move to or beyond Decatur, and thence back on the rear of the enemy, especially when the alleged discretionary instruction, involving a difference of many hours in execution, is coupled with the definite expectation of attack at daylight or soon thereafter.

And the result vindicated the wisdom of the plan adopted as compared with the Decatur plan; for, as it was, Hardee's movement by Cobb's mill, and thence northeastwardly towards Decatur to the proper point, and thence through dense woods upon McPherson's left rear, was a surprise; whereas a detour by way of Decatur, and the collision with the brigade (Sprague's) there posted, would have given the enemy timely and invaluable notice of the movement. General Wheeler says it was explained in the council held by General Hood "that the object in going so far south as Cobb's mill was to secrete the movement from the enemy." This object would have been wholly defeated by Hardee's march to Decatur and the consequent collision with the detachment there.

General Hood says, in support of his version, that Decatur is "only about six miles from Atlanta"; and he refers to it as if the road from Atlanta to Decatur was still open, and Wheeler's cavalry were still daily passing to and fro over it (178). And the map, at page 167, seems to further that idea, by locating the Federal forces north of the Decatur road. But, as is elsewhere shown in the text, the enemy had been occupying that road ever since the 18th of July. Both Schofield's and McPherson's armies had advanced to Atlanta by way of Decatur. And McPherson was now facing and entrenched along the Decatur side of Atlanta, with the Fifteenth corps extending two division lengths south of Decatur road, and the Seventeenth corps, on the left of the Fifteenth, extending south to and along the McDonough road. General Blair's letter, quoted by General Hood at page 188, shows this, and it is otherwise a well known fact. And a reference to the map at page 167, imperfect and misleading though it be, will show, at a glance, that a detour, not along but around the McDonough road, for that was occupied by Blair's corps, and across "Entrenchment creek at Cobb's Mill," and thence to Decatur, and thence back to the rear of the enemy near Atlanta, would have involved a march, not of six, but of about eighteen miles; and such a distance, to be accomplished by a night march, with jaded troops, and within the time desired, might well have been, as General Hardee says it was, deemed impracticable.

In addition to what is shown by the map, these distances by the country roads are furnished by the Mayor of Atlanta as follows:

MAYOR'S OFFICE, ATLANTA, GA., May 13, 1880.

T. B. ROY, Esq.:

Dear Sir—Yours of the 12th instant received. The distance from Atlanta to Decatur is six miles; to Cobb's mill about seven or eight miles. From Atlanta to Decatur by Cobb's mill about fourteen or fifteen miles. . . . . I will cheerfully give you any information I can about this country. I was born at Decatur, and am well acquainted with it.

Very respectfully,

W. L. CALHOUN.

But General Hood says Hardee's troops were fresh (174); that they had been allowed almost absolute rest the entire day of the 21st (191). In this he is also at fault. General Hardee says his troops had had little rest for thirty-six hours. We have seen above what

kind of "absolute rest the entire day of the 21st" Cleburne's division had enjoyed. When the troops of that division went into action on the 22d, they had been marching, working and fighting continuously for forty-eight hours. Among others, Brigadier-General Lowrey, of that division, in his official report of 22d July, says on this subject:

> My men had neither sleep nor rest for two days and nights; and under the rapid marching above mentioned, and the oppressive heat, many good men fell completely exhausted, and could go no further.

And as it was, though the plan finally adopted involved a shorter detour, General Blair, in the letter quoted by General Hood, at page 189, refers to the fatigue of Hardee's troops, "from their long, swift march," and with good reason, for some of the troops which had been fighting McPherson in front of his works all day on the 21st, and which had been witwdrawn from their front at ten o'clock P. M., had made the detour by Cobb's mill, had marched thence northeastwardly towards Decatur to the proper point, and turned and advanced in line of battle through dense undergrowth for some two miles, equivalent to more than double the distance over open ground, and were now bearing down upon the rear of the same works.

General Hood also says that Hardee was to march at dusk on the 21st (174–177). But the troops to take part in this movement —infantry, artillery and cavalry—were in different and distant positions on the outer lines, in some instances in direct contact with the enemy. They could not be withdrawn into Atlanta until after dark. Cleburne's situation, with respect to the enemy, was such that he could not draw out until ten o'clock P. M. Captain Williams, Govan's Adjutant-General, has furnished me the hour, entered in his diary at the time. From Atlanta the troops were to move on the same road, and in proper order of march, with sufficient intervals of time to allow the cavalry to get clear, and each successive division to draw out and get in motion before the next following took up the march. According to the order of march, Cleburne's division, which I take it brought up the rear, was to move at one o'clock A. M., although it in fact succeeded in moving half an hour earlier. Captain Buck, Cleburne's Adjutant-General, has furnished me the preliminary and final orders received by Cleburne for the movement. They are as follows:

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS,
21 July, 1864—7.30 P. M.

General CLEBURNE:

General—At dark you will withdraw your division within the city defences. You will not take position on the line, but bivouac your troops with your left to the right (looking from Atlanta) of the railroad. Your skirmishers will be left out, and will occupy your present line of defence. It is proper to inform you that Cheatham's corps will also withdraw into the city defences. The General enjoins watchfulness upon your skirmishers.

By command of Lieutenant-General Hardee,

T. B. ROY, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS HARDEE'S CORPS, 21 July—11 P. M.

General CLEBURNE:

By direction of Lieutenant-General Hardee your division will move at (1) one o'clock to-night on the road which will be indicated by the guide. Your skirmishers will be left on the line you occupied to-day. Respectfully,

T. B. ROY, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Your division follows Walker's.
Respectfully,

T. B. ROY, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Your skirmishers remain out until *driven in.*
By order of Lieutenant-General Hardee,

T. B. ROY, *Assistant Adjutant-General.*

And from the animus of this book it is quite certain that if any portion of Hardee's troops had not moved until one o'clock A. M. on the 22d, when it had been practicable, and they had been ordered to move at dusk on the 21st, that matter would have been specially adverted to.

General Hood says he was out on the line near Cheatham's right at dawn on the 22d, expecting momentarily to hear the initiation of the battle by Hardee, "who was supposed to be at that moment in rear of the adversary's flank" (179). The movement of Cleburne's division, as we have seen, was fixed for one o'clock A. M. General Hood, as he states, expected the action to open at dawn. It is impossible that he could have expected the troops in the inter-

vening three or three and a half hours of darkness, to make the detour of eighteen miles by way of Cobb's mill, Decatur and back to the rear of the enemy near Atlanta. And it needs but to put two and two together to demonstrate that the movement to and through Decatur, as General Hardee says it was, had been abandoned.

On the other hand, General Hardee's statement of the plan of attack, as finally determined upon, is confirmed by the real condition of the troops, by the actual distances involved, by the respective positions of the opposing forces, by the time when the movement was to begin, and the hour at which General Hood says it was expected the attack could be made. It is likewise confirmed by General Hood in the text itself; for, while unaccountably confusing positions and distances, in speaking of reaching McPherson's left flank by a march "to or beyond Decatur," he shows that it was the left flank which Hardee was to turn and strike; and that Cheatham, from the Atlanta side, was to take up the movement along that line from (his) right to left, "as soon as Hardee succeeded in forcing back or throwing into confusion the Federal left" (177). The extreme Federal left, as we have seen, and as is further shown by General Blair's letter, quoted by General Hood at page 188, and by the Federal maps of the battlefield, rested at a point some five miles southwest of Decatur; and from the point where Hardee halted and turned, to move on the rear of McPherson's left flank, every step towards Decatur would have been a step away from and not towards the rear of McPherson's left.

The plan of attack, as finally adopted, was by Hardee faithfully, vigorously and successfully carried out. He swung out of Atlanta, and making the necessary detour, crossed Entrenchment creek at Cobb's mill, reached the road leading thence to Decatur, and moving out on it to the proper point, turned and advanced upon the rear of the enemy's left flank. The advance was from a position selected and determined upon as the most advantageous for that purpose, in a council held shortly after daybreak between Generals Hardee and Wheeler, at which several of the division commanders were also present, upon information of the enemy's location with respect to that position, as reported by Wheeler's scouts and confirmed by citizens whom General Wheeler brought to General Hardee for that purpose. General Wheeler recalls, as one of the incidents of this council, that a citizen who had said there was no obstacle between us and the enemy, admitted on cross-examination that a portion

of the ground on the right was intersected by a pond ten feet deep and a mile long, and General Walker's comment upon the man's idea of military obstacles. At this time the troops, impeded and delayed on their long march by matters mentioned hereafter, had not yet come up, and regret and annoyance were expressed by all parties at the delay.

Hardee's line of battle was formed on a road leading from the Atlanta and McDonough road northeastward towards Decatur, and was in rear of the left of and at an angle of about forty-five degrees with McPherson's entrenched line; so that the left divisions should strike the left flank and rear of the Seventeenth corps, and the right divisions in turn should reach the rear of the Fifteenth corps, on the extension of McPherson's line northward. The advance in line was over a rough and broken country, intersected on the right by swamps and sloughs, and especially on the left was for some mile and a half or two miles through a wilderness of scant undergrowth so dense that it was next to impossible to preserve distance, direction or the proper angle of approach. General Hardee says of it, in a letter written next day: "I marched in line for two miles through a dense forest, where I could not see ten paces. Of course it was impossible to keep up an alignment." And Lowry, in his official report, says he could not see a hundred yards of his own line at a time, and "that a line of battle could not be seen fifty yards."

A part of the left wing—Cleburne and Maney—struck the works which McPherson had thrown back on a line perpendicular to his main line, for the protection of his rear, and doubled up this flank, while another part turned and took the main entrenched line in reserve. These entrenchments were so constructed as to be formidable, whether attacked in front or rear. General Wheeler, who examined them that night after they had been taken, and while they were held by our troops, says of them: "I was surprised to find them so deep that they formed a good protection for the occupants from the rear."

Meanwhile the right divisions—Bate and Walker—unexpectedly encountered the Sixteenth corps, a contingency unprovided for in General Hood's plan of attack. This corps had been crowded out of position by the contraction of the line of investment, and was destined by General Sherman to the work of breaking up the railroad, but had now been ordered up from its detached service, and was on the march to Atlanta, and accidentally in the position where

Walker and Bate struck it. This corps was fresh, and had only to face to the left, and was in line of battle and ready for action (Sherman's Memoirs, volume II, page 74).

Bate and Walker attacked this strong and fresh force with troops wearied by the long march and disordered by the rough ground over which they had just advanced in line, and where at the immediate points of contact the advance was through an open field; and though the attack was most gallantly made and renewed, the odds of forces and circumstances were too great, and they were repulsed.

This accidental position of the Sixteenth corps, by preventing Bate and Walker from closing in upon McPherson's rear on the extension of his line northward, as General Blair points out, "prevented the full force of the blow from falling where it was intended to fall." Such a contingency, however, should have been considered by General Hood in maturing his plan of action; for Wheeler had kept him fully informed that these forces were loose and detached. General Wheeler says of this: "It is most probable that he (General Hood) supposed they would be deployed to McPherson's right, to fill the gap which we knew separated McPherson and General Thomas. Upon that assumption alone could the movement of the night of the 21st have been considered advisable."

As it was, with Hardee engaged with double the force anticipated, the only hope of complete success was for General Hood, in substantial compliance with the plan of battle, to have advanced Cheatham's corps from the Atlanta side against the Fifteenth corps as soon as Hardee became hotly engaged. General Hood, as he states, was on Cheatham's right, in easy hearing of the roar of musketry. But reinforcements were actually withdrawn from the Fifteenth corps and hurried to the support of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, and Hardee had been sharply checked, and was being heavily pressed by this concentration of forces upon him before Cheatham was ordered to advance (Sherman's Memoirs, volume II, page 80). General Hood fixes the hour of Cheatham's advance at three o'clock—General Sherman at four o'clock P. M.

General Hood reiterates in the text that Hardee failed to turn McPherson's left as directed. It is true that the left of Hardee's line of battle, in the advance through dense woods on their flank, struck the works thrown back for a short distance at right angles from the extreme left of McPherson's line proper; but that the

movement, as a whole, substantially and completely turned McPherson's left, with results, only less equal from the accidental position of the Sixteenth corps, is abundantly established, among other testimony, by General Sherman's account of it, by the statement of officers of McPherson's staff, by that of General Wheeler, and by the letter which General Hood quotes from General Blair, who commanded the left corps of McPherson's army.

In his Memoirs (volumel II, pages 79–80) General Sherman, erroneously supposing the attacking force to consist of Hood and a part of Hardee's corps, says of this movement and the respective positions of the forces:

"His (Hood's) corps and a part of Hardee's had marched out to the road leading from McDonough to Decatur, and had turned so as to strike the left and rear of McPherson's line in air. . . .

"The enemy were, therefore, enabled, under cover of the forest, to approach quite near before he was discovered; indeed his skirmish line had worked through the timber and got into the field to the rear of Giles A. Smith's division of the Seventeenth corps unseen, had captured Murray's battery of regular artiliery, moving through these woods, entirely unguarded, and had got possession of several of the hospital camps. The right of the Rebel line struck Dodge's troops in motion; but fortunately this corps (Sixteenth) had only to halt, face to the left, and was in line of battle. . . . About the same time this same force had struck General Giles A. Smith's left flank, doubled it back, captured four guns in position, and the party engaged in building the very battery which was the special object of McPherson's visit to me, *and almost enveloped the entire left flank.* The men, however, were skilful and brave, and fought for a time with their backs to Atlanta. They gradually fell back, compressing their own lines, and gaining strength by making a junction with Leggett's division of the Seventeenth corps, well and strongly posted on a hill. One or two brigades of the Fifteenth corps, ordered by McPherson, came rapidly across the open field to the rear from the direction of the railroad, and filled up the gap from Blair's rear left to the head of Dodge's column, now facing to the general left, at right angles to the original line of battle. The enemy attacked boldly and repeatedly the whole of this flank, but met an equally fierce resistance, and on that ground a bloody battle raged from little after noon till into the night."

The following are pertinent extracts from the letter of General Blair, above mentioned:

"On the 22d July my corps held the extreme left of our army. We were entrenched along the McDonough road running about north and south. . . . . .

"One division of the Sixteenth corps, which had been ordered

by General McPherson to take position on my extreme left, made its appearance in rear of my position on a road known as the Clay road, and at right angles with the McDonough road, along which my corps was entrenched.

"Just as this division halted, about five hundred yards in rear of my line, heavy skirmishing commenced on the extreme left of my line. . . . . .

"The division of the Sixteenth corps, to which I have alluded, in a very minutes became heavily engaged, and I became aware of the fact *that my whole position had been turned*, and that the enemy were pressing with full force upon the rear and flank of my position. General McPherson had been killed in attempting to reach my line, on a road over which we had ridden away from the line a short time before in full belief that the enemy were in retreat.

"I was only able to reach the line by making a detour to the right, and reached it at a point where it joined the Fifteenth corps, to find the *whole of my line fighting from the reverse of my entrenchments.* . . . . . .

"Late in the day I drew out my forces from the line which they had occupied, and took up a new position, extending from the hill where my right had formerly rested and extending towards the position in which I have described the Sixteenth corps to have occupied in my rear.

"We had barely time to throw up a very tight rifle-pit before the enemy attacked us in our new position, and when night closed in the fighting still continued, and the lines were so close that it was impossible for a person looking on to tell one line from the other, except from the direction of the fire from the muzzles of the guns.

"On the next morning at 10 o'clock we had a truce for burying the dead. As we had given up the greater part of the ground over which the battle had been fought the day before, most of our dead were within their lines. We had suffered very severely . . . . , but as we had fought behind entrenchments all the time, the Confederate loss had necessarily been much greater than ours. . . .

"The position taken up accidentally by the Sixteenth corps prevented the full force of the blow from falling where it was intended to fall."

I have before me a map of "The Battle of Atlanta," as this action is called by Federal writers, prepared by General Hickenlooper (McPherson's Chief of Artillery) and attached to the proceedings of "The Army of the Tennessee" (Federal) for 1878. This map gives the position of their forces on the 22d of July, and among other things shows that the Fifteenth corps, fronting Atlanta, extended two division lengths south of the Decatur road, and the Seventeenth corps, on the left of the Fifteenth, extended south over and beyond the McDonough road. General McPherson was killed

early in the action by the skirmishers of Cleburne's division as it advanced. The spot where he fell is marked on the map, and it is some half a mile directly in rear of the centre of the Seventeenth corps.

And General W. E. Strong, McPherson's Inspector-General, in a paper read by him, and incorporated in the same proceedings, vouches for the correctness of this map and says (page 118):

"The attack on our flank and rear was made by the whole of General Hardee's corps, comprised of Bate's, Walker's, Cleburne's and Cheatham's divisions. (The latter division was on this occasion under the command of General Maney). The divisions of Bate and Walker falling upon Dodge's column, and the divisions of Cleburne and Cheatham striking the left flank of the Seventeenth corps, and swinging around through a wide interval or gap, and reaching *the extreme right of the Seventeenth corps*, and occupying the breastworks constructed by Generals Leggatt and Smith in their advance on "Bald Hill," and as far to the right of it as General Leggatt's command extended."

Captain G. A. Williams, then Adjutant-General of Govan's brigade of Cleburne's division, now of New Orleans, Louisiana, in reference to a part of the movements and operations of that brigade on the 22d July, says, under date of March 14th, 1880:

"Our left wing found heavy earthworks covered by an almost impassable *abatis*, what seemed a curtain thrown back to protect the enemy's extreme left—a precaution taken before our attack could have been known. While the Second and Fifth Arkansas regiments were engaged in the *abatis*, the right of the brigade, not finding such obstacles, took the works in flank and rear, and captured a considerable number of the troops defending them. They also rescued Lieutenant Saurie (Second Arkansas), who had fearlessly and almost alone made his way through the *abatis*, mounted the works and demanded their surrender. . . . . We now appeared to have completely turned the enemy's left. Having dislodged him from our immediate front, General Govan reformed his line at the captured works and moved foward, then wheeled to the feft upward through an open field, taking in rear the works confronting Atlanta, and occupying them for nearly half a mile. In this movement the right of the command was detached, having a considerable interval between it and the remainder. In this position it remained during the most of the night, which I remember as one of the most trying in my experience as a soldier. The trenches which we held were continuously swept by the small arms and artillery of the enemy on their extension to the right; and at one locality the opposing forces occupied the opposite sides of the same works, across which an uninterrupted struggle was maintained."

And General Wheeler says of this:

"As before stated, McPherson's advanced line of entrenchments, which I faced and which I fought on the 21st, were facing west or perhaps a little southwest. The road from Cobb's mill to Decatur on which we marched, and on which General Hardee formed his line on the morning of the 22d, made an angle with these entrenchments of not more than forty-five degrees. When I left General Hardee to prepare for the attack, we knew we were in rear of General McPherson's line, at least in rear of his left. . . . At some points our line was nearly parallel to McPherson's entrenchments which faced Atlanta, and which my troops were facing and fighting the day before. And I believe the same troops which fought me on the 21st facing west or southwest were on the evening of the 22d faced about and fighting from the same works facing almost in a contrary direction."

I will not attempt a description of the operations of Hardee's corps that day. Lack of space and lack of materials alike prevent. I have access to but two official reports of Confederate officers of that action, and they were brigade commanders; and I have been obliged, at the risk of doing much less than justice to Hardee's troops, to quote from Federal writers, who can speak only from their own standpoint.

The detour from the positions which the troops occupied on the outer lines of Atlanta to the point where they struck the enemy, involved a march of some fourteen or fifteen miles. Portions of the command were depleted by the heavy skirmish lines left out to hold the positions thus vacated, and by the loss of many good men who fell in their tracks from exhaustion. The night march, always tedious, was additionally harassing from the fact that a considerable body of cavalry coming up in rear on the same road cut through the entire column, impeding and delaying the infantry and artillery; and from the point where the turn was made the advance in line of battle and over the ground and through the undergrowth above described, was unavoidably slow.

Hardee, with four small divisions, encountered the Sixteenth and Seventeenth corps, and they were from time to time during the day reinforced from the other commands. The Seventeenth corps, as General Blair's letter shows, though turned and taken in reverse, fought all the time behind entrenchments. The day here and elsewhere, was characterized by varying fortunes—brilliant and successful charges at some points and bloody repulses at others. During the day, however, as General Blair's letter and Federal

maps of the battlefield show, the entire Seventeenth corps was forced from its works and position of the morning, and took up a new line at right angles to its original line of battle; and here in this new position, with compressed lines, strengthed by junction with the Sixteenth corps, and otherwise reinforced and protected by the tight rifle-pit, which he says his troops had barely time to throw up, they were again vigorously attacked, and the battle was pressed so fiercely, and so late in the night, and the opposing lines were so close, that "it was impossible for a person looking on to tell one line from the other, except from the direction of the fire from the muzzles of the guns."

If Hardee's troops failed to accomplish more, it was because it was not within the compass of human energy and endurance. As it was, they held the battlefield, to which the enemy were admitted under flag-of-truce next day to bury their dead, and counted among their captures thirteen stands of colors, a number of guns, including several entire batteries, in some instances with horses and equipments complete, arms, &c., and about two thousand prisoners.

Meanwhile Wheeler, in co-operation with Hardee's operations, attacked the detached easterly forces of the enemy with results described by him as follows:

"Most of my troops were dismounted—those on my right remaining on horseback. The fight was very spirited. My troops struck the extreme left; or rather, I should say, the most eastwardly troops of Sherman's army. My right encountered strong entrenchments; while my left, more fortunate, met the enemy without that protection. The resistance was very determined, but finally one point was carried, and the entire line was swept before our charge, leaving prisoners, cannon, colors, wagons and much other material in our hands."

Afterwards, in obedience to instructions from General Hardee, he closed in towards Hardee's right, and was there warmly engaged until dark.

With consistent injustice General Hood compliments Wheeler (of whom it may justly be said no praise could be beyond his deserts) for attacking the detached force near Decatur, by way of disparaging Hardee for not (in contravention of the real plan of operations) marching to or beyond Decatur, ignoring the fact that the whole was a concerted movement in which Wheeler was co-operating with Hardee and subject to his orders.

It has not been within the scope of this paper to refer to the operations of Cheatham's corps, which were directed from the Atlanta side, for the most part, as I understand it, against the entrenched position of the Fifteenth corps.

How well the troops fought, and how gallantly they were led, is also manifest by the record of losses. General Hardee, in a letter written on the 24th of July, two days later, with the returns no doubt before him, states the loss in his corps alone at thirty-two hundred and ninety-nine (3,299) in killed, wounded and missing. This included Major-General W. H. T. Walker killed, and Brigadier-Generals Gist and Smith and other acting brigade commanders wounded. Cleburne's division lost about fifteen hundred officers and men out of a total of about thirty-five hundred carried into action (I get these figures from his Adjutant-General, Captain Buck); and one of his brigades in a single desperate charge lost about one-half of the entire number engaged in it (Lowry's official report). The loss in officers, especially field officers, was unparalled and irreparable. It aggregated over sixty field and acting field officers in the corps; and thirty general field and acting field officers in Cleburne's division alone. Hardee was obliged next day to break up one of his divisions.

The manner in which the troops were led is thus referred to by General Strong, in the paper above mentioned (page 106), in speaking of the second attack of Walker and Bate on the Sixteenth corps:

"It seemed to us that every mounted officer of the attacking column was riding at the front of or on the right or left of the first line of battle."

And referring to other portions of the field later in the day, he says:

"The battle from half-past three P. M. was desperate and bloody in the extreme, and the result was extremely doubtful till late in the day.

"Our lines were broken and pierced in several places, and batteries and regimental colors were lost and won again and again."

And the author of the book entitled "Iowa and the Rebellion" (pages 259–261), in describing the fighting of Iowa troops, where Cleburne's and Maney's divisions were engaged, quotes from General Giles A. Smith's official report, as follows:

"Rebel commanders, with such men as would follow them [he might more justly have said with such men as they had to follow

them.—T. B. R.], would not unfrequently occupy one side of the works and our men the other. . . . . The flags of two opposing regiments would meet on the opposite side of the same works and would be flaunted by their respective bearers in each other's faces. Men were bayoneted across the works; and officers with their swords fought hand to hand with men with their bayonets."

The same writer, in reference to the action generally, says:

"The battle of Atlanta was a warfare of giants. In the impetuosity, splendid abandon and reckless disregard of danger, with which the Rebel masses rushed against our lines of fire, of iron and of cold steel, there had been no parallel during the war."

This is the movement in which it is charged and reiterated by General Hood, in the face of the refutation contained between the covers of his own book, that Hardee failed to turn the enemy's flank.

This is the detour, with its fierce assault upon McPherson's flank and rear, as to which—because Hardee did not move "to or beyond Decatur" to strike and turn a flank which was on his line of march five miles southwest of Decatur—it is charged that Hardee was too timid to swing away from the army.

These are the soldiers to whom, on this field and in this action, General Hood attributes "lack of spirit" (191).

And this is the action, with its imperishable record of heroism and devotion, attested in the blood of the flower of Hardee's corps, which is passed over in a few grudging sentences (181), to be classed with the failures due to a "timid defensive policy" (183).

28th July, 1864.

On the 28th of July Hardee's corps was still occupying the position and ground which it had conquered on the 22d. Stewart's and Lee's corps (formerly Cheatham's) were on the opposite side of Atlanta; and there occurred the engagement which is correctly classed as one of the four battles around Atlanta.

General Hood refers to the operations of this day in the text (194) and in his official report (322) as defensive in character, and to the engagement which ensued as accidental, rather than preconcerted. In the text at page 194, he says:

"Lieutenant-General Lee was instructed to move out with his corps upon the Lick Skillet road, and to take the position most advantageous to prevent or delay the extension of the enemy's right flank. This officer promptly obeyed orders, and came unex-

pectedly in the afternoon in contact with the Federals in the vicinity of Ezra church, where a spirited engagement ensued. The enemy was already in possession of a portion of the ground Lee desired to occupy, and the struggle grew to such dimensions that I sent Lieutenant-General Stewart to his support. The contest lasted until near sunset, without any material advantage having been gained by either opponent. Our troops failed to dislodge the enemy from their position, and the Federals, likewise, to capture the position occupied by the Confederates."

Lieutenant-General Stewart, in his official report published in the appendix (page 351), gives quite a different version of the plan and character of these operations. He says:

"On the 28th, the enemy, by extending to the right, had nearly gained the Lick Skillet road. Loring's and Walthall's divisions had been relieved at the trenches, and it was expected that French's would be that night. As I understood the instructions, General Lee, commanding corps, was to move out on the Lick Skillet road, attack the enemy's right flank, and drive him from that road and the one leading from it by Mount Ezra church. My own orders were to move with the divisions named to the point where our own line of works crossed the Lick Skillet road. French's division, when relieved, and one from some other corps, were to rejoin us, and at an early hour next morning we were to move out upon that road, turn to the right, pass in rear of the enemy and attack. On reaching the point designated, Lee's corps was found to be engaged and in need of assistance. Accordingly, Walthall's division was moved out (Loring's following in support), and formed on Lee's left. It attacked the enemy, strongly posted on a hill, and failing, after a desperate fight and heavy loss, to dislodge them, Loring's division was placed in position along the Lick Skillet road, and Walthall directed to withdraw his in rear of Loring's. A short time previous to this, General Loring was wounded, leaving his division under command of Brigadier-General Featherston. While his division was taking its position, I was myself disabled."

The Federal accounts are to the same effect. And the Federal commander, in his official report of this engagement, claims to have captured five battle-flags, and 1,500 or 2,000 muskets; to have buried over 700 of our dead left in his hands; and estimates our loss at some six or seven thousand men (Sherman's Memoirs, volume II, pages 88–91). These claims are no doubt enormously exaggerated, and are merely cited as tending to show the character and gravity of the operations.

This is the occasion, above referred to, when General Hood called Hardee from his own command on the extreme right of the army,

and dispatched him to take charge of two-thirds of his army, on the extreme left, at a time of apprehended disaster.

In a letter to his wife (also since dead), dated July 30th, 1864, the original of which is before me, General Hardee mentions the matter in these terms:

"We had a fight Thursday between parts of Stewart's and Lee's corps and the enemy. I received a note in the afternoon saying Hood wanted to see me without delay. I hurried on, and before reaching his quarters received another note, asking me to come as soon as possible. He told me that Lee and Stewart were fighting the enemy on the Lick Skillet road, and he wished me to go out there and look after matters. While I was with him news came that Stewart and Loring were wounded. I went out at once, but did not assume command. I found that Brown's, Walthall's and Clayton's divisions had been severely handled, and that Lee (Stephen D.) was acting strictly on the defensive."

I myself well remember the successive couriers and the urgency manifested, and accompanied General Hardee to army headquarters and thence to the field.

This, be it remembered, was eight days after Hardee's alleged failure on the 20th of July, and six days after his alleged failure on the 22d, and when the real facts were fresh in mind. And this cotemporaneous act of General Hood towers above all this cloud of calumny a monumental fact to show whether Hardee had disobeyed orders or otherwise failed of his duty on the 20th or 22d of July, and to show also on whose strong arm General Hood leaned in the hour of trial.

JONESBORO'.

The main facts as to the operations near Jonesboro' on the 31st of August and 1st of September, and the respective dates, positions, movements and forces involved, are well known. General Hardee gives a summary of them in his report (supra), and he is confirmed by General Sherman, who shows, among other things, that Howard's army had reached the position near Jonesboro' in the evening of August 30th, and that in the morning of the 31st Schofield struck the railroad at Rough-and-Ready, and Thomas' army at two points between there and Jonesboro', and that both were ordered "to turn straight for Jonesboro', tearing up the railroad track as they advanced" (Memoirs, volume II, pages 107–108).

In the night of the 31st of August, the following dispatches, the originals of which I have, were received from General Hood at Atlanta:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,
"OFFICE CHIEF-OF-STAFF, August 31st, 1864—6 P. M.

"Lieutenant-General HARDEE, *Commanding, &c.:*

"General Hood directs that you return Lee's corps to this place. Let it march by two o'clock to-morrow morning. Remain with your corps and the cavalry, and so dispose of your forces as best to protect Macon and communications in rear. Retain provision and ordnance trains. Please return Reynolds' brigade, and, if you think you can do so and still accomplish your object, send back a brigade or so of your corps also. There are some indications that the enemy may make an attempt upon Atlanta to-morrow.

"Very respectfully, &c.,

"F. A. SHOUP, *Chief-of-Staff.*"

"Duplicate of dispatch sent at six P. M.:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,
"OFFICE CHIEF-OF-STAFF, August 31, 1864.

"Lieutenant-General HARDEE, *Commanding Corps:*

"General Hood directs that you return Lee's corps to this place. Let it march by two o'clock to-morrow morning. Remain with your corps and the cavalry, and so dispose of your force as to best protect the Macon Railroad and communications in rear, and retain provision and ordnance trains. Please return Reynolds' brigade. Should Lee have been badly cut up to-day, and you think you can spare them, send back some of the troops of your own corps. There are indications that the enemy may make an attempt on Atlanta to-morrow.

"Very respectfully, &c.,
"F. A. SHOUP.

"Enemy at Rough-and-Ready in considerable force. Morgan thinks that they will attack Eastpoint early to-morrow. Send back Lieutenant-Colonel McMicken, Chief Quartermaster.

"Respectfully, &c.,
"F. A. S., *C. S.*"

General Hood, fifteen years later, states his plan of operations on this occasion, at page 205 of the text, as follows:

A Federal corps crossed Flint river, at about six P. M., near Jonesboro', and made an attack on Lewis' brigade, which was gallantly repulsed. This action became the signal for battle. General Hardee was instructed to move rapidly with his corps to Jonesboro', whither Lieutenant-General Lee with his corps was ordered to follow during the night. Hardee was to attack with the entire

force early in the morning of the 31st, and drive the enemy at all hazards into the river in their rear. In the event of success, Lee and his command were to be withdrawn that night back to Rough-and-Ready; Stewart's corps, together with Major-General G. W. Smith's state troops, were to form in line of battle on Lee's right near Eastpoint, and the whole force move forward the following morning, attack the enemy in flank and drive him down Flint river and the West Point railroad. In the meantime the cavalry was to hold in check the corps of the enemy stationed at the railroad bridge across the Chattahoochee near the mouth of Peach-tree creek, whilst Hardee advanced from his position near Jonesboro' or directly on Lee's left."

When the text is compared with the date, tenor and effect of the dispatches quoted above, and it is remembered that they were written and sent before the result at Jonesboro' was known, the context furnishes its own commentary.

Now, according to the text, the arrival of Howard's army at Jonesboro' on the 30th of August was the signal for general battle. Sherman's position was known, and his purposes and movements anticipated, and thereupon a concerted offensive movement of the entire army was begun, whereby Sherman was to be struck in flank and driven down Flint river and the West Point railroad, while the cavalry (which, by the way, except a small body with Hardee at Jonesboro' and another near Rough-and-Ready, was absent on a raid in North Georgia and Tennessee) was to hold in check the army corps of the enemy stationed at the railroad bridge over the Chattahoochee.

Then, according to the dispatches, one written at 6 P. M. August 31st, and the duplicate later, Hardee was to protect Macon and communications in rear, and Lee's corps and Reynolds' brigade, and all troops which could be spared from Hardee's corps, were to be withdrawn to Atlanta to defend that place from an apprehended attack by Sherman's army; which army, with Howard's three corps already at Jonesboro' on the 30th, had, on the morning of the 31st, struck the railroad at Rough-and-Ready, and at two points between there and Jonesboro', with orders "to turn straight for Jonesboro'," and was now concentrated on Hardee in the vicinity of Jonesboro'.

In obedience to these orders, Lee's corps was withdrawn and sent to Atlanta; and Hardee, with three divisions and a small body of cavalry, and encumbered by the ordnance and subsistence trains of the entire army, was left to confront Sherman's army. The new

dispositions thus made necessary were effected before daybreak; but the line to be occupied was so extended that Hardee was obliged to form his troops for the most part in single rank; and in the operations of next day it was only by stripping portions of the line of all troops, except a skirmish line, and moving them rapidly to points of greatest pressure, that he was able to repel the assaults of the enemy and hold the position. There was in the line vacated by Lee an angle now held by Govan's brigade of veterans. The position was weak in itself, and the unabated pressure and converging fire of the enemy's artillery on this point, left no opportunity to strengthen it; and in the afternoon, after one determined assault had been repulsed, the enemy renewed the assault, in three converging columns, and succeeded in carrying a portion of the angle, and captured General Govan, a portion of his brigade, and the eight pieces of artillery there posted. The wheels of the gun carriages had long before been cut down by the enemy's artillery fire, and Govan's men stood at their post until the dense masses of the enemy rolled over them.

This made it necessary to temporarily draw back the right of Granberry's brigade and the left of Lewis' brigade, on either side of Govan's position; but Govan's brigade of Tennesseeans, which had been withdrawn from another part of the line, was brought rapidly up, and with the remnant of Govan's troops in co-operation with Granberry and Lewis, charged upon the advancing enemy, pressed him back to the salient, and held him there until the withdrawal of the troops at 11.30 P. M.

The peril of Hardee's position, the stubborn courage with which the troops held it, the skill with which they were handled, and were finally withdrawn when well-nigh enveloped by the enemy, and General Sherman's chagrin that the entire corps was not captured, are matters of history. General Sherman's says of it:

"Being on the spot, I checked Davis' movement, and ordered General Howard to send the two divisions of the Seventeenth corps (Blair) around by his right rear, to get below Jonesboro', and to reach the railroad so as to cut off retreat in that direction. I also dispatched order after order to hurry forward Stanley, so as to lap around Jonesboro' on the east, hoping thus to capture the whole of Hardee's corps. I sent first Captain Andenreid (Aid-de-Camp), then Colonel Poe, of the engineers, and lastly General Thomas himself (and that is the only time during the campaign that I can recall seeing General Thomas urge his horse into a gallop). Night was approaching, and the country on the farther side of the rail-

road was densely wooded. General Stanley had come up on the left of Davis, and was deploying, though there could not have been on his front more than a skirmish line. Had he moved straight on by the flank, or by a slight detour to his left, he would have enclosed the whole ground occupied by Hardee's corps, and that corps could not have escaped us; but night came on and Hardee did escape" (Memoirs, volume II, pages 107–108).

General Sherman might have spared these regrets; for Hardee had anticipated, and, as far as his means would allow, had provided against this very movement; and Stanley would have encountered in his front a force, numerically weak, it is true, but strong enough no doubt to have held him the length of time necessary.

General Hood meantime was taking Hardee's situation very coolly. Referring to his march out of Atlanta at 5 P. M. the same day, he says (page 208):

"Upon our uninterrupted march, information reached me that Hardee's corps was engaged with a large force of the enemy. His position upon a ridge, with an open country in rear, relieved me from special anxiety in regard to the safety of himself and command. Lieutenant-General Stewart, nevertheless, was instructed to hastened forward to his support, and General Lee to follow promptly with his corps. When these reinforcements reached the scene of action, the contest had ceased."

The contest referred to was at Jonesboro' on the 1st of September, and no reinforcements reached the scene of action during or after that contest. Stewart and Lee formed a junction with Hardee afterward at Lovejoy's station, on the evening of the 2d or morning of the 3d of September.

General Hood's report of this engagement is a fair illustration of his animus towards Hardee. We have seen how critical Hardee's situation was, how gallantly the troops fought, how boldly and skilfully they were handled, and how narrowly the corps escaped capture or destruction. General Hood in his official report describes and disposes of it in these words: "On the 1st of September Hardee's corps was attacked in position at Jonesboro'. The result was the loss of eight guns and some prisoners."

Two incidents occurred at Jonesboro' which illustrate the *esprit de corps* of Hardee's troops, which General Hood says were "the best troops in the army." When the salient occupied by Govan was carried, Granberry, who was in single rank on the left, found his position enfiladed and turned, and began to draw back his right. Hardee, who was for the moment prevented by a screen of woods from seeing what had befallen Govan, now saw Granberry's right

retiring under heavy fire, and thought the troops had given way. The situation must be desperate indeed if Granberry's Texans gave way, and Hardee at once rode into the line to rally the troops, but soon learned the true state of affairs. Granberry was hurt at the supposition that his troops would under circumstances give way and although the fire at that point was so hot that explanation and vindication might well have been postponed, he needs must have it out then and there, and said, with feeling and a just pride in his soldiers, "General, my men never fall back unless ordered back." And they justified their commander's confidence in them a moment later, by the coolness and intrepidity with which, cooperating with troops further to the right, they retook and held the line from which they had been withdrawn.

And it was next morning that the remainder of Govan's Arkansans sent a solemn delegation to Granberry's Texans to ascertain whether the latter had lost confidence in them. It is needless to add that the answer was satisfactory.

Atlanta had fallen, and the campaign was ended. In his account of these operations, General Hood claims that Sherman's forces were largely more than double his own (pages 224–227). He argues that the soldiers had had "practical demonstration" that troops protected by such entrenchments as were habitually used by both sides during that campaign, were equal to three times their number of assailants (137); and he shows that the enemy could never be caught without such works (184–190). As a matter of fact, he, with his inferior numbers, habitually attacked these superior forces protected by such entrenchments; and the logic of his premises, without attaching blame to the troops, is that there could be but one result. But he charges the result as a fault to others—to General Hardee, who, he says, disobeyed his orders, and the army, which he in effect says would not fight. Of the army I need not here speak; as to General Hardee, he speaks for himself when, in reply to General Hood's report, arrogating nothing to himself, claiming no infallibility, and shirking no just responsibility, he says, in the simple and manly language of a soldier: "That in the operations about Atlanta, I failed to accomplish all that General Hood thinks might have been accomplished, is a matter of regret; that I committed errors, is very possible; but that I failed in any instance to carry out, in good faith, his orders, I utterly deny." And these pages, both by what they prove and what they disprove, will have demonstrated the absence of all color of foundation in fact for any assertion to the contrary.

General Hood, in substance, represents—for that is the meaning and effect of the context (pages 249–254–255)—that these charges and imputations (of many of which his subsequent official report, as we have seen, gave no intimation) were brought to the attention of the President, who was invited to visit the army for the purpose of passing upon them; and that the President came, heard and rendered judgment, and that, thereupon, General Hardee, as upon a conviction, was removed from command.

Perhaps a sufficient comment upon this is the fact that General Hardee was promoted to the command of the "Military Department of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida," then constituting one of the four chief commands in the service, and which had been previously commanded by General Beauregard, who was now simultaneously assigned to a military department which included General Hood's army. And as pertinent to the conclusion and judgment which President Davis may have arrived at in the premises, I might quote his language, in a public address at Augusta, Georgia, a few days later, when Generals Beauregard and Hardee were present *en route* to their respective new commands.

The following is an extract from his address as reported in the daily press of the city, a copy of which I have chanced to preserve:

"Two of these gentlemen, who crossed this floor with me, you have cheered, and you have cheered them because you respect those who have freely ventured their lives in your defence. One is Georgia's own son—the hero of many hard-fought fields—your own good and true Hardee [cheers] . . . . ; the other, Beauregard [cheers], goes to share the toils, the fortunes, the misfortunes, if it be so, of the army in Georgia."

But I have the statement of President Davis, showing the occasion of his visit to the army, and the real reasons for General Hardee's assignment to a different command. It is as follows:

BEAUVOIR, HARRISON COUNTY, MISSISSIPPI,
29th February, 1880.

Colonel T. B. ROY, *Selma, Alabama:*

Dear Sir—Yours of the 26th instant has been this day received, and I will make such reply to your inquiries as is possible from memory and the remnant of correspondence in my possession.

It is extremely painful to me that any question should have arisen involving the character and conduct of one so highly es-

teemed and affectionately remembered by me, as is my deceased friend, the late General Hardee. This is intensified by the fact that the discussion involves another most highly respected, and whose memory is personally dear to me, the late General Hood. Both have gone where they will know as they are known, and both have left a reputation embalmed in the love and gratitude of those they served faithfully and well.

I sympathise in your desire to vindicate General Hardee, and recognize your right to call upon me for that purpose. The duty is one which I cheerfully perform.

The inference you draw from the statement in General Hood's book that I held a conference with Generals Stewart and S. D. Lee to determine the fitness of General Hardee for his command, the propriety of his conduct in the operations around Atlanta, is justified by the text, and was no doubt desired by General Hood.

I had, however, known General Hardee too long, too intimately, and in too many relations, to doubt his personal or soldierly qualities. My object in the conference, and that for which I visited the army, was to learn its condition, and what might be expected from it in active operations against the enemy. At this day, so remote from the event, I cannot claim to remember any conversation upon incidental points which may have occurred, but I can say with certainty that General Hardee was not relieved because of any depreciation of his capacity, his zeal or fidelity. General Hardee had earnestly requested to be relieved; it had been the subject of correspondence between us before my visit to the army, and my objections to complying with his wish were entirely complimentary to him. My assent to his persistent request to be relieved was finally given because of irreconcilable difference between himself and the officer commanding-in-chief.

Among the motives which induced me to make that visit to the Army of Tennessee, it is hardly supposable that one of them was to make enquiries about General Hardee's fitness for command, as there was probably no one in that army who knew him as well as I. He had first attracted my attention by his good conduct and cool courage, when, in the early part of the war against Mexico, he, as junior captain of a squadron of dragoons, extricated the portion of the command more immediately under him from an ambuscade into which it had fallen, and saved them from impending massacre. At a later day, because of his professional accomplishments, I, as Secretary of War, selected him to prepare the system of tactics which bears his name, and for a long time we daily worked together. In his appointment as Commandant of Cadets, and in his selection for promotion in a new regiment of cavalry, was manifested my appreciation of him as a gentleman and a soldier.

In his various high commands during the war between the States, my estimate of him was confirmed and increased, but never diminished. By reference to his letters from me received during the war, you will find the frequent expression of my confidence and regard,

especially in those relating to the appointment of General Hood to the command of the Army of Tennessee. By these it is shown that General Hardee was not passed over from any want of appreciation, but because he had previously declined the position of Commander-in-Chief of that army for reasons which were still in force. His modesty put a lower estimate upon his ability than I did.

Upon reaching the army, after the battles around Atlanta, I learned from General Hardee that he still wished to be transferred to some other field of duty. The unfortunate relations which had grown up between General Hood and himself, and the expressed desire of both for a separation, overcame my reluctance to remove General Hardee from the troops he had commanded so long, and whose confidence he was known so fully to possess.

The assignment of General Hardee to an independent and important command, which was simultaneous with his being relieved from duty with the Army of Tennessee, sufficiently evinces that my confidence in him had not been impaired; and his conduct in that separate command fully justified the opinion I continued to entertain.

In this connection, it may be appropriate to furnish you with an extract from a letter written by me to General Beauregard on the 4th February, 1865—a period late in the course of the campaign through Eastern Georgia and South Carolina, and long after the events to which you refer: "You will assume command of all the forces in the district as defined before your departure to the west; and should you deem it advisable, will direct General Hardee to assume the command of his old corps when it arrives, and add to it any other forces which may be advantageously associated with it." Thus it appears that in the hour of our direst need, I not only turned to General Hardee as a soldier and a patriot, but expected of him, at the head of his old corps, to exhibit the steady courage our necessities required, and that the veteran corps under his command would emulate the deeds which had won for him the honorable soubriquet of "old reliable." With deep regret for the necessity that has occasioned it, I have endeavored to answer your enquiries so as to put finally at rest the supposition which any may entertain that General Hardee, at any period of his life, had lost either my confidence or esteem.

Respectfully and truly yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

CAUTION AGAINST BREASTWORKS.

General Hood, at pages 185–186 of his work, says, that shortly after the beginning of the siege of Atlanta, fixed more definitely at page 251, as being about two weeks after the engagement of 20th and 22d July, Major-General Cleburne called at his headquarters, and in the course of conversation, the following transpired:

"Cleburne . . . . thereupon informed me that as his division was about to move forward to the attack on the 20th, General Hardee rode along the line, and in the presence of those around him, cautioned him to be on the lookout for breastworks."

"I can recall no reply on my part, at the time, save, perhaps, some expression of astonishment. I could say nothing to even so worthy a subordinate. He left me to infer, however, from subsequent remarks that his division would have taken quite a different action on the 21st, had it not been for the forewarning of his corps commander." . . . .

The author adds:

"It is but reasonable to deduce from this unfortunate observation to Cleburne, that General Hardee gave a similar warning to other officers; at all events, those who are able to realize the baneful effects of such a remark from the commander of *corps d' armee*, upon the eve of conflict, know that his words were almost equivalent to an order to take no active part in the battle."

And this aspersion is studiously interwoven throughout the text as a fact, and as accounting, in a large measure, for the failure of the successive operations around Atlanta. It first sees the light fifteen years after the alleged occurence, and when the lips of Hardee and Cleburne, who alone could have directly refuted it, have long since been sealed in death. It is made against Hardee, whom his worst enemy would concede to be instinct with high soldierly impulses, and is attributed to Cleburne, who, of all the thousands that served under Hardee during the war, was, perhaps, his most devoted friend.

That in the Dalton and Atlanta campaign, where breastworks were so prominent a feature on both sides, they should often have been the subject of discussion or remark among officers, from the Commanding-General down, is quite likely; but nothing which might have been said on that or any subject by such a soldier as Hardee to such a soldier as Cleburne, could possibly have been misconstrued or have worked evil; and Hardee and Cleburne lived to little purpose, if any, not saturated with passion and prejudice, could for an instant believe either that Hardee was capable of riding along his lines and warning his troops against the breastworks they were about to assault, or that Cleburne was capable of making such an imputation against him. And to the veteran survivorhood of that army, who had so many opportunities of seeing Hardee on the field of battle, handling and moving troops in action, this charge, taken with its intendments, is so utterly

preposterous that it might well excite a smile, but for the fact that such a charge should have been made against a dead soldier under such circumstances.

Fortunately the date, the occasion and the effect of the alleged warning against breastworks, are stated with such particularity that unlike many other things asserted and suggested in this book, the matter is susceptible of being reached directly.

The date was the 20th of July, 1864. The occasion was as Cleburne's "division was about to move forward to the attack on the 20th," and the effect was, as the author was left to infer "from subsequent remarks" of Cleburne, "that his division would have taken quite a different action on the 20th had it not been for the forewarning of his corps commander."

Cleburne's division was in reserve on the 20th July. On the repulse of the first assault, it was ordered up to replace other troops. The lines were reformed to renew the attack; and after the final order for the assault had been given, but before the troops were actually in motion, that division was withdrawn and dispatched to Atlanta in obedience to the order of General Hood, above referred to. Cleburne's division, therefore, made no assault or attack on that occasion, nor on that day; and it was impossible that its conduct or action could have been affected as alleged, and impossible that Cleburne could have said so.

And whether its action or conduct in battle was or could have been influenced by the alleged warnings, let the record of that matchless division, two days later, on the 22d of July, also answer, where it carried successive lines of entrenchments at the point of the bayonet—where well-nigh half its numbers, including thirty of its general, field and acting field officers, fell in the path of its bloody and victorious advance, and where it was foremost among the troops whose conduct that day won from their adversaries the admission "that in the impetuosity, splendid abandon and reckless disregard of danger with which the Rebel masses rushed on against our lines . . . . , there had been no parallel during the war."

But it so chances that a number of living persons, including myself, were present, and knew, and from the special circumstances are enabled to remember precisely what did transpire between Hardee and Cleburne on the 20th of July, as Cleburne's "division was about to move forward to the attack." It was briefly as follows: That division was ordered in to replace other troops. It was

advanced to a position facing a wooded ridge occupied by the enemy. The order for the assault awaited the readiness of that division. As soon as it was formed, Cleburne in person rode up to General Hardee, who, with a member of his staff, was near, and immediately in rear of the line, and reported ready. General Hardee's reply was an order to advance; and Cleburne turned and rode off at once to put his troops in motion. The interview occupied but a few seconds; and the only allusion to breastworks was as involved in this order to assault the works from which other troops had just before been repulsed. And it was a moment later that the order was received from General Hood, in obedience to which that division was recalled and dispatched to Atlanta.

The relations long existing and which continued to exist between Hardee and Cleburne, would of themselves suffice to show that Cleburne never made any imputation against Hardee of the character and with the intendments attributed to him. They dated from an early period of the war in Arkansas, when Cleburne was colonel of a regiment (Fifteenth Arkansas) in Hardee's original brigade. General Hardee was the first to recognize his merits, and was mainly instrumental in securing his promotion successively to the brigades and division which Hardee had himself commanded. With brief exceptions, Cleburne served under Hardee continuously up to and after that time. Their personal relations were close and intimate, and Cleburne's attachment to Hardee and his admiration for him as a soldier were well known to every one acquainted with him.

And when, on the night of the 28th of September, 1864, at Palmetto, the news of Hardee's assignment to another command spread through the ranks, and officers and men thronged into his camp—a scene which no one who witnessed it can ever forget—Cleburne was most of all grieved and distressed; and among other things said, in substance, that but for his division, which was now the only tie that bound him to that army, he would apply for service in Hardee's new command, even if he had to resign his commission as Major-General and accept a position on Hardee's staff.

If Cleburne had made the imputation against Hardee as alleged, or if any occasion for it had existed, in speaking and acting as he now did, he would have been the falsest of friends and greatest of hypocrites, instead of the true man and loyal friend that he was.

It is, perhaps, needless to add that I have written to the living and accessible officers of Hardee's and Cleburne's staffs, and to

representative officers and soldiers of every command serving in Hardee's corps on the 20th of July, 1864, and I have found no one who ever heard of the alleged warnings against breastworks except in and by this book. Lack of space restricts quotations on this subject to those who from their positions at the time can speak most directly to the point.

Colonel D. G. White, who from an early period in the war was a member of General Hardee's staff, and who during all that time was well acquainted with Cleburne, writes as follows:

DAVIDSONVILLE, ANNE ARUNDEL COUNTY, MARYLAND,
April 6th, 1880.

Colonel T. B. ROY, *Selma, Alabama*:

My Dear Sir—Yours of the 21st ultimo received. On the 20th July, 1864, I was ordnance officer on General Hardee's staff. I had been to the office of Colonel Olasowski, Chief of Ordnance, and rejoined General Hardee at or near the time when Cleburne's division got into position to renew the assault. My recollection is that General Hardee and staff were in a small scattered grove near and on the right of the Atlanta road, and a short distance in rear of Cleburne's division, the troops lying down, the skirmishers hotly engaged. After making my report to General Hardee, I was inquiring of another member of the staff (Colonel Samuel Black) about Walker's division, when Cleburne rode up and reported his division formed. General Hardee's reply was an order to Cleburne to make the attack at once. The interview was brief. I was but a few paces distant, and the above is what occurred. Before Cleburne could communicate with his brigade commanders, a staff officer of General Hood's rode up and said the enemy had turned the right of the army and a division must be sent there. Cleburne's assault was therefore stopped, and his division was sent to the point referred to.

The night parting at Palmetto, when the troops, hearing of General Hardee's transfer, poured into his camp, is very vivid in my mind. The effect was only second to that in front of Atlanta when it was announced that General Johnston was to leave the army. No one who was present can ever forget how eloquently the actions of officers and men bespoke their attachment to General Hardee and their grief at his departure. This was notably the case with Cleburne, who, among other things, said in substance that nothing but the duty which he owed to his troops, some of whom had come from Arkansas with him, prevented him from asking to be relieved and seeking service in Hardee's new command.

The confidence and mutual regard existing between Generals Hardee and Cleburne was well known in the army. It dated from an early period in the war, when the State troops were being transferred to the Confederate service, and was strengthened by their

long service together, during which each had frequent opportunities of seeing the other tested on many a hard-fought field.

Very truly, yours, &c.,

D. G. WHITE.

And Major Samuel L. Black, the officer here referred to by Colonel White, in his communication of May 31st, 1880, heretofore quoted from, states the position and movements of Cleburne's division, and describes what transpired between Hardee and Cleburne on the occasion referred to, and the circumstances under which that division was recalled from the assault, in substantial identity with the statement of Colonel White.

The following are extracts from a letter of Lunsford P. Yandell, M. D., of Louisville, Kentucky, written under date of June 12th, 1880:

"I served with General Hardee during the Georgia campaign as his Staff Surgeon, and was with him during all the engagements that occurred after the battle of New Hope church. My chief duty was to be with the General when on the field, and I was seldom absent from his person. I was with him during the fight of 20th July, 1864, at Atlanta. I do not think I was out of sight of him during the day. I recollect distinctly seeing Cleburne, Maney, Bate and Walker during the day. Had General Hardee given any such absurd and unusual warning to Cleburne, as is charged by General Hood, I must certainly have heard it. Everybody knew there were breastworks to be encountered, as there always were on such occasions. I recollect vividly Cleburne's reporting to the General, on the afternoon of the 20th, that his division was ready; and I recollect the position that the General and we of the staff occupied. I did not hear the General make any reference to breastworks; he simply ordered Cleburne forward to the assault. And I further recollect that before Cleburne's division had gone into action, the information came from General Hood which led to Cleburne's being ordered to the extreme right. . . . .

"I know that the relations between General Hardee and General Cleburne were of the most intimate and affectionate character. I had many private talks with Cleburne, and I know that no man ever loved or admired another more than he did General Hardee. The parting between these two Generals at Palmetto was one that I shall never forget. . . . . I either heard him (Cleburne) say, or heard immediately afterwards from General Hardee, that he had said that except for his duty to his division he would resign his major-generalship and accept a place on Hardee's staff.

"L. P. YANDELL."

The following is an extract from the letter of Captain Buck, Cleburne's Adjutant-General, the first of which is quoted above:

As above stated, I was Cleburne's Adjutant-General and on duty with him during the operations of 20th July. He habitually kept me at his side during a march and in action—rarely sending me away when another staff officer was available. I remember that he and General Hardee met with their respective staffs on one or two occasions that day. One of them is impressed on my mind by the fact that they were examining to see whether a battery of the enemy was playing on our party, or its fire was being drawn by one of our own batteries. The third shot killed one of the group (Sergeant Marshall, one of our orderlies) and solved the doubt.

General Hardee neither then nor at any time, that I heard or remember of, made any remark of caution against breastworks or the like; and such a thing, under the circumstances, would have led to such wide-spread remark as must have brought it to my ears. The first intimation of such alleged occurrence I find in General Hood's book.

As you are aware, the division made no assault that day, and its action could not have been affected by such alleged caution; and its conduct on the 22d July, two days later, when it carried at the point of the bayonet successive works, some of them protected by almost impenetrable *abatis*, ought sufficiently to show that neither the division nor its commander had been cautioned against breastworks.

My personal relations with General Cleburne were close and confidential. I habitually messed with him and shared his tent, and often his blankets. I think I may safely say that I knew more of his private thoughts and feelings than any one living, and I had abundant means of knowing that throughout all this period his devotion to General Hardee as a man was only equaled by his confidence in him and admiration for him as a soldier and commander, and no one at all acquainted with General Cleburne's real feelings could believe him capable of making any imputation against General Hardee.

Very respectfully,

IRVING A. BUCK.

The following is from Hon. Walter L. Bragg, during the war a soldier and officer in Cleburne's division and an intimate friend of Cleburne and now a leading member of the bar of this State:

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, March 15th, 1880.

Colonel T. B. ROY, *Selma, Alabama:*

Dear Sir—Yours of the 10th received, in which you call my attention to certain criticisms of General Hardee in General Hood's book entitled "Advance and Retreat," and request me to give such information as I may have respecting these matters, and particularly the allusions to General Hardee on pages 185–186 of that

book, and my opportunities for knowing or hearing of any such expression as is there attributed to General Hardee, and of the relations that existed between Generals Hardee and Cleburne.

I never heard of any such expression as is attributed to General Hardee on pages 185–186 of General Hood's book until I saw it there.

My opportunities of hearing of it at the time it occurred and afterwards were briefly these: I commanded the sharpshooters of Cleburne's division in the operations of the army around Atlanta in July, August and September of the year 1864.

I was present and participated in the battles of the 20th, 21st and 22d of July, near Atlanta, and the battles at Jonesboro' on the 31st August and 1st of September.

I had been quite well acquainted with Generals Hardee and Cleburne from the summer of 1861, and had served under their command nearly all of the war. Before and during the forward movement of Cleburne's division on the 20th July, I was in the line of battle which it formed, and saw Generals Hardee and Cleburne several times on that occasion.

If, on that occasion, General Hardee, in the presence of soldiers, had cautioned General Cleburne "to be on the lookout for breastworks," such a remark under the circumstances would have caused wide-spread comment and criticism among the officers and soldiers of that division, and no man living would have better known that than General Hardee.

That division never heard that kind of talk on the battlefield from its subordinate officers, much less from General Hardee; that division was composed of veteran officers and soldiers, who had frequently stormed Federal breastworks before, and had never been repulsed in any such attack; and on the 20th of July every man in that division knew that in attacking the Federal forces, as we were about to do, that we would necessarily attack them behind breastworks. It would have been a nonsensical absurdity (which he was utterly incapable of) for General Hardee to have used any such language, at such a time, and under such circumstances, and the bare statement of it is preposterous to any man who was acquainted with General Hardee's conduct and bearing upon the battlefield.

In battle I am satisfied that such an idea as sparing himself or the men under his command from the necessary casualties of such an occasion never occurred to him, but every movement was directed at the destruction of the enemy. He moved troops with great rapidity; and there was never any halting or hesitation in attacks made by troops under his command which could directly or indirectly be attributed to him.

I was on terms of intimate friendship with General Cleburne and the officers of his staff. I camped at night at General Cleburne's headquarters and generally received my orders direct from him every morning; frequently reported to him during the day,

and was thrown with him a great deal. When not on duty, I spent most of my time about his headquarters, and repeatedly heard him and the officers of his staff discuss the operations of the army around Atlanta, after the events to which such conversations related had transpired.

When General Hardee left the army, at Palmetto station, in the last of September in the year 1864, the separation between him and the officers and soldiers of his old corps was affecting and touching in the extreme. No one seemed to feel it more than General Cleburne. I often heard him speak of it afterwards in terms showing his affection for General Hardee, his high appreciation of General Hardee as a commander, and his keen regret that General Hardee had not continued in command of that corps.

Now, as to General Cleburne, he was one of the most loyal men to his friends I have ever known, and I know that he and General Hardee were devoted friends. A more truthful, candid and utterly fearless man than General Cleburne I have never known, and he was as pure as a woman. He was a man of rare intelligence, but excessively guarded in speech. He was open to his friends, and had no dissimulation about him; and knowing him as I do, and knowing also his relations with General Hardee, I cannot doubt that if he had the conversation with General Hood, as it is reported on pages 185 and 186 of General Hood's book, he would promptly have informed General Hardee of it, and it would have resulted in some immediate and satisfactory explanation.

My acquaintance with General Hood commenced only after his transfer to the Army of Tennessee, and though never intimate was of a friendly character. I have always had a very high opinion of him as a soldier and a man. I cannot believe that he would make any statement, and especially in the solemn manner that he has done this in his book, without believing it to be perfectly true, and at the same time I am satisfied that he is honestly mistaken in his understanding, inferences and application of the language he has attributed to General Cleburne, and that it is a mistake which is cruelly unjust to General Cleburne and to General Hardee. At the time these events were occurring, as subsequent developments have shown, Generals Hood and Hardee, if not unfriendly, occupied relations to each other which were not cordial. However well intended they may have been, and brilliant in their execution, the efforts of General Hood for the relief of Atlanta had not been attended with the desired success; and laboring under the great responsibility that he did at the time, and sensitive from these causes, he was in a condition to misunderstand and misconstrue the faithful efforts of a subordinate commander, who stood in the attitude that General Hardee did to him, upon the color of appearances which had no foundation in fact. Every intelligent mind knows how utterly worthless verbal admissions, as they are called, of a party are, under such circumstances, to say nothing of adding a still weaker feature, that of hearsay evidence concerning imputed

verbal declarations made on the eve of battle, and attempting to apply them to the movements of an army in battle. No court of justice would listen at them as evidence of anything for a single moment.

I regret very much the necessity that compels me to make this statement, but I make it in the interests of truth and justice, and with feelings of sorrow that there should be any occasion for it.

Yours, very truly,

W. L. Bragg.

Lookout Mountain—Report of General John K. Jackson.

Headquarters Cheatham's Division,
Near Dalton, Ga., 21st December, 1863.

Major J. J. Reeve, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—My report of the unfortunate disaster on Lookout mountain on the 24th instant has been somewhat delayed in consequence of the delay of the brigade commanders in sending their reports to me, the last of which—that of Brigadier-General Moore—was received this day. The result of that day's operations, and the character of the reports of brigade commanders, which are herewith sent inclosed, require of me a report more in detail than I would otherwise make it, and will excuse the personal cast which it assumes.

On the 9th November, 1863, in conformity with orders from army headquarters, being temporarily in command of Cheatham's division, I reported to Major-General W. H. T. Walker. A reorganization of the army having just taken place, I had with me to report to General Walker but one brigade of the division—Wright's brigade having been left at Charlestown, Tennessee, under orders, and Moore's and Walthall's brigades having not then reported to me under the new organization. My headquarters were located on the west side of Chattanooga creek at a point advised by General Walker, and my brigade was placed where he directed. On the same day, I was invited by General Walker to accompany him and Lieutenant-General Hardee to the Cravens house, which I did. The ground in that neighboroood was passed over, viewed and discussed, but no line to fight on was recommended by any one present; indeed, it was agreed on all hands that the position was one extremely difficult of defence against a strong force of the enemy

advancing under cover of a heavy artillery fire. General Walker's opinion was expressed to the effect that at a certain point to which we had walked, which was a narrow pass, artillery should be placed in position, extending to the left for a short distance towards the top of the mountain; that this would prevent any surprise by forces approaching in that direction, and at the same time they would answer the guns from the hills on the opposite side of Lookout creek; also to have artillery near the Cravens house to answer the moccasin-battery guns. By the first arrangement, he said, the artillery could have retreated by the road, and the infantry, which was put there to defend the artillery and pass, would have felt strong, and been better satisfied and better able to hold their position. He said his experience was that infantry care but little for artillery if they have artillery to respond with, and that they are soon demoralized when they have quietly to sit and receive artillery fire without having some of their own to reply with. I ventured to express my own opinion to Lieutenant-General Hardee subsequently, and in it I differed somewhat—not without great presumption, but with great diffidence—from that of so experienced a soldier as General Walker. If we were defeated on the slope, the guns, as I thought, must inevitably be lost from the impossibility of removing them under fire from their position. My plan of defence was to place a gun in every available position on Lookout point, and to sink the wheels or elevate the trails so as to command the slope of the mountain; in addition to which I respectfully suggested that on the point a sharpshooter should be posted wherever a man could stand, so as to annoy the flank of the enemy. In my judgment there was no place northwest of the Cravens house at which our infantry force could be held on the slope of the mountain; and in consequence of this firm conviction I gave orders to Brigadier-General Walthall, which are hereinafter mentioned. Upon my return to the foot of the mountain on the 9th November, I found Brigadier-General Walthall and his brigade in camp there. Brigadier-General Moore's brigade was then at the Cravens house, where it had been for a time, how long I am not informed. General Walker directed that Brigadier-General Gist, commanding his division, and I with my own and Walthall's brigade of Cheatham's division, should defend the line from Chattanooga creek to the foot of the mountain, and permitted us to divide the line according to our respective strength as we wished. After riding along the line with General Gist, we made the apportion-

ment of it and gave orders to our respective commands. At that time I had no command over the mountain slope, although one of the brigades (Moore's) of the division was then on duty at or near the Cravens house. General Moore was in command of that portion of the line, under General Walker's orders, from 10th to 14th November. The command I found General Walker exercising—extending over all the troops west of Chattanooga creek—was under the general supervision of Lieutenant-General Hardee; and upon General Walker's going away on a short leave on the 12th November, which he informed me he had some weeks before applied for, and upon the assurance of General Bragg that he would telegraph him when Sherman came up, before which time he anticipated no trouble, this command devolved on me. I at once asked for written instructions from the corps commander as to the mode of defence of the line, but received none. The command was a unit, and was doubtless intended to be handled as such. I continued to exercise it, and gave orders subject to the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee, until his headquarters were removed from the extreme right of the army to a point a little east of Chattanooga creek. This was about the 14th of November.

About this time I went to the top of the mountain with Lieutenant-General Hardee. We there met General Bragg, and after a view from Lookout point, General Bragg indicated a line on the slope of the mountain, which from that standpoint he thought ought to be the fighting line. As we descended the mountain, I again rode out with Lieutenant-General Hardee to the Cravens house and again looked over the ground. The line indicated by General Bragg was to present quite a different appearance from a close view from the same as seen from the mountain top. This line, as I understood it, passed from Lookout point a little in the rear of the Cravens house and down to a point not far from the junction of the Kelly-ferry and Cravens-House roads, and thence to the Perception Rocks, near the mouth of Chattanooga creek. The engineers were put to work under some one's orders, whose I do not know, and fatigue parties furnished to them from my command at their request. On the 14th November a new disposition of the command was made. Major-General Stevenson was assigned to the command of the troops and defences on the top of Lookout mountain. The ranking officer of Cheatham's division was directed to assume command of all troops and defences at and near the

Cravens house. The ranking officer of Walker's division was charged with the line from the base of Lookout mountain east to Chattanooga creek and all the troops not at the points above named. This order emanated from headquarters Hardee's corps, and in conformity with it, as the ranking officer of Cheatham's division, I assumed command of the troops and defences at and near the Cravens house, and on the following day (the 15th November) established my headquarters at the junction of the Sumnertown road with the Mountain-side road, leading to the Cravens house, with the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee. On the same day Brigadier-General Walthall's brigade relieved that of Brigadier-General Pettus near the Cravens house. On the night of the 16th or 17th a fatigue party was ordered to report to Lieutenant Stell, of the engineers, to commence work on the new line below the Cravens house. By direction of Lieutenant-General Hardee, I went out in person to see that the work was progressing—found that there was a misunderstanding as to the place of reporting. I walked down the road a considerable distance along the contemplated line, then went to the Cravens house and ordered the detail to be reassembled and to report to Lieutenant Stell immediately. This was at night—the work was directed to be done at night—as the working party would be under the fire of the Moccasin point battery. General Walthall's troops being some distance in advance of the proposed line and exposed to the enemy's artillery fire, I ordered him on the 18th, with the approval of Lieutenant-General Hardee, to shorten his picket line as he proposed, and notice of which I promptly gave to General Stevenson, and to bring his troops in the rear (south) of the Cravens house, leaving his pickets where they were supported by one regiment. Upon inspection of the grounds General Walthall reported to me that as General Moore's troops were also in the rear of the Craven house there would not be room enough for his brigade between General Moore and my headquarters, and said that as he supposed the order I had given him was permission rather than directory, if I had no objection he would keep his troops where they were. To this I assented; giving him at the same time instruction, if attacked by the enemy in heavy force, to fall back, fighting over the rocks. I expected by the time his troops reached the Cravens house to be with them and form line of battle, with Walthall's left against the cliff and his right at or near the Cravens house, and Moore prolonging this line to the right. This was the general line pointed out by General Bragg, although it had

not been defended by the engineers, nor had any work been done on it between the cliff and the Cravens house. Beyond the Cravens house there was no practicable line which was not enfiladed by the enemy's batteries except the covered way prepared by General Jenkins, and the flank of that was exposed to the infantry attack. On the afternoon of the 20th (I believe) I visited the works below the Cravens house in company with Captain Henry, of the division staff, and spent some time in their inspection. These works being a mere rifle pit, would be of no service when the enemy were once in possession of the Cravens house, as they would then be taken in flank—almost in reverse. On the 22d of November my own brigade was ordered to report to me, and was moved from the top of the mountain to the slope and placed in the position which I had desired General Walthall to take. On the 23d it was ordered to the foot of the mountain out of any command to take, with Cummings' brigade, the place on the line which had been occupied by Walker's division. My position and that of Major-General Stevenson were thus each weakened by a brigade. On the same day a brisk fire of artillery and small arms was heard coming from the extreme right. It was supposed to be a struggle for wood. Late in the afternoon of the 23d General Stevenson was placed in command of the forces west of Chattanooga creek—Lieutenant-General Hardee having been removed to the extreme right; and on the same night orders were received and distributed to prepare three days' cooked rations and to hold the troops in readiness to move at a moment's notice, in order to avoid anything like a surprise along the line. At 7½ o'clock P. M. I ordered Captain Henry, of the division staff, to visit the chief of "picket," and to direct them to be unusually vigilant in watching the movements of the enemy, and to guard against surprise. About 9 o'clock A. M. of the 24th I received a note from General Walthall to the effect that the enemy were moving in heavy force towards our left; that their tents had nearly all disappeared, and the pontoon bridges been cut away. Shortly afterwards I received another note from him to the effect that he was mistaken as to the number of tents that had disappeared, but that many of those which could be seen on previous days were then not visible. The original of both these notes were immediately dispatched to General Bragg, and copies to General Stevenson. I also sent a staff officer to order Generals Moore and Walthall to hold their commands under arms ready for action. I walked out on the road towards the Cravens house to a favorable

point, and could distinguish the enemy's troops in the plain in front of Chattanooga—all quiet, no massing, no movements of any kind from this point. I sent another staff officer to the Cravens house to report to me immediately anything of interest, and returned myself to my position at the forks of the road.

The demonstrations of the enemy did not up to this time indicate the point of attack, whether upon my portion of the line or further to the left. General Stevenson inquired of me about this time if I needed reinforcements; to which I replied that I could not tell until there were further developments. I sent orders by a staff officer to Generals Moore and Walthall to place their troops in line as soon as skirmishing commenced, but not unnecessarily to expose them to the fire of the enemy's artillery. I expected from the rugged nature of the ground, and the fact that the enemy had to ascend the mountain, that the picket fighting would continue for some time before the main body would be engaged. About this time I received a message from General Moore, that he did not know where the line was. I sent back immediately an order that General Walthall would occupy the left, and that he (General Moore) would form on his (Walthall's) right, prolonging their line in the earthworks betwen the Cravens house as far as his troops would extend. About 12 M. I received a note from General Moore that the enemy had forwarded his line and commenced skirmishing with our pickets near the railroad bridge crossing Lookout creek; that he could not then tell their object, and inquiring where he should place his brigade. I sent to General Stevenson to ask for the offered reinforcements. Information came to me from General Walthall about the same time that the pickets had commenced firing, and a message from General Stevenson by Major Pickett, that the enemy was making an attack on my line. I now asked in writing for a brigade from General Stevenson, to be sent down at once, and ordered Major John Ingram, Assistant Adjutant-General, to direct General Walthall to fight back the enemy with his pickets and reserves as long as possible, and finally to take position with his left against the cliff and his right at or in direction of the Cravens house, and to direct General Moore to advance and form on the right of General Walthall and prolong the line in the earthworks below the Cravens house. Major Ingram reported to me that he rode rapidly forward to a point some two hundred (200) yards from the Cravens house, passing General Moore's brigade moving up to their position and to support General

Walthall's brigade, which was being rapidly driven back by overwhelming numbers. The substance of my orders was delivered by Major Ingram to Generals Moore and Walthall. The latter stated that although this order did not reach him in time, he had carried it out in his efforts to defend the position. General Moore expressed a desire to have a full supply of ammunition; was informed by Major Ingram that Captain Clark, division ordnance officer, had been ordered to furnish him from the division train. Within a few minutes after Major Ingram left as bearer of the above order to Generals Moore and Walthall, I proceeded in person, accompanied by Major Vaulx, of the division staff, to superintend the execution. Passing a great many stragglers—officers and men—along the road, I was met at some short distance from the Cravens house by an officer from General Walthall, who brought the information that his brigade had been driven back in considerable confusion, and that the Cravens house was in possession of the enemy. I immediately dispatched a staff officer to speed the reinforcements, and endeavored to rally the men, who were coming to the rear in large numbers, and formed a line where I was, selecting what I considered the most favorable position for a line, among rocks, where no regular line was practicable, and where the battle could be but a general skirmish. Failing in this, I rode back to the junction of the roads and there met General Pettus with three regiments of his brigade. He informed me that he had been ordered by General Stevenson to report to me. I directed him to proceed on the road and form line to reinforce Generals Moore and Walthall. I at the same time sent for a piece of artillery from the battalion of the division; and upon its arrival directed the officer in command to select the most favorable position on the Cravens-House road and check the enemy. He soon after reported that he could find no position in which he could use his gun to advantage and for not more than one or two shots at all. I remained generally at the junction of the two roads, because I considered it most accessible from all points. General Stevenson was communicating with me by the road down the mountain, and General Moore by the same road up the mountain. General Pettus informed me by an officer of the disposition made of his troops, and asked for orders. Having placed his regiments on the left of the cross-roads, with the left against the cliff and extending intervals so as to connect with General Moore on the right of the road, I had no orders to give him, except to hold that position against the enemy. His

dispositions were satisfactory, and I did not wish to change them. I subsequently received a message from him that the enemy was passing his left and asking for reinforcements, and about the same time I was informed by one of the division staff that General Walthall had sent the fragments of two regiments to that point, and that there was no danger to be apprehended there. I replied to General Pettus that I had no reinforcements to send him; that no more could be obtained from General Stevenson, and that he must hold his position. The enemy being held in check, matters so continued not materially changed until quite late in the afternoon, when I received a report from an officer from General Moore's brigade that unless he was reinforced his right would be turned. Receiving intelligence also from an officer of Pickett, who had escaped that way, that the Kelley-Ferry road was entirely open, I knew that the enemy only had to press forward on it to obtain control of our road from the mountain, and expected that they certainly would do so.

I rode to the top of the mountain to confer with General Stevenson, my immediate superior, upon the subject. We agreed that if the enemy did get possession of the road at or near the base of the mountain, I should withdraw the troops of my command at dark and join him on top of the mountain, and he so directed. Availing myself of General Stevenson's writing material, I addressed written orders to the division Quartermaster, Commissary of Subsistence and Chief of Artillery, who were in the plain below, to retire beyond Chattanooga creek and look for orders from corps headquarters, as I expected to be cut off from them. After this short absence, I returned to my position on the mountain side, and there remained until near dark, having sent orders to the brigade commanders that if we were cut off or overpowered, we would retire by the top of the mountain, but to hold their positions if possible until further orders. When it was near dark, and when the firing had become rather desultory, I again went to General Stevenson's headquarters for final orders as to withdrawing the troops. I was there informed that General Bragg ordered us to retire down the mountain, the road being still open, and that we must assemble at the Gillispie house, to make final arrangements. A guard having been detailed from my command for some subsistence stores on the top of the mountain, I went to relieve them, but found it had already been done. Proceeding to the Gillispie house, at the base of the mountain, I received orders from General Bragg, through

General Cheatham, as to the time and mode of withdrawing the troops, and immediately dispatched them to brigade commanders by the Assistant Adjutant-General and the Acting Inspector-General of the division. In conformity with these orders, the troops retired south of Chattanooga creek, and the bridge was destroyed.

On the 20th November—the date of the report nearest to the day of the battle—Moore's brigade had a total effective strength of 1,205, and Walthall's a total effective strength of 1,489.

The casualties on the 1st were 4 killed, 39 wounded, and 198 missing. On the 2d the casualtles were 8 killed, 91 wounded, and 845 captured. In Pettus' brigade there were 9 killed, 38 wounded, and 9 missing.

General Moore ventured the opinion that if I had given proper orders, a different result would have been accomplished. I beg leave to differ. The whole effective force I had at my command at the beginning was twenty-six hundred and ninety-four men. Of these, one thousand and forty-five have been captured; some have been wounded, and a few killed. The enemy's force was (as reported) a division and two brigades. They were in possession of the high ground around the Cravens house, from which, from General Moore's own statement, his left was completely enfiladed. Under the circumstances, I was unwilling to hazard an advance movement with my shattered command, even aided by three regiments under General Pettus, who was himself pressed by the enemy. General Moore adds a report of the battle the next day on Missionary ridge, where he was not under my command, and goes out of his way to say that he did not see me during the engagement. I did not think it necessary for me to show myself to him. If he had desired to see me, he could have found me at all times during the engagement near the right of my line, which was on the top of the ridge, while the left was down the hill. If General Moore means to reflect upon the conduct of my brigade, I am glad to say there are other witnesses who bear different testimony. General Walthall must have misapprehended the remark made to him as I descended the mountain. I expected to receive orders from General Bragg, but not to see him in person. These orders were to come through General Cheatham. I made the remark that there were two six-pounder guns at the Cravens house, under the command of Lieutenant Gibson, but they were without horses and could not be moved. In their position they could not be fired without endangering the troops of General Walthall. Lieutenant

Gibson's report accompanies this. He never reported to me, although subject to my orders; and his two guns were all the artillery I could command for the purpose of defence, although I took the responsibility of ordering up a piece from the battalion of Cheatham's division. General Walthall's communication in relation to a piece of artillery to be placed in position was sent by me immediately on its receipt to General Stevenson. Captain Henry, of the division staff, was the bearer of it. The movements of the enemy were very rapid, and an impenetrable fog hung around the mountain all day.

I am, Major, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN K. JACKSON, *Brigadier-General.*

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By Brigadier-General JAMES H. LANE.

No. 8.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG—GENERAL LANE'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS, LANE'S BRIGADE,
December 23d, 1862.

Major R. C. MORGAN, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of my brigade in the late engagement before Fredericksburg.

At half-past six o'clock, on the morning of the 12th, we left our bivouac and took the position assigned us on the railroad—my right being about two hundred and fifty yards to the left of the small piece of woods beyond the track, and my left resting on a dirt road which crosses the railroad near the point where it makes a bend. Several batteries were to my left and rear, and General Pender some distance farther back, my left nearly covering his right. When I had made this disposition of my command, I rode to the right of General Archer's brigade, which was posted in the woods some four hundred yards from the railroad, and informed Colonel Turney, who was at that time commanding, that there was an open space of about six hundred yards between us. I also informed General Gregg of this opening—his command, which was to have been my support, being on the Military road opposite this

opening, and some five or six hundred yards from the railroad. I subsequently met General A. P. Hill, and spoke to him of our relative positions.

Nothing of interest occurred on Friday and Friday night. Saturday morning I ordered the Seventh and Eighteenth regiments beyond the railroad to support three batteries which had been placed on a hill immediately in their front. Lieutenant-Colonel Hill at once approached the captain of one of the batteries, told him he would insure its safety against any attempt on the part of the enemy to capture it, and that he must let him know when he wished him to move to the front. As soon as the fog lifted, heavy skirmishing commenced along my whole line, and the enemy were seen advancing. Our skirmishers, with the exception of Captain Turner's company on the left, fell back. The batteries just alluded to opened with telling effect and checked their advance. During the firing, Captain Turner withdrew his company, as his men were suffering, and rejoined his regiment. Several pieces of the artillery, after firing a few rounds, hurried from the field, saying they were "choked." On intimation from one of the Captains of the batteries, Lieutenant-Colonel Hill promptly moved his regiment to the crest of the hill in front of the enemy, and delivered a volley at the sharpshooters who were in range, the artillery all limbering up and driving to the rear. The Seventh and Eighteenth both suffered from the enemy's artillery fire and at times from their sharpshooters. About two hours later, the enemy advanced in strong force across the open field to the right of my front. Colonel Barbour—his regiment being on the right—informed me through Adjutant Oates of the advance, and wished to know what he must do should he be flanked. On being ordered to hold his position as long as possible, he deflected his three right companies, and formed them to the rear at right angles to the track. I at once sent my courier, Mr. Shepperd, to inform General A. P. Hill that the enemy were advancing in force upon the opening—Captain Hawks having been previously sent to apprise him that their skirmishers were in front of the same. Eight regiments were seen to pass my right, and another to move "by the right flank by file left" between the same body of woods and the fence beyond the track. This last regiment then faced by the rear rank and opened fire upon my right. The three companies of the Thirty-seventh became hotly engaged, and General Gregg's command was soon after encountered on the Military road. Although our right was

turned by such a large force, our position was deemed too important to be given up without a blow, and nobly did both officers and men await the approach of another large force along our entire front.

As this force was concealed from the Thirty-third, Eighteenth and Seventh regiments by the hill about forty yards beyond the track, they were cautioned to reserve their fire. The Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh, however, had open, level ground in their front, and when the enemy had gotten within one hundred and fifty yards of our line, they opened a terrific and deadly fire upon them, repulsing their first and second lines and checking the third. These regiments were subjected not only to a direct, but to right and left oblique fires, that portion of the enemy's force behind the hill nearest the Twenty-eighth firing upon them. As soon as the right of my command became engaged with such an overwhelming force, I dispatched Captain Hawks to General Gregg for reinforcements, with instructions, if he was unable to send them, to apply to General Thomas, or any one else whom he might see in command of troops, for assistance. My whole command held their ground until the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh had fired away not only their own ammunition, but that of their dead and wounded, which, in some cases, was handed to them by their officers. When these two regiments had ceased firing, the enemy in column doubled on the centre, bore down in mass from behind the hill upon the left of the Twenty-eighth and right of the Thirty-third, and the "power of numbers forced them entirely across the railroad." The Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh being flanked right and left, fell back in an orderly manner, and were resupplied with ammunition. A well-directed volley from the Thirty-third checked the enemy for a time, and Colonel Avery ordered a charge, but being unsupported on his right, he countermanded the order and withdrew his regiment into the woods, about seventy-five yards from the railroad. The Eighteenth regiment then fell back about one hundred yards, the right companies firing into the foe until he reached the woods in pursuit. The Seventh, being on the left, fell back in perfect order. During the greater part of the engagement the enemy's artillery played upon the woods in our rear. While awaiting reinforcements, I sent my aid, Lieutenant Lane, to tell Lieutenant-Colonel Hill, if he could possibly be spared, to come to the assistance of my right, as it was heavily pressed. The right, however, was forced to fall back before the order could be delivered.

General Thomas came to my assistance, but too late to save my line. He encountered the enemy in the woods, drove them back, and, with the Eighteenth and Seventh regiments of my brigade on his left, chased them to their first position. The Thirty-third, in accordance with orders, held the position in the woods to which it had fallen back until I could move up the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh, when all again resumed their positions on the railroad. That night the whole brigade was aligned on the track and skirmishers thrown forward, preparatory to a general advance. After the order was countermanded, my command rested on their arms until morning, when, having already been on duty upwards of forty-eight hours, there was heavy skirmishing along my whole front—a number of men being killed and wounded. We formed a portion of the second line on Monday, and as we occupied an exposed position, the men soon constructed a very good temporary breastwork of logs, brush and dirt, behind which they rested until Tuesday morning, when it was ascertained that the enemy had all recrossed the Rappahannock.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the gallantry of Colonels Avery, Barbour, Lowe and Purdie, and Lieutenant-Colonel Hill. They all commanded their regiments with bravery and to my entire satisfaction. Colonel Purdie was slightly wounded. Colonel Barbour received a painful wound in the neck, which for a time paralyzed his arm, but he reported for duty again on Tuesday.

The other officers, both field and company, generally discharged their duties well.

Colonel Avery alludes in high terms to the efficiency of Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan. Colonel Purdie, in his report, makes an unenviable allusion to one of his officers, name not given.

The Yankee wretches dragged Lieutenant J. W. Peters, Company C, Thirty-seventh regiment, some distance by the legs after he had been wounded in the head and leg.

The men of the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh fought like brave men, long and well, while those of the other regiments calmly held their positions under a heavy artillery fire—one of the most trying positions in which soldiers can be placed.

I cannot refrain from making special allusion to our conscripts, many of whom were under fire for the first time. They proved themselves worthy accessions to a brigade which had borne itself well in all of the battles of the last eight months.

Captain F. J. Hawks, the Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenant

Oscar Lane, my aid, and Private James W. Shepherd, my courier, were of great assistance to me throughout the fight, often carrying orders and messages for me under the hottest fire.

Our ambulance corps was very efficient, and removed our wounded rapidly. Lieutenant James A. Bryan, Ordnance Officer, was untiring in his exertions to keep the command supplied with ammunition.

Our loss in officers was two killed, twenty-five wounded and five prisoners; enlisted men, sixty killed, two hundred and thirty-two wounded, one hundred and eighty-three prisoners and twenty-eight missing—an aggregate of six hundred and twenty-five.

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL A. P. HILL'S REPORT.

As soon as Pelham ceased his fire, all their batteries, right and left, opened a terrific fire upon the positions occupied by my batteries, and shelled the woods promiscuously. There being no reply from any of our batteries, and being unable to elicit any discoveries from this sharp practice, continued for an hour or more, the advance was again sounded, and preceded by clouds of skirmishers they right gallantly essayed another attempt. To cover this advance, their batteries were now served with redoubled activity, and now the masses of infantry being within point-blank range, the roar was deepened and made deadly to the enemy, as shell and cannister from our long silent but now madly aroused batteries plowed through their ranks. The enemy, however, continued to advance, and the three batteries already mentioned as having been posted in advance of the railroad were compelled to retire, their withdrawal being covered by Lieutenant-Colonel Hill with the Seventh North Carolina. Lane's brigade was the first to encounter the masses of the enemy, who, recoiling somewhat from his direct front, shifted their main attack to his right, endeavoring to penetrate through the interval between Archer and himself. The attack directly in front of Archer and of Walker's guns had been gallantly repulsed, the enemy finding what shelter they could along the railroad. Concentrating their columns of attack, the enemy now made a bold effort, and pushing onward turned Lane's right, although obstinately resisted by the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-seventh North Carolina regiments. Colonel Barbour, of the Thirty-seventh, finding his right turned, changed front with three of his

right companies and poured in a destructive fire. These two regiments continued to fight until their ammunition was exhausted, and were then quickly and steadily retired from the field, refilled their boxes and rejoined the brigade. The three remaining regiments of Lane's brigade (Seventh, Eighteenth and Thirty-third North Carolina) steadily continued to battle against overwhelming numbers, and the attack was checked by well directed volleys from the Thirty-third regiment, Colonel Avery. General Thomas, responding to the call of General Lane, rapidly threw forward his brigade of Georgians by the flank, and deploying by successive formations, squarely met the enemy, charged them, and joined by the Seventh and part of the Eighteenth North Carolina, drove them back with tremendous loss to their original position. . . . .

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL T. J. JACKSON'S REPORT.

The Federal troops, consisting of the main body of Franklin's grand division, supported by a portion of Hooker's grand division, continued to press forward. Advancing to within point-blank range of our infantry, and thus exposed to the murderous fire of musketry and artillery, the struggle became fierce and sanguinary. They continued, however, still to press forward, and before General A. P. Hill closed the interval which he had left between Archer and Lane, it was penetrated, and the enemy pressing forward in overwhelming numbers through that interval, turned Lane's right and Archer's left. Thus attacked in front and rear, the Fourteenth Tennessee and Nineteenth Georgia of Archer's brigade and the entire brigade of Lane fell back, but not until after a brave and obstinate resistance. Notwithstanding the perilous situation in which Archer's brigade was placed, his right, changing front, continued to struggle with undaunted firmness, materially checking the advance of the enemy until reinforcements came to its support. The brigade of General Thomas, posted as before stated, moved gallantly forward, and joined by the Seventh and part of the Eighteenth North Carolina of Lane's brigade, gallantly drove back a Federal column which had broken through Lane's line. In the meantime, a large force of the enemy penetrated the wood in rear of the position occupied by the brigades of Lane and Archer, and came in contact with Gregg's brigade. Taken by surprise, Orr's rifles were thrown into confusion. It was in the act of rallying this regiment that Brigadier-General Gregg fell in front of the rifles mortally wounded. . . . .

EXTRACT FROM GENERAL R. E. LEE'S REPORT.

About one P. M. the main attack on the right began by a furious cannonade, under cover of which these compact lines of infantry advanced against Hill's front. They were received as before by our batteries, by whose fire they were momentarily checked, but soon recovering, they pressed forward until coming within range of our infantry the contest became fierce and bloody. Archer and Lane repulsed that portion of the line immediately in front of them; but before the interval between these commands could be closed, the enemy pressed through in overwhelming numbers and turned the left of Archer and the right of Lane. Attacked in front and flank two regiments of the former and the brigade of the latter, after a brave and obstinate resistance, gave way. Archer held his line with the First Tennessee, and with the Fifth Alabama battalion, assisted by the Forty-seventh Virginia regiment and the Twenty-second Virginia battalion, continued the struggle until the arrival of reinforcements. Thomas came gallantly to the relief of Lane, and joined by the Seventh and part of the Eighteenth North Carolina of that brigade, repulsed the column that had broken Lane's line and drove it back to the road. In the meantime a large force had penetrated the woods as far as Hill's reserves, and encountered Gregg's brigade. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that Orr's rifles, mistaking the enemy for our own troops retiring, were thrown into confusion. While in the act of rallying them that brave soldier and true patriot, Brigadier-General Maxey Gregg, fell mortally wounded.

After this battle our brigade was ordered to "Moss Neck," below Fredericksburg, and went into winter quarters in the woods around the residence of a Mr. Corbin.

List of Casualties in Lane's Brigade, in Campaign of 1862.

NAMES OF BATTLES.	Killed: Offic'rs and Men.	Wounded: Offic'rs and Men.	Missing: Offic'rs and Men.	Aggregate.
Hanover Courthouse, May 27	73	202	Unknown.	275
Mechanicsville, June 26...				
Cold Harbor, June 27.....				
Frazier's Farm, June 30...	.....	{Killed & Wounded, 853}	15	868
Malvern Hill, July 1.....				
Cedar Run, August 9	12	88	.....	100
Warrenton Springs, August 24	.....	3	.....	3
Manassas Junction, August 26	.....	.....	.....	0
Manassas Plains, August 28, 29, 30	30	185	Unknown.	215
Ox Hill, September 1	14	92	2	108
Harper's Ferry, September 15	.....	4	.....	4
Sharpsburg, September 17	21	79	4	104
Shepherdstown, September 20	3	71	.....	74
Fredericksburg, December 13	62	257	216	535
Grand Total	.....	.....	.....	2,286

REMARKS.—This list was made from published official reports. The reports of Hanover Courthouse and Manassas Plains refer to the missing, but do not give the number. The Fredericksburg report calls for an aggregate of 625, but the killed, wounded and missing only sum up 535. Some of the Colonels' reports of the fights around Richmond give the total killed and wounded instead of giving them separately.

JAMES H. LANE.

Recollections of General Beauregard's Service in West Tennessee in the Spring of 1862.

By General THOMAS JORDAN.

NEW YORK, October 8th, 1874.

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, *New Orleans, La.:*

My Dear General—In compliance with your request, I make the following statement of my recollections of an important incident of your official visit to the headquarters of General Albert Sidney Johnston, at Bowling Green, Kentucky, early in the month of February, 1862.

Upon leaving Centreville, Virginia, at the end of January, 1862, under orders attaching you to the Confederate forces in the West, you proceeded directly to Bowling Green to report to and confer with General Johnston; while, under your instructions, I repaired to Richmond to discuss with the Confederate Secretary of War certain matters, the arrangement of which you regarded as vital to the effective discharge of the duties that were to be devolved upon you. My orders were to meet you subsequently at Columbus, Kentucky, the headquarters of Major-General Polk, whom you were to succeed in command.

My visit to Richmond having been in the main unfruitful, I proceeded immediately to Columbus, where I soon received telegraphic orders to retrace my steps to meet you at Jackson, West Tennessee, at which place I joined you within a week after the fall of Fort Donelson.

At once, in the course of a full conversation with me touching your visit to Bowling Green, you stated first your grievous disappointment at finding the Confederate force there so very much smaller than you had been led to suppose before leaving Virginia—while your preconceived opinion of the malstrategic character of the position had been fully sustained by the state of affairs which you found there. The position which you had previously regarded as fatally salient and unsupported, you found ready to fall by its own weight, in consequence of the appearance in the Tennessee river of a heavy offensive Federal force under General Grant on the one side, and of General Buell on the other, threatening Nashville in co-operation with the turning movement on the other flank.

As you informed me, your views of the exigent character of the

situation were invited and fully made known to General Johnston; further, that you were induced to draw up a paper carefully setting forth those views, which was handed to the Confederate commander for his consideration; and a copy of which paper having been read by me on several occasions, my recollection of its substantial purport is very distinct.

You urged that, even if desirable, the possession of Bowling Green could not be maintained in the presence of the movement already begun by General Grant, and of that evidently impending on the part of General Buell, and therefore the Confederate forces in that quarter should be swiftly concentrated at Fort Donelson for a decisive combat with General Grant, by which that commander would be forced into a battle with fatal odds against him, as well as the disadvantage of isolation from support.

This you urged, not only as essential for the maintenance of Confederate control of the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, but also as placing our forces in a far better position with respect to the ultimate defence of Nashville, than if retained at the weak—because too salient and easily turned—position of Bowling Green.

At the time, as near as I can now recollect, the Confederate forces immediately disposable by General Johnston were the command at Bowling Green, a little over 23,000 men; the remains of the late General Zollicoffer's division—beaten several weeks before at Mill Spring, Southeastern Kentucky—namely, 5,000 men; Major-General Polk's force at Columbus, nearly 14,000 strong, and the garrison at Fort Donelson, some 3,500 men—that is to say, in all about 45,000 men, who could, for the most part, be readily concentrated for any decisive operation.

Your immediate recommendation, however, was that General Johnston should go with his force from Bowling Green to Fort Donelson, and there fall upon and crush General Grant, whose army was supposed to be not more than 15,000 strong, and which I may add was actually not increased to 25,000 men until the morning of the 15th of February, 1862.

At the time of your recommendation it is probable that General Floyd, with the 5,000 men remaining after Zollicoffer's defeat, was already under orders for Fort Donelson; and, apparently as the result of your views, General Buckner was detached from the quarter of Bowling Green with a division of about 5,000 men, for the same destination. So, from these two sources, by the time General Grant presented himself before Fort Donelson (February

12th, 1862) the position had been strengthened from 3,500 to about 14,500 men—some 9,000 of whom, as will be remembered, were surrendered on the 16th of February, 1862, after having made the brilliant and signally successful sortie of the day before. What was effected in that well-conceived but badly-sustained *sortie*, in which only some 8,000 of the garrison were employed, must make patent what must have ensued had there been at Fort Donelson, as you recommended (and as there might have been), a Confederate army of about 30,000 men, with General Sidney Johnston in command, instead of the one of about 14,000 men, under an utterly inexperienced, incapable commander as was General Floyd.

In conclusion, let me recall that upon the fall of Fort Donelson, as you foresaw and foretold, the position at Bowling Green was abandoned with precipitation, as Buell was already in rapid movement upon Nashville. The latter place, in turn, was given up with equal haste, and with it all Middle Tennessee fell at once into Federal possession.

For the easier understanding of the several questions and conditions which entered into the military situation and exigencies at the moment, as you discussed them in the paper in question, let me note, that Fort Henry, on the east bank of the Tennessee river, was twelve miles distant from Fort Donelson, on the west bank of the Cumberland, while both were in the re-entering angle of the Confederate line, the extreme right of which was at Bowling Green and the left at Columbus—two points nearly equal distance from Fort Donelson, and connected by a railroad which passed some twelve or fifteen miles southward of that position! At both of these flanks were accumulated so great an amount of rolling stock, that the immediate swift transfer and concentration of the whole force upon Fort Donelson, or any other point on the line, were a certain and easy matter, and hence a vital element in all military plans and calculations at the moment.

It remains to be added, that in the fall of Fort Donelson was involved not only the evacuation of Bowling Green, but that also of Columbus.

Very sincerely your friend,

THOMAS JORDAN.

NEW YORK, November 2d, 1874.

General G. T. BEAUREGARD, *New Orleans, La.:*

My Dear General—Resuming the series of my recollections of important facts connected with your service in West Tennessee in the spring of 1862, which you have asked me to communicate in this manner, I have now to state the circumstances under which the Confederate army was assembled at Corinth, and the movement undertaken against its adversary which reslulted in the battle of Shiloh.

Having determined upon the evacuation of Columbus, you detached a brigade of that garrison to hold, with certain other troops, the position of Island 10 and New Madrid, which were already partly fortified.

The other part of Major-General Polk's forces, some nine or ten thousand men, were gradually transferred in the direction of Corinth, Mississippi, a point at which the Mobile and Ohio and the Memphis and Charleston railways intersect each other. In the same quarter, meanwhile, were assembled some regiments drawn from New Orleans, together with the forces which General Bragg had brought from Pensacola and Mobile, the latter having been added to your command in consequence of your urgent appeals to the Richmond authorities, supported probably by the direct application of Major-General Bragg himself.

This concentration was with the view to meet and baffle the evident offensive purposes for which the Federal army was transferred from Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, to Pittsburg landing, on the west bank of the Tennessee river, and near which the States of Tennessee, Alabama and Mississippi touch each other.

Without having any personal knowledge at the moment of the immediate ground, your first idea, as I remember, was that your forces should assemble as early as possible at a point designated on the maps as Monterey, in advance of Corinth, toward the Federal position.

But, as your own health was infirm at the time, you entrusted General Bragg with the duty of a personal examination of the terrain, though stating your preference for Monterey as the true strategic point to be occupied. That officer, however, having reported adversely to Monterey, you settled upon Corinth as your base of operations.

Meanwhile, in several dispatches, you urged General Sidney

Johnston, who had fallen back from Nashville in the direction of Stevenson, to join his forces to your own at the same point, and with the army thus assembled to fall upon and crush the Federal army at Pittsburg landing before it had been fully concentrated for offensive operations.

One or more of your communications to this effect you sent by Captain J. M. Otey, of the Adjutant-General's staff, and by an Aid-de-Camp, Captain Ferguson, I believe. General Johnston, however, did not seem to see the necessity of the proposed concentration, but turning from the direction of Stevenson, preferred for the time to occupy Huntsville and the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad for a short distance westward and separated about one hundred miles from your army.

Your own forces you had organized into two nearly equal corps, the one under Major-General Polk, the other under Major-General Bragg, and these were subdivided respectively into two divisions. While at Jackson (West Tennessee) you had applied to the War Department once more for the officers from the Army of the Potomac upon whose promotion and assignment to your command you had based your voluntary assent to your proposed separation from that army. But the answer was that the officers in question could not be spared from their several positions, and, moreover, that you must find your proper brigade commanders within your new command. You, therefore, recommended for the promotion requisite for their assignment to brigade command, certain officers designated by Generals Polk and Bragg as best fitted for such promotions. These promotions the Confederate authorities at Richmond declined to make, for the alleged reason that the President preferred that you should have some previous, personal knowledge of the fitness of officers recommended for promotion to such positions.

In the meantime, the Federal forces at Pittsburg landing were gaining more and more menacing volume; and it was now very apparent that if they were to be offensively met at all, it must be very soon, or at latest by the first of April. Hence, about the middle of March, you were induced to apply once again to General Johnston for reinforcements, asking him to spare you, as well as I recollect, at least five thousand men, and to send them by rail with as little delay as possible. His answer was the immediate announcement that he had now concluded to make the junction of his forces with your own. This was done without delay, so far as

to bring to Corinth from eight to ten thousand men under General Hardee, while the remainder of his army was put in position at Burns' station and at Iuka, on the Memphis and Charleston railroad.

Soon after his arrival at Corinth, as I understood at the time, General Johnston desired to turn over the direct command of the united armies to you and to confine his own functions to those of a department commander, with his headquarters separated from the forces in operation, alleging as his reason for so doing the highly patriotic and unselfish view of affairs, that such a course would be best for the success of the cause, insomuch as he apprehended that he had in no slight measure lost the confidence of the people, and possibly of the troops, in consequence of recent events in Middle Tennessee, while you had the confidence of the people as well as of the army, and therefore, in all likelihood, could handle the latter with better effect or greater results than he.

Declining the offer, you urged him to remain at the head of the army, now concentrated and in good heart, while pledging your cordial support as his *second in command.* A day or two later, you drew up a plan for the reorganization of the Confederate army, which you exhibited and discussed in detail with me before submitting it to General Johnston. That plan having been accepted without modification, I drew up the general order which was published to the army at Corinth. Under that order, as you will recollect, the forces were arranged into three corps, respectively under Major-Generals Polk, Bragg and Hardee, leaving the cavalry and certain troops along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad unattached to corps.

You were announced as *second in command.* Major-General Bragg was nominally appointed chief of the general staff, a position borrowed from continental European armies, although there was no such office provided by law for in the Confederate military organization, which, however, was not regarded as material at the time, as General Bragg was not to be detached or at all diverted from the command of his corps; and in fact his assignment to the position was in order simply to enable him, at some possible exigent moment on the field, to give orders in the name of General Johnston, a power which both the Commander-in-Chief and yourself desired that General Bragg should have in certain exigencies. At the same time I was named Adjutant-General of the united forces.

Under this organization you then devoted yourself to mould and

prepare the army for an early offensive movement against the Federal army at Pittsburg landing. General Johnston left to you practically the functions of the immediate commander of the Confederate forces. The corps commanders severally made all their reports to you, either directly or through my office; while I, though issuing all orders which regulated the details of the service and every movement in the name of General Johnston, really received instructions thereupon from you and not from him. Thus it was when on the night of the 2d of April, 1862, General Cheatham, who commanded a division of Polk's corps, posted at Bethel station, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad, some twenty-four miles northward of Corinth, reported to his corps commander that a strong Federal force, believed to be General Lew Wallace's division, was menacing his immediate front. General Polk, having at once transmitted Cheatham's telegraphic dispatch to you, it was immediately sent by you to my office with your endorsement, nearly in these very words: "Now is the moment to advance and strike the enemy at Pittsburg landing."

Written below were substantially these words: "Colonel Jordan had better take this communication to General Johnston in person. —G. T. B."

Having immediately complied with your wishes, I found General Johnston in a room with some of his personal staff, and there I handed him the dispatch. He soon thereafter repaired with me to the quarters of General Bragg, whom we found already in bed. General Bragg declared in favor of your proposition as soon as he read it, but General Johnston expressed several objections with much clearness and force, and questioned the readiness of the army for so serious an offensive movement. His view evidently shook the opinion of General Bragg, who all the time had remained in his bed. Having discussed the subject almost daily with you during the past ten days, and knowing the reasons which made you regard the immediate offensive as the true course in the exigency, I stated them with as much clearness and urgency as I could, dwelling particularly upon the fact that we were now as strong as we could reasonably hope to be at any early period, while our adversary would be gaining strength by reinforcements almost every day until he would be so strong as to be able to take the offensive with irresistible numbers. Secondly, that our adversary's position at Pittsburg landing, with his back against a deep, broad river, in a *cul-de-sac* formed by two creeks (Owl and Lick), would make his

defeat decisively disastrous; that the character of the country also made it altogether practicable for us to steal upon and surprise our enemy, and your proposition was based on the practicability of such a surprise, with the conviction that we should find the Federal army entirely unprotected by entrenchments.

These views seemed to satisfy General Johnston, and he authorized me to give at once the preparatory orders for the movement. Those orders I wrote in General Bragg's room, in the form of a circular letter to Generals Bragg, Polk and Hardee, respectively, directing them to hold their several corps in condition to move at a moment's notice, with forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes and three days' cooked rations in their haversacks, with sixty rounds of ammunition and, I think, three days' rations per man in wagons, together with certain other details affecting reserve supplies and their transportation.

Couriers from General Bragg's headquarters carried these orders to Generals Polk and Hardee, who received them, as well as I now remember, at precisely 1.40 A. M., as stated in the receipts signed by those officers respectively at the time.

Having dispatched directly the orders in question, I then repaired to your headquarters, roused Captain A. R. Chisolm, of your personal staff, and told him to awake you at five A. M. and acquaint you that the movement you had proposed had been ordered as I have related.

About seven o'clock in the morning of the 3d of April you sent for me. Having gone to your apartment, I found that you had already drawn up the notes of a general order, presenting the manner and method of the movement from Corinth upon Pittsburg landing with peculiar minuteness, as from the nature of the country to be traversed it would be a most difficult matter to move so large a body of men with the requisite celerity and mass for the contemplated stroke. These notes you gave me as the basis for the proper general order to be issued directing and regulating the march coupled with the order in which the enemy was to be attacked. And from those notes I drew up the order of march and battle, which, issued in the name of General Johnston, was signed by me without any modification of their substance after I had made it fuller with details in respect to staff services, which details you left habitually to me, holding me responsible of course that they should be clear and comprehensive so as to insure the execution of your general plan of operations.

Before I was able to shape the order in question, General Johnston (and soon thereafter General Bragg) came to your headquarters, where I also had gone to consult you upon some details. You were explaining your plan of movement and of the attack to General Johnston when I entered your apartment, and, to make the subject clearer, you drew a sketch of the country in pencil upon your table, as I had taken the sketch, supplied by the engineers, to my office to enable me to draw up the order with necessary precision.

General Johnston seemed to weigh all that was said with much deliberation, and not until every detail had been thoroughly discussed did he decide to make the movement as you proposed it. By this time Major-Generals Polk and Hardee had likewise arrived. I then remarked that as the preparation of the order, with all the necessary copies for the Generals and the proper staff officers, would take some hours, its details should be verbally explained to the corps commanders there present, so that the movement could be made at the prescribed moment by the several corps without delay or waiting for the written order, so much of whose details concerned the second day's march and the plan of attack. This was assented to by General Johnston as best, and I left you explaining to Generals Bragg, Polk and Hardee that particularly which they were to do jointly and severally that day and the next morning, or the order and manner in which they should begin and make the advance with their respective corps to the vicinity of the enemy's position, as will be found set forth in the written order which was printed afterwards.

By the hour (12 midday) of the 3d of April prescribed by me in the preparatory circular to the corps commanders, sent out that morning about one o'clock from General Bragg's bedchamber, the troops were all under arms in Corinth and severally ready for movement. Meanwhile, constantly interrupted by other more urgent office duties, I had been unable to have completed the copies of the general orders for distribution, which was not at all urgent, however, as the corps commanders had been thoroughly apprised of all which they and their respective subordinates had to do for the next twenty-four hours.

Nevertheless the movement did not begin at the hour verbally prescribed. General Polk's corps, which was ordered to move with the others at midday, though under arms and ready, was kept at a halt until late in the afternoon, when, it having been reported by

Generals Bragg and Hardee that they were unable to move their corps at the hour indicated for them, because General Polk's corps was in the way, you sent one of your staff to General Polk to inquire why he had not put his corps in motion. He replied that he was awaiting the "written order" directing him to march. You at once, through an Aid-de-Camp, directed him to clear the road and follow the movement as ordered. It was, however, already dark before his corps had finally filed out of the streets of Corinth. But for this delay, or had the movement commenced at midday on the 3d of April, as was intended and ordered, the Confederate army must have easily made the march to the immediate vicinity of the enemy by the afternoon of the 4th and made the attack, as you had planned, on the morning of the 5th of April—that is to say, twenty-four hours earlier than it was made. In that event, Buell must have reached the theatre of war entirely too late to retrieve the disaster which was inflicted on the 6th of April, and must himself have been forced to retire in haste from Middle Tennessee.

Even the next day there was inexplicable delay in the movements not only of Polk's corps but of Bragg's also, so that on the night of the 4th of April the Confederate forces were assembled no farther in advance than at and around Monterey, and did not reach the vicinity of the Tennessee river until about 2.30 P. M. on the 5th (the distance traversed to Monterey and beyond not having been more than thirteen miles). There had, indeed, been some rainfall during the march, and consequently the roads were somewhat heavy; they were narrow wheelways, moreover, traversing a densely wooded country. But all these reasons do not account for the slowness of the march, which must be ascribed in truth to the unfortunate tardiness which characterized the start, marching and movements on the 3d and 4th of April.

Without entering upon the details of the battle of the 6th and 7th of April, I will state that a reconnoissance in force, conducted on the 4th of April under the command of Colonel Wheeler, was made by that officer with such vigor, audacity and confidence that it ought to have been made plain to the Federal commander that it was the precursor of a near attack. It was your fear consequently, expressed at the time, that such would be the effect, and, therefore, that we should find our enemy behind entrenchments. I cannot now say whether or not this reconnoissance and the manner of it were due to your orders, but it is my recollection that the troops,

as well as Colonel Wheeler, belonged to Bragg's corps and acted immediately under General Bragg's orders.

Having at last reached a point known not to be more than four miles from Pittsburg landing by two P. M. on the 5th of April, as you will recollect, at a council held immediately by General Johnston and yourself with the corps commanders, you urged that such had been the tardiness in quitting Corinth, such the delay on the march and so plain the notice given by Colonel Wheeler's conflict with the enemy's outposts of our close proximity for the purpose of an offensive operation, the whole plan of operation had in effect been foiled, as its success had been based, in your mind, entirely upon the expectation of effecting a complete surprise, which was now scarcely to be hoped for; that on the contrary in all probability we should find the Federal army "entrenched to the eyes"; that to assail entrenchments with our troops in their present state of rawness and indiscipline would be sheer madness. To this opinion you had been further influenced, as I recollect, among other things by the fact that General Polk had just reported to you that his corps had already exhausted their six days' rations in less than three days, his men having thrown away their food rather than carry it in their haversacks.

General Johnston heard your objections and acknowledged their force, but said that he was in hopes the enemy would be taken unawares, and, being in such close proximity, he did not feel that he could withdraw without giving battle. Upon that decision the officers dispersed to their respective commands to prepare for the onset of the next morning; and I may here add that the attack was made precisely in the manner prescribed in the orders drawn up by me from your notes.

For the other circumstances connected with that battle I must refer you to my letter touching the alleged lost opportunity addressed in the summer of 1862 to the editor of the Savannah *Republican.* Very sincerely yours,

THOMAS JORDAN.

To the Editor of the Savannah Republican:

My attention has been recently attracted to a wide-spread article under the caption of "A Lost Opportunity at Shiloh," which, it appears, is taken from a letter addressed to your journal by your regular correspondent P. W. A. This article is calculated to elevate

a subordinate General of the Abolitionists at the expense of General Beauregard. I know your correspondent well enough to feel assured that he wrote with no such purpose, and yet that must be the effect with all who have given credit to the story of the "Lost Opportunity at Shiloh."

Having been on the staff of General Beauregard during the battle of Shiloh, I happen to know the exact truth of the matter misrepresented to P. W. A. by his pert and self-sufficient informant, and since the broad-cast dissemination of the untruth, I think it proper to ask space for a brief statement.

General Prentiss did not deceive the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate forces at Shiloh by any shallow invention, either in regard to the movements of General Buell's army or the existence of extensive works at Pittsburg landing. General Beauregard had the concurrent evidence of prisoners and scouts that Buell's arrival was confidently expected. It was this knowledge that led him on the night of the 3d of April, at the hour of 11 o'clock, to send me to General Johnston to urge an immediate advance on Pittsburg landing, before the junction of Buell's and Grant's forces could be effected; and it was this belief that induced him, on the afternoon of the 5th of April, in a council of general officers, to give his opinion that the movement was then *too late*, in consequence of the untoward delay of our troops in their march from Corinth, and our consequent inability to strike the enemy on Saturday, as he had anticipated. It was, however, after General Beauregard had given his orders and made his arrangements, as far as practicable to meet any exigency, that I joined him, and communicated the substance of a dispatch addressed to General Johnston, that had been handed me on the battlefield, which encouraged the hope that the main part of Buell's forces had marched in the direction of Decatur.

But further in proof that Prentiss could not have attempted any such device as that represented, I can add he publicly said to me that Buell's forces would effect a junction during the night, and that as a consequence our victory would be wrenched from us the next day. Sharing my tent with Colonel Jacob Thompson and myself, on the morning of the 7th April, when the firing began at the outposts, he remarked with satisfaction: "Ah! what did I tell you, gentlemen? they are at it again."

As for the utter absence of defensive works at Pittsburg landing, our information was complete, and no words of General Prentiss

could bave shaken General Beauregard's convictions, even had he asked him any questions in that conversation, which I know he did not.

General Beauregard did know, however, that the enemy had gunboats of the heaviest metal to protect the fragments of Grant's army as effectually as our wooden steamers had maintained our little force of 3,000 men in a far less favorable position at New Madrid, against 25,000 men, under the notorious Pope, as long as it was thought expedient to hold the place, or, as since then, and more prominently, McClellan found efficient refuge with his routed forces under fire of his gunborts on James river.

The enemy's gunboats were at once put in requisition, and used with an effect on our troops to which all will testify who were in the advance and witnessed it.

Our troops were scattered. Army, division, brigade and even regimental organizations were broken up for the time to such an extent that any advance, at that hour of the day, in such order or masses as would have promised any substantial advantages, was out of the question. Among the unavoidable causes of this disorganization were the rawness of many of the regiments engaged, and the densely wooded nature of the battlefield, which made it impossible to mass in due time enough troops for a resolute, sustained, effective assault on the enemy. Toward the close of the action—indeed, on both days—corps as well as brigade commanders found themselves with only such commands as they could collect in the woods—debris of other and different corps, divisions and brigades.

General Beauregard had observed this, as well as the great exhaustion of his men, then engaged for twelve hours without any other food than a scanty breakfast, and knew that his last reserves had necessarily been brought into action about the time General Johnston fell. Accordingly, on returning to the vicinity of Shiloh chapel, about 6 P. M., he gave orders to collect our scattered forces, to reform our broken organizations, and, sleeping on our arms, to be held ready to meet the onset of Wallace's fresh division and Buell's forces at daylight, knowing well at the time, from abundant experience, that it would take more than one hour to disseminate the order and two to execute it; and in this connection it is pertinent to say that it was some time after dark before many of the brigades were organized and in the positions assigned them.

It is not becoming in me to speak of the capacity of General Beau-

regard, but I may be permitted to say that he is certainly the last officer against whom the charge of want of military enterprise can be established; for he is the commander who, before the metal of our troops had been tested, arranged his command of 18,500 men to accept battle with the army of McDowell, 50,000 strong, whose forces he actually engaged the 18th of July at Bull Run. Animated by the plain dictates of prudence and foresight, he sought to be ready for the coming storm, which he had anticipated and predicted as early as the afternoon of the 5th.

To have continued the conflict another hour—that is, until darkness on the 6th instant—would not have resulted in the capture of Grant's army, wrecked even as it was and cowering under the high river banks, yet sheltered by his gunboats, but in the greater dispersion and disorganization of our own jaded troops, and to such an extent, indeed, in such a field as to have rendered it impossible to have collected them on the next morning in any order to have offered resistance even to Wallace's fresh division of Grant's army. Even as it was, at no time during the 7th of April were we able to engage the enemy with more than 15,000 men, with whom, however, properly massed and handled, we held the field against Wallace, the debris of Grant's division and Buell's army (35,000) until it became evidently wrong to maintain longer so unequal a battle; when our forces were withdrawn from the field in an order and spirit without a parallel in war, and without abatement of the honor they had won for our arms, leaving the enemy stunned and unable to follow.

THOMAS JORDAN.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, August 8, 1862.

Reminiscences of the Powhatan Troop of Cavalry in 1861.

By Colonel J. F. Lay.

The Powhatan troop of cavalry was organized about one year before the late war between the States—shortly after the celebrated John Brown raid—and chiefly through the liberality and activity of the late Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cocke, who was elected its first Captain, with John F. Lay, first lieutenant, Charles Old and Thomas G. Skipwith, second and third lieutenants. It was thoroughly and handsomely armed and equipped with everything necessary for active service; composed of the best men of the county, chiefly young men, all splendidly mounted.

Early in 1861 Captain Cocke was commissioned by the State of Virginia as a Brigadier-General. Captain Lay was elected to supply his place—Lieutenants Old and Skipwith promoted each a grade, and John William Menoboy elected to fill the vacancy.

In March, 1861, the services of the troop were tendered to Governor Letcher by Captain Lay. The Governor then declined them, but requested the company to be held in readiness.

In April, 1861, while the company was temporarily encamped at Saint Luther's church in Powhatan county for purposes of instruction in camp and guard duty, the sudden order was received from General Lee to report for active service in Richmond the following day. The members were immediately dispersed to their respective homes for hasty preparation. Some of them, residing at great distances, I was informed, were unable to reach their homes at all. On the next day, Saturday, a prompt and full attendance was had at the rendezvous on the River road or turnpike, about nine miles above Richmond. That evening reported in Richmond, and were quartered in the basement of old Trinity Methodist Episcopal church.

The next morning Sunday, the company was mustered into service by Colonel John B. Baldwin and Major Joe Selden, of Chapultepec fame and memory, and was ordered to march on the following day to the front; but dispatches received that night induced General Lee to change the order and to expedite the movement by taking a special train ordered for us on the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad—our point of destination being Culpeper courthouse.

Two incidents in the "mustering in" are worthy of notice. A young son of our worthy townsman, Egbert G. Leigh, barely sixteen

a boy of high and gallant spirit (subsequently killed in action on the Rapidan), was rejected by reason of his youth. He was heartbroken, and tears welled up into his eyes; but his father being sent for and his consent recorded, joy replaced the gloom of this gallant "boy" soldier.

When we left Powhatan, a fund of $2,000 was given us by the county to aid our preparations for service. We were in need of one ambulance horse; but Charles Carter Lee, a brother of our noble and loved General—not a secessionist *per se*—but an ardent Southern sympathizer, contributed a very fine thoroughbred animal of the old "Wickham" stock—more stall-fed than corn-fed—to the development of very considerable addominal disproportion. When Major Joe came to him at the end of the line (ridden that day by Sweeney the bugler, a wag in his way) he shook his head. "Using up seed corn in the beginning of the war." "Bugler! send that mare home; you will need that colt before we are through with this war"! Sweeney winked knowingly at the Captain, who quickly replied: "I think you are mistaken, Major, that animal is not with foal." "Just like volunteers, was the reply," "always know better than old soldiers; can't be taught," &c. The Captain then "prayed an inspection," front and rear, which the Major carefully made, and walked off in dignified but dejected silence to the end of the line, satisfied that that mare was a well-developed "stallion," and so he was. The joke was treated as a company record.

We reached Culpeper at early dawn, in a misty rain, and there commenced our first experience in camping. Some sober and serious faces there were, but horses and provender being landed and cared for, and camp-fires briskly started on the side of the railroad track for preparation for breakfast, fun and hilarity quickly became the "order of the day."

Very soon we were comfortably quartered in the neat Baptist church, receiving every manifestation of kindness and cordiality from the citizens; and from thence, a few days thereafter, we moved to the house and farm of Mr. Hill, just outside the village, where we were delightfully quartered and cared for. Everybody was kind and considerate. Among our best friends, whose memory we recall with pleasant feeling (almost a daily visitor to our camp), was the late Mr. Beckham (father of Mrs. Dr. Ross of this city), who owned a magnificent grass farm a few miles distant, and who provided hay and provender of the very sweetest and best for our steeds, besides much else to help out our comfort. While here the

"measles" made its appearance, and a time we had of it. The education of these young men, in this especial direction, had been strangely neglected by their parents in early life; and there was "enough to go round." About forty had it. One of our number, a gallant boy, son of William Micheaux, of Powhatan, never recovered from the effects, causing his early death. Others were long and seriously affected. We had to acknowledge every kindness and attention possible from the ladies and gentlemen of this hospitable section. Many were taken into private families for better nursing. I mention the name only of one good man—now gone to his rest—the venerable and revered Dr. Cole, rector of the Episcopal church, conspicuous in his zeal and kindness.

One incident at this farm we care to recall, simple and homely though it be. The officers' quarters were in the lower room of an office in the yard—the men occupying the main building. Just above us was a small room, occupied by an old and respectable family servant, beyond the demands of work, but well cared for and provided—as Virginia servants in old age always were in "good old times we shall never see again"—he was very deaf and very pious—each night the hum of conversation would soften in our quarters as his nightly prayer, offered in earnest faith and clothed in simple words, was heard by us, unknown by him; and each night did we hear, among his other petitions, a touching one for us: "Good Lord! bless and keep and take care of these young gentlemen as is going to fight the battles of their country." Good old man; he, too, has passed to his rest long ago. We drop in passing the tribute of a tear to his memory.

Soon we were ordered to move to the front to occupy Manassas, halting at the Fauquier White Sulphur Springs to be joined by the noble and world-renowned "Black Horse cavalry," under their accomplished leader, Captain William H. Payne, with Bob Randolph, than whom a nobler spirit never lived nor died in a holy cause, as first lieutenant. We met them, and a gay night we had of it. A "stag" dance in the large ballroom, with song and story, and a friendship cemented, which has outlasted the war and still blooms as fresh as a flower on a Confederate grave. United as a squadron (we mention here, the rest of the cavalry were then in camp of instruction at or near Ashland and came on later) we gaily marched towards our destination, halting at noon in the lovely village of Warrenton. Just here we would love to linger, and amid the sorrows of the present give to memory a holiday to roam a little into the pleasure fields of the past.

Kind reader, were you ever in Warrenton, famed for its beauty and for its hospitality in "ante-bellum" times! and are you susceptible to the bewitching glances "des beaux yeux"? Then you will appreciate what I am going to try to describe to you, though I well know I can but faintly portray the scene. Recall, if you can, the beautiful scenery of this lovely section of our State, especially as it appears in the budding month of May. Remember we had just then united with and were made "good comrades" by the "Black Horse" on their "native heath"—for the time their guests—and remember, also, that although at times naturally our thoughts would recur in some sadness to home, and wives, and the "girls we left behind us," yet we were generally (and then specially so) as gay and happy as a "big sunflower"—a cavalryman's normal condition.

With our comrades' escort and amid shouts of welcome, we marched into the village and drew up in line fronting the "Warren Green hotel." There such a sight, and such a greeting! We can never forget it. The broad and roomy piazzas; the corridors—every window filled—matrons and lords—wives and sweethearts—a battery of merry, sparkling (some tearful) eyes. Many lads were wounded in this their first engagement—pierced to the heart. Of course *their own* boys, then about to leave them (when to return, if ever, in the womb of the future), their own loved, gallant boys were the centre of attraction; but there were kind glances, bright smiles from lovely faces, gentle words from quivering lips, for the stranger boys, many of them seemingly too young to be so far away from their mothers, but all looking so happy and so handsome in their *then* bright and untarnished uniforms, gracefully managing and "showing off" their restless steeds, while shooting "back-glances" into laughing eyes. Well, no matter now, we basked in that sunshine then, and its lingering rays still warm our hearts.

But the bugle sounds—we move on, shouting back our "good-bye," and breathing in our hearts with the dispassioned lover, "Parting is such sweet sorrow; we could say good night till it be morrow." "*Tempora mutantur et nos cum illis.*" We rapidly changed from that bright and careless scene to enter upon a new life of stern duties and responsibilities—the soldier life. That night, amid darkness, rain and mud, we make our gloomy encampment in the then dreary and unknown but now historic village of Manassas. There was no fun, no merriment that night. The only remnant of the "We will be gay and happy still," so lustily shouted on the

march, was the "*still*" part. The inhabitants received us coldly—some denied us the use of their wells; but this soon changed. They naturally at first dreaded the reputed lawlessness of the "mounted ranger"; but when they found they had "gentlemen" as soldiers, their kindness was great. Even our best friend afterwards, old Mr. Hooe, "houghed" us at first; but we encamped upon his farm during our whole stay at Manassas, greatly to his grief at first, but soon he came to look upon us as a part of his family, and his evident emotion when we parted was touching.

I think we had few or no troops of any arm of the service there then. We were the first, or among the first, military inhabitants of this celebrated post, but soon Marye's rifles and Corse's regiment were followed by all the troops from Alexandria, and formed the nucleus of the grand Army of the Potomac. We, then and for long after being the only two cavalry companies present, were attached to headquarters and doing the whole picket and courier duty. Brigadier-General Philip St. George Cocke was then in command. Generals Sam Jones and Thomas Jordan, just resigned from the old army, but unassigned to special duty, were honorary and honored members of our command—our guests and friends—then and ever after. Soon South Carolina and other troops came rapidly in. General Cocke was superseded in command by Brigadier-General Bonham (Governor Bonham), of South Carolina. Then rapidly poured in troops of every arm—infantry, artillery and cavalry, and General G. T. Beauregard was assigned to the command of the army, retaining his headquarters at Manassas, and ordering General Bonham forward to Centerville. Here we parted from our friends, the "Black horse," they going forward with General Bonham, the "Powhatan troop" being retained by General Beauregard, attached to his headquarters as his "body-guard." But before we parted, and under General Bonham's kind and soldierly administration, we had a happy time—our dress-parades, our drills, occasional alarms, social gatherings and gaities kept us bright. We had everything that was good, and plenty of it—boxes from home—the finest beef, good whisky, brandy and coffee, with white sugar—abundance for horses—good fellowship, bright hopes—no fighting, and not much hardship. Truly those were "the days when we went gypsying," and "grim-visaged war" had not then assumed "his ruffled front." This continued during the early part of General Beauregard's administration, with increased activity as the army expanded. We recall the glorious old First Vir-

ginia—Pat Moore, commanding, "Yours truly, John Dooley" Major—a great favorite with us, as was gallant Colonel Fred. Skinner, who succeeded him on "old Fox," genial and belligerent Surgeon D'Orsay Cullen, of the First Virginia, now distinguished in his profession, and Dr. Ran. Barksdale, Surgeon of my squadron, now in charge of the insane hospital, and dear Dr. Maury, Assistant Surgeon, now relieved of Cullen's and Barksdale's affection and gone to his rest—the magnificent band under Leader Smith, then Grey Latham, "bad luck to him," and Wheat, of the Tigers, we knew and appreciated them—braver, more tender-hearted men never lived. Walton, of the Washington artillery; Cabell, our Quartermaster and consistent and valuable friend; Colonel George W. Lay, of the old army, and a host of other friends, our daily comrades and friends. We recall you all, our comrades, with pleasurable thought, and celebrate your memories; nor will we forget our old friend, the ecstatic, consistent and fast friend of the cavalry—gallant and true General Ewell. Many names and many incidents we would love to recall; but we must pass on, only giving mention to our first real sorrow in our little camp.

It was a sorrow which cast a deep shadow over the sunshine of our camp, and which aroused the sympathy of the army.

It was a bright May morning in 1861—all nature clothed in its loveliest apparel—and just as the first golden rays of the sun appeared and gilded the hilltops around Manassas, a melancholy procession wended its way from camp to the railroad depot, with our good comrades of the "Black Horse" and a detachment kindly sent by Colonel P. T. Moore from the First Virginia regiment, marching with reversed arms to the grand dirge by Smith's celebrated band, we escorted to the train, to be returned to his home (left by him but a few days before in health and vigor), the corpse of a young comrade, the younger son of his mother and "she a widow." As we passed the headquarters, Generals Beauregard and Jordan and other friends of his staff appeared upon the balcony and stood uncovered. It was a sad and impressive scene, for only three days before a mere boy, bright, fresh and handsome, barely sixteen years of age, with a letter from his mother to the captain confiding him to his especial care, and begging especial consideration by reason of his tender years, reported and enlisted—a lad of determined spirit. For three days he remained on duty in camp, and then one bright morning was sent out on seemingly safe picket duty, under charge of Sergeant Hugh N. French, one

of the most trusty and reliable men of the command. Before 12 M. of that day the captain was summoned from headquarters to find a fair corpse lying out in almost womanly beauty, shot through by a minie ball, "wounded in the house of his friends," from a sad but in those days reasonable error. A scouting party from Colonel Strange's regiment had been sent out without notice to the picket lines. French had ridden down to a spring at the foot of the hill, leaving young Fourquerean. This scouting party came suddenly upon him—he endeavored, as he supposed, to escape from the enemy and make his way to his comrades—refused to halt when ordered to do so—and by an unerring and fatal shot from the rifle of ——— of the Albemarle company ended his youthful career. The sorrow and regret of this soldier was so evident that none had the heart to utter a word of reproach or blame. The writer has since the war talked over the scene with him and heard his repeated regrets. A member of the company reminds me here of a touching incident. Just as the body of this young soldier was brought in and laid out in the rear porch, there came, borne upon a gentle breeze from the camp of our neighbors, First Virginia infantry, the sweet strains from their band, "Do they miss me at home, do they miss me?" It was a sweet coincidence, as they knew nothing of our sadness. We were not then used to death and carnage, and had not grown callous.

After the departure of the "Black Horse," by general order the "Albemarle troop of cavalry" and later the "Rappahannock cavalry," commanded by that excellent officer, John Shack Green, reported to Captain Lay to whom the command was assigned. This, however, was temporary; but a permanent squadron, consisting of the "Powhatan troop," the "Little Fork Rangers," of Culpeper county, Captain Utterback commmanding, and a "Fauquier troop," commanded by Captain Adams, was formed, to be attached and report directly to headquarters, and Captain Lay was assigned to the command. This squadron, as such, passed through the battles of "Bull Run" on the 18th and of Manassas on the 21st—on the field during the whole of each day—and received handsome official notice from Generals Jonnston and Beauregard for efficient services rendered. Being on the field within sound of the voice of General Johnston, this squadron was the first ordered in pursuit when the rout commenced, were the first at Sudley church, and on the way to Washington, when ordered back by a courier, reaching camp about five A. M.—over twenty-two hours in the saddle.

We propose to give no account of these battles, only to pick out and present a few company incidents and some chance meetings of the day.

For hours that evening (21st) this little band of young and inexperienced horsemen had stood within range of the guns of the enemy—first at Mitchell's ford, where the main attack was anticipated—and then when the report of the movement on our left by McDowell (brought in and ascertained by Captain Wooldridge of the Goochland troop and Colonel G. W. Lay, of the staff), escorting Generals Johnston and Beauregard at full speed to the scene of action, whose own forces under under Cocke, Evans and others, were so gallantly sustaining themselves against great odds.

This squadron took position at the foot of the hill in rear of the Lewis house, where General Johnston stood in his full view, and almost within the sound of his voice.

Well does the writer remember his clear, clarion voice, when after giving him orders to rally broken troops, rising in his stirrups, he shouted, "Captain Lay, tell them Virginians are standing fast upon these hills." Under fire, with the wounded passing to the rear, the position seemed a demoralizing one to mere boys, inexperienced in warfare and unaccustomed to its horrors; but steadily they stood—promptly obeyed orders, and rendered efficient and marked service during the day in the pursuit, and for many days after the battle.

We remained in winterquarters, doing picket and courier duty, until the move to the Peninsula was decided upon by General Johnston. But a few days before, and for the first time, the Powhatan troop was ordered to report to the Fourth Virginia cavalry, General Beverly Robertson commanding. But before the move was completed, it was again detached. Captain Lay was sent for, and with confidential instructions, based upon the contemplated retreat, he was ordered to take his single company, and hold both Berry's and Castleman's fords, on the Shenandoah river, in order to protect the rear and flank of General D. H. Hill, then at Leesburg, and to do so "at all hazards, even of capture"; also, if possible, to communicate the proposed movement to General Stonewall Jackson, then at Winchester, and who, without notice, would have been left entirely exposed. [*Note.*—This was successfully accomplished on foot by Sergeant William A. Sublett, now of this city, a brave and skilful soldier]. Headquarters were at Aldie, and daily reports to General Johnston, Stuart and D. H. Hill.

How this duty was discharged was evidenced by a complimentary letter from General Hill. We left Middleburg after his whole train—wagon and ordnance—had passed, with nearly two days' start, and just as the Federal army made its entry into the lower part of the town.

From thence the troop marched, after destroying the ferries, via Salem, to Warrenton, a second, but a sadder, entry to that lovely town and patriotic people; and thence to report, via Richmond, to the regiment, on the Peninsula. This march was successfully made—halting a few hours in Richmond.

Here the connection of the writer with this fine body of men ceased; he was ordered to report to his old commander, General Beauregard, at Corinth, Mississippi—remaining on staff duty until assigned as Colonel of the Second Confederate cavalry—a regiment numbering on its rolls over one thousand men. Assigned to the command of the cavalry of the right wing of the army (General Polk), the march was made from Mississippi to Kentucky, and throughout that campaign (four months of it with General Forrest); then again with General Beauregard in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, to close of war.

Lieutenant Charles Old was elected Captain, and so remained until his promotion as Major, when Lieutenant Joseph Hobson succeeded him.

The record of the Powhatan troop throughout the war was a brilliant one; but from this date (1862) comes most properly from those officers immediately in command. Their old Captain, who loved and admired them, was in the far West on duty, and never again saw them as an organized body. But to the survivors this imperfect sketch is affectionately addressed, by their

OLD CAPTAIN.

RICHMOND, VA., July, 22d, 1880.

Gettysburg.

Report of Colonel R. L. Walker, Chief of Artilery of Third Corps, Army of Northern Virginia.

HEADQUARTERS ARTILLERY OF THIRD CORPS,
ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

Major PALMER, *Assistant Adjutant-General:*

Major—I have the honor to submit the following report of the operations of the artillery of the Third army corps, from their leaving the camp near Fredericksburg on the 15th June, to their return to Culpeper Courthouse on the 27th day of July.

The battalion of Lieutenant-Colonel Garnett was ordered to report to Major-General Heth, and Major Poague to Major-General Pender, and the battalion of Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts, under command of Major Lane, to Major-General Anderson, for duty with their divisions. With Major McIntosh's and Major Pegram's battalions of this corps, which was under the command of Captain Brunson until I was joined by Major Pegram, who assumed command on the 30th June at Cashtown, Pennsylvania, I left camp on the morning of the 16th and accompanied the Third corps to Cashtown, in Pennsylvania, where I arrived on the 30th June, and on the morning of the 1st July I assumed command of all the artillery of the corps, which had made the march to that place without loss, except that of Lieutenant Chamberlayne, of the Crenshaw battery, and four of his men, who were captured by the enemy while on a foraging party for the purpose of securing horses. Major Pegram's and Major McIntosh's battalions moved forward on the morning of the 1st with the divisions of Generals Heth and Pender, and were put in position for action on an eminence about one mile west of Gettysburg, from which they opened fire on the enemy with marked effect and finally driving them back out of range. The battalions of Majors Lane and Poague, and Lieutenant-Colonels Cutts and Garnett were held in reserve, except Captain Maurin's battery of Garnett's battalion, which relieved one of Major Pegram's batteries, whose ammunition had been expended.

On the 2d the battalions of Pegram, McIntosh, Lane and a part of Garnett's battalion under Major Richardson were put in position on the right of the Fairfield turnpike, about one mile in advance of the position of the previous day, and later in the day Poague's battalion was also put in position still further to the right. From this position a fire was opened at intervals, enfilading the enemy's

guns when they were attempting to be concentrated and also diverting their attention from the infantry of the First corps.

The artillery was retained in the same position on the 3d, and kept up an incessant fire from about 1 o'clock P. M. to the time of the advance of the infantry; this fire having been continued so long and with such rapidity the ammunition was almost exhausted. The battalions remained in this position until dusk on the 4th (except a detachment under Major Richardson, who was sent back to report to Brigadier-General Imboden at Cashtown on the 4th), when they were withdrawn and followed with the army in the march to Hagerstown, where the corps arrived on the 7th and remained in camp. On the 11th the whole corps was placed in position for action on the right and left of Saint James' college, where we remained occasionally firing a few shots to scatter such bodies of the enemy as showed themselves. On the night of the 13th the corps left Hagerstown and followed with the army until we reached Culpeper. Major Richardson, while with General Imboden's command, turned over two guns to Captain Hart, of Hampton's brigade, which he reported he was unable to bring off; he also abandoned their caissons. A court of inquiry has been asked and ordered to inquire into his conduct.

I respectfully refer to the report of Major Richardson for a detailed account of the detachment under his command. Two guns were captured of Colonel Garnett's battalion, which had been left behind after the teams had given out and before they could be brought off by fresh horses, which were sent for them. Three guns of Major Pegram's battalion were disabled in action and sent to the rear, and one of them was captured; all the other guns of the command were brought off safely. Two of the guns of the First corps were found on the field at Gettysburg and brought off. The conduct of the officers and men of this corps was in the highest degree satisfactory, evincing, as they did without exception throughout the long and trying marches to and from Pennsylvania, the utmost fortitude and patient endurance under fatigue, and zeal and gallantry in action.

The conduct of Lieutenant Haustin, Ordnance Officer of McIntosh's battalion, is deserving of especial notice for gallantry in serving as cannonier at one of the guns whose detachment had become disabled. We have to mourn the loss of Lieutenant Morris, Ordnance Officer of Pegram's battalion, who was killed on the morning of the 1st of July.

The horses of the command suffered severely (although suffi-

ciently supplied throughout the march with provender) for the want of shoes. On the first day I was placed in command of this corps, I applied to the Ordnance Department for horse shoes and nails. I repeated this application, and on leaving Fredericksburg I telegraphed, urging a supply to be sent to meet me at Culpeper.

I am satisfied that most of the horses lost on the march were lost in consequence of their lameness in traveling over turnpikes, and especially over the road from Hagerstown to Gettysburg without shoes.

The value of horses abandoned from this cause during the march was, I am persuaded, $75,000, and the injury to others amounted to the same sum.

I append a list of the casualties in this command, and of the expenditure of ammunition. I herewith transmit the reports of battalion commanders, to which I refer for the more particular account of the part borne by each in the campaign to Pennsylvania and back.

Respectfully, &c., your obedient servant,

R. L. WALKER.

Colonel and Chief of Artillery, Third Corps.

Report of Major W. T. Poague.

HEADQUARTERS POAGUE'S BATTALION ARTILLERY,
CULPEPER COUNTY, VA., July 30th, 1863.

Colonel R. L. WALKER, *Chief of Artillery, Third Corps:*

Colonel—I have the honor to submit the following account of the operations of the battalion under my command from the time of leaving Fredericksburg, Virginia, to the present date. Without referring in detail to each day's marching, which made up by far the largest part of its operations, it may suffice to state that the battallion, consisting of three batteries, leaving Fredericksburg on the 15th June, 1863, and reaching Culpeper Courthouse on the 17th, was assigned to duty with Major-General Pender's division. On the 21st the command halted near Berryville, Virginia, where Captain Graham's North Carolina battery reported to me for duty. My battalion continued with General Pender's division until the morning of the 1st July, when it was detached and directed to remain at Cashtown until further orders. About 11 o'clock I was ordered to the front, but the battalion took no part in the engagements of the 1st and 2d July, at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania. Late in the evening of the 2d, by your order, I reported to Major-General Anderson for duty, and at last succeeded in getting ten of my guns in position. The balance—six howitzers—

were kept a short distance in rear, as no place could be found from which they could be used with advantage. Of the ten guns in position, three rifles and two Napoleons were posted on the left of Anderson's division, and not far from Pegram's battalion, and on the right of these and in front of Anderson's left, at the distance of four hundred yards, five Napoleons were placed. These positions, separated by a body of timber, were about 1,400 yards from the enemy's batteries, strongly posted on an eminence. Immediately on my right were the batteries of the First corps. My battalion being necessarily separated, that part of it next to Pegram's position, consisting of three of Wyatt's and two of Graham's guns, was placed in charge of Captain Wyatt, while Captain Ward was directed to superintend the guns of his own and of Brooke's battery.

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 3d, while I myself was at the position occupied by Captain Ward, the guns under Captain Wyatt opened on the enemy's position. In a few minutes the fire of several of their batteries was concentrated on these five guns, and seeing that the contest was a very unequal one, and not knowing the origin of the order for opening, I directed the firing to cease. I afterwards ascertained that Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill had ordered it. In this affair Captain Wyatt lost eight of his best horses. A caisson of the enemy was exploded. In the general engagement that occurred about the middle of the day, the battalion participated.

Upon the repulse of our troops, anticipating an advance of the enemy, I ordered up the howitzers.

The enemy, however, failed to follow up his advantage, and I got no service out of these useless guns. About dusk on the evening of the 4th the battalion moved in the direction of Hagerstown, Maryland, where it arrived on the 7th. On the 11th the battalion was placed in position in line of battle, which it occupied till the night of the 13th, when, with the army, it fell back and recrossed the Potomac on the 14th. After remaining several days in the vicinity of Bunker Hill, the march was resumed on the 19th, and on the 25th July the battalion reached Culpeper Courthouse, and moved to its present locality near Mitchell's station on the 28th.

In closing this report, I refer with pleasure to the unexceptionable conduct of the officers and men of all the batteries in the face of the enemy.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. T. Poague,

Major Commanding Artillery Battalion, Third Corps.

Editorial Paragraphs.

OUR TWO NUMBERS UNDER ONE COVER will be again pardoned, we are sure, when our readers see that it was necessary to have it so in order to get in one of our articles. And as our readers get the same amount of matter, it is as convenient to them, and probably even more acceptable during the heated term.

THE PAPER OF COLONEL ROY on the conduct of General Hardee during the Atlanta campaign will attract wide attention. As Secretary of the Southern Historical Society, we, of course, express no opinion on the merits of the unfortunate controversy which involves two of our most distinguished soldiers. But we may without impropriety call attention to Colonel Roy's paper as a fine specimen of the style which should characterize papers on points of controversy between Confederates. Able, earnest and pointed in vindicating the name and fame of his loved and honored chief and trusted friend, Colonel Roy is at the same time corteous in his expressions and *parliamentary* in his whole article—setting an example which those who write on controverted points might well imitate.

MAJOR H. B. MCCLELLAN, so widely known and esteemed as the gallant and able Adjutant-General of the cavalry corps, Army of Northern Virginia, of Lexington, Kentucky, has accepted an invitation to address the Virginia Division, Army of Northern Virginia Association, at its next reunion in November. He has fitly chosen as his theme, "The Services and Character of General J. E. B. Stuart."

This theme, in the hands of the gallant soldier who rode at Stuart's side—the accomplished writer who has since been an earnest student of the events of the war, and an able contributor to its history—will be handled to the delight of the Association, and will be a valuable addition to the true story of our grand old army.

RENEWALS OR NEW SUBSCRIBERS were never more "in order" than during this "heated term" when our receipts are unusually light, but our expenses go on as usual.

Please ask your neighbor to remit us his subscription, and see if you cannot send us at least one new subscriber *now*. And those of our friends who *intend* to become life members, or to order full sets of back numbers, could never do so at a more acceptable time to us than *just now*.

DR. W. R. VAUGHAN, President of the Gordonsville Female Institute (whose advertisement appears this month), is able, by the munificence of a kind friend who modestly conceals his name, to offer next session *free tuition* to ten young ladies from the South. In making the appointments preference will be given to the following classes and in the order named: 1. The orphan

daughters of Confederate soldiers who are unable to pay their fees. 2. Those who are fitting themselves for teachers, and are unable to fully meet the expenses of such a school.

We take pleasure in chronicling this offer (parties desiring further details can correspond with Dr. Vaughan), and of expressing the hope that all of these scholarships in this excellent school may be promptly filled.

A Medal of Stonewall Jackson, purporting to have been struck in France during the last year of the war by order of Colonel Charles Lamar, of Georgia, who proposed presenting one to each member of "the Foot Cavalry" who survived the great chieftain, is being sold for the benefit of the Hood orphan fund by Mr. Mac Pittman.

We are under obligations to our friend, Captain Winfield Peters, of Baltimore, for one in a beautiful morocco case with our name and that of the donor upon it. On one side of the silver medal is the head, name, date of birth and date of death, and on the other, entwined in a wreath, is the motto of the Confederacy and the names of the battles in which "Stonewall" Jackson led his brave legions. While regretting that the likeness is not more accurate, the medal makes a pleasing souvenir which an old soldier would prize.

Literary Notices.

Fredericksburg—Past, Present and Future. By Rev. Robert R. Howison.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this admirable sketch of the historic old town. With a subject of deep interest, Mr. Howison's facile pen has produced a narrative which should find a place in every historic collection.

First Day of the Battle of Gettysburg—An Address before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. By Colonel Chapman Biddle. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

This is a carefully prepared, admirably written, and exceedingly fair sketch of the first day at Gettysburg. We cannot admit the accuracy of all of his statements and conclusions, and yet Colonel Biddle has carefully studied *both* sides [in his foot-notes he makes fifty-two references to the *Southern Historical Society Papers*], and evidently means to tell the truth as he understands it. It is a very valuable contribution to the history of that great battle, and we could wish for many more war papers written in the same spirit of pains-taking research and fair statement of ascertained facts.

Columbia—A National Poem—Acrostic on the American Union with Sonnets. By W. P. Chilton, of Montgomery, Alabama. New York: The Author's Publishing Company.

The author evidently has poetic talent of no mean order and has accomplished this very difficult style of versification in a manner at once ingenious and pleasing. The sentiment of the poem is one of lofty patriotism, and the book, beautifully gotten up, would find appropriate place alike in the homes of "the Blue" or "the Gray."

Vol. VIII. Richmond, Oct., Nov. and Dec., 1880. Nos. 10, 11 & 12.

Tenth Annual Reunion of the Virginia Division Army Northern Virginia Association. Address of Major H. B. McClellan, of Lexington, Ky., on the Life, Campaigns, and Character of Gen'l J. E. B. Stuart.

On Wednesday evening, October 27th, 1880, a large crowd packed the Hall of the House of Delegates to its utmost capacity.

At the appointed hour the orator of the evening, Major H. B. McClellan was escorted into the hall by the president of the Association (General W. H. F. Lee) and members of the Executive Committee, and was received with loud applause.

General Lee called the meeting to order, and Rev. Dr. J. William Jones opened with prayer.

General Lee said that he esteemed it a pleasure and an honor to extend to the audience a cordial welcome to this tenth annual reunion of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia. He concluded from the brilliant audience before him that the people still cherished the memory of the brave men who during the four years of the unequal contest bore themselves nobly, and proved themselves worthy of the land that gave them birth and the cause for which they fought.

He said that the Association had hitherto been very fortunate in its annual orators, and that he felt sure they were peculiarly fortunate on the present occasion. He had the honor of presenting as the orator of the evening a gentleman distinguished alike in war and in letters. He was fortunate, also, in the selection of his theme, since he was to speak of the life and character of the great cavalry chief on whose staff he had personally served, and with whom he had witnessed and participated in the great battles of the Army of Northern Virginia.

It gave him great pleasure to be able to introduce as orator of the evening, MAJOR H. B. MCCLELLAN, late A. A. G. of the Cavalry Corps A. N. V., now president of Sayre Female College, Lexington Kentucky.

Major McClelland was greeted with loud applause, which was frequently repeated as he proceeded to deliver in graceful style the following

ADDRESS.

Mr. President, Comrades,
Ladies and Gentlemen:

I am honored in being permitted again to stand upon the soil of Old Virginia. My spirit has been stirred to its depths as I have received the greetings of comrades with whom I have stood side by side in the day of battle; and, as I look into your faces, I can but wish that I were worthy to present my subject. Bear with me while I attempt to speak to you of one whom even Virginia may be proud to enroll among her noblest heroes..

James Ewell Brown Stuart was born in Patrick county, Va., on the 6th day of February, 1833. He died in Richmond, Va., on the 12th of May, 1864, of a wound received the day previous at the Yellow Tavern. His age at his death was 31 years 3 months and 6 days.

Through five generations his ancestry is traced back to Archibald Stuart, Sr., a native of Londonderry, Ireland, but of Scotch Presbyterian parentage, who, early in the eighteenth century, was compelled by religious persecution to seek refuge in Western Pennsylvania. Here he remained in seclusion for nearly seven years before his family could venture to join him. Removing to Augusta county, Va., about 1738, Archibald Stuart, Sr., acquired large landed estates, which he divided between his four children.

His second son, and third child, Major Alexander Stuart, was, early in the Revolutionary War, commissioned major of the regiment commanded by Colonel Samuel McDowell; and, during Colonel McDowell's

illness, commanded the regiment at the battle of Guilford Court-house. Two horses were killed under him in this action, and he himself, dangerously wounded, was left upon the field, and was captured by the enemy. He was subsequently exchanged, and his sword was returned to him. This valued relic is now in the possession of his grandson, the Hon. Alexander H. H. Stuart, of Va.

Judge Alexander Stuart, the youngest son of Major Alexander Stuart, was a lawyer by profession, and resided at various times in Virginia, in Illinois, and in Missouri. He held many honorable and responsible offices in each of these states. He died and was buried in Staunton, Va. His eldest son, the Hon. Archibald Stuart, of Patrick, the father of our general, was an officer in the war of 1812. He embraced the profession of law, and throughout his long and eventful life was actively engaged in the practice of his profession, and in political life. He represented first the county of Campbell, in the Virginia legislature, and was afterwards repeatedly elected from Patrick county to the same body. He was a member of the famous Convention of 1829–30, and of the Convention of 1850, in which he was actively associated with the Hon. Henry A. Wise. He represented the Patrick District in the Federal Congress during the *Nullification* period, and was a strong supporter of Mr. Calhoun in that crisis. Concerning his personal character I quote the words of another:

"Archibald Stuart was known far and wide, both for his splendid talents and his wonderful versatility. A powerful orator and advocate, he charmed the multitude on the hustings, and convinced juries and courts. In addition to these gifts, he was one of the most charming social companions the state ever produced. Possessing wonderful wit and humor, combined with rare gift for song, he at once became the center of attraction at every social gathering. Among the people of the counties where he practiced, his name is held in great respect, and his memory is cherished with an affection rarely equalled in the history of any public man."

It is not wonderful that such an ancestry should have produced the hero whom to-night we honor. Rightfully did he inherit the stern devotion to duty and principle which caused Archibald Stuart to seek refuge in the wilds of Pennsylvania, rather than endure tyranny and oppression in his native land. Rightfully did he inherit the constancy and gallantry of the major who led his regiment at Guilford Court-house, and who yielded his sword only when disabled by wounds and deserted by his men. Rightfully did he inherit that joyous temperament which made his father the delight of the social circle, and that

magnetic power by which he could impress himself upon, and control other men.

To Archibald Stuart, of Patrick, and his wife, Elizabeth Letcher Pannill, of Pittsylvania, was born a family of four sons and six daughters. Among these our general was the seventh child and youngest son. Of his brothers, William Alexander Stuart, of Russell county, Va., alone survives.

HIS BOYHOOD AND YOUTH.

Stuart's early boyhood was passed at the old homestead amid the mountains of Patrick county, close to the North Carolina line. At the age of fourteen he was placed in school at Wytheville, and in 1848 he entered *Emory and Henry College*, Washington county, Va. During a revival of religion among the students Stuart professed conversion and connected himself with the Methodist church. His mother was a member of the Episcopal church; and ten years later, in 1859, he was confirmed in that church by Bishop Hawks in Saint Louis. Throughout his life he maintained a consistent Christain character.

In 1850 he was appointed cadet at West Point, on the nomination of the Hon. T. H. Averett, of Va., and entered the Academy in June of the same year. During his career at West Point, he applied himself diligently to study; held successively nearly all the cadet offices up to the rank of cavalry sergeant and second captain; and graduated thirteenth in a class of forty-two. He was immediately commissioned brevet second lieutenant in the regiment of Mounted Rifles then serving in Texas, but owing to the prevalence of the Yellow fever in New Orleans was unable to join his regiment until December of that year, when he was engaged in the expedition against the Apachee Indians, which was commanded by Major John S. Simonson.

In October, 1854, he was promoted to be second lieutenant in the Mounted Rifles, and in May, 1855, was transferred, with the same rank, to the First Cavalry regiment, which was organized at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, and was afterwards moved to Fort Leavenworth, at which post Stuart was appointed regimental quartermaster and commissary. In September and October of this year, the First Cavalry was engaged in an expedition against the Indians which entailed severe marching but no fighting. Returning to Leavenworth, Stuart was married at Fort Riley, on the 14th November, to Miss Flora Cooke, daughter of Colonel Philip St. George Cooke, commandant of that post. In December, 1855, he received promotion to be

first lieutenant in his regiment. During a large part of the three following years, Stuart's regiment was engaged in the attempt to preserve peace between the new settlers in Kansas Territory, during that exciting period when it was yet undetermined whether Kansas should be a free or a slave state. It was amid these stirring scenes that he made that acquaintance with "*Osawatomie Brown*," which enabled him afterwards to identify him at Harper's Ferry.

THE BATTLE ON SOLOMON RIVER.

In the year 1857, his regiment was actively engaged in Indian warfare. The important event of the campaign was, the battle fought upon the north fork of Solomon river, probably within the limits of the present Norton county, Kansas. Here, upon the 29th of July, Colonel Sumner, with six companies of the First Cavalry, encountered and routed about three hundred Cheyenne warriors. It was during the pursuit that Stuart received a painful wound. His horse was exhausted by a chase of five miles, and he was compelled to exchange with one of his soldiers. I give these circumstances in his own words. "When I overtook the rear of the enemy I found Lomax in imminent peril from an Indian, who was on foot, and in the act of shooting him. I rushed to the rescue, and succeeded in wounding the Indian in his thigh. He fired at me in return with an Allen's revolver, but missed. I now observed Stanley and McIntyre close by. The former said, 'Wait! I'll fetch him.' He dismounted from his horse to aim deliberately, but in dismounting accidentally discharged his last load. Upon him the Indian now advanced with his revolver pointed. I could not stand that, but drawing my sabre rushed on the monster and inflicted a severe wound across his head; but at the same moment he fired his last barrel within a foot of me, the ball taking effect in the center of the breast, but, by the mercy of God, glancing to the left, lodging near my nipple and so far inside that it cannot be felt."

After burying his dead, Colonel Sumner pursued the retreating Indians southward, leaving his wounded, and among them Lieutenant Stuart, in a temporary fortification, built near the battle ground, and garrisoned by one company of infantry. At the expiration of ten days Stuart was able to ride upon horseback; and as the other wounded were in condition to bear removal, this detachment started in the endeavor to reach Fort Kearny, which was supposed to be less than one hundred miles distant. Within five days the party was deserted by their Pawnee guides, and was left, during a rainy season, without

compass, without sun or stars to guide their course. Lost in the wilderness! In this dilemma Stuart volunteered to press forward with a small party to find Fort Kearny, and send out thence for the relief of the main body. For two days he wandered without gaining any knowledge of the fort or of his own location; but on the third day he struck a plain trail leading northward which he recognized as the mail route from Kearny to Leavenworth. Pursuing this trail for fifty-five miles, on the evening of the same day he arrived at Fort Kearny, whence succor and supplies were sent to his suffering comrades. Lost in the wilderness, with no means of determining the course in which he was marching;—traveling sometimes in a circle, and sometimes far wide of the true direction; accompanied by wearied and disheartened comrades who counseled him to abandon his attempt; convinced of cowardice, and strongly suspecting treachery on the part of his Mexican guide; beset by fog and tempest; swimming swollen and rapid rivers; with no food save the scantiest rations of fresh beef without salt; and all this while suffering from the effects of a recent and severe wound;—we find this lieutenant of the First Cavalry exhibiting the same powers of endurance, the same indomitable resolution, the same devotion to duty, the same quiet reliance upon the guiding hand of an overruling Providence which fitted him in after days for the high command which devolved upon him. Faithful in little, he was faithful also in much.

From the Fall of 1857 until the Summer of 1860 Stuart was stationed at Fort Riley, with six companies of his regiment, under the command of Major John Sedgwick, and participated in all the movements of this command against the hostile Indians. It was probably at this time that the warm personal friendship which existed between himself and Sedgwick was cemented. Certainly Sedgwick was an admirer of his gallant lieutenant, and has left it on record in his own quaint phraseology, that Stuart was "the best cavalry officer ever foaled in America;" and those who were present on the 5th May, 1864, can testify that when the news was brought in that Sedgwick had fallen in the wilderness, Stuart mourned for him as for a valued friend. Through many stirring scenes they had passed side by side. Separated by the bloody strife of civil war, they yet crossed over the dark river at no great distance from each other.

THE "JOHN BROWN RAID."

In 1859 Stuart visited his home in Virginia on leave of absence; and, while attending the General Convention of the Episcopal church

at Richmond in October, was called to Washington to negotiate with the War Department concerning the sale to the government of a sabre attachment which he had invented, and for which he held a patent. While in Washington on this business the news was received of the "John Brown Raid" at Harper's Ferry. Stuart was requested to convey to Arlington a secret communication to Lieut. Colonel Robert E. Lee, who had been selected to command the marines sent to suppress the insurrection. Although the facts had been kept entirely concealed, he perceived that something unusual was transpiring, and volunteered his services as Aid to Colonel Lee. The part taken by Stuart in this brief war has been so often misstated that I give his own account taken from a letter to his mother written in January, 1860. He distinctly disclaims the honor, so often ascribed to him, of having led the storming party against the Engine House; but testifies to the gallantry of Lieut. Green, commander of the marines, and of Major Russel, paymaster in the same corps, who, side by side led the assault. He says: "I was deputed by Colonel Lee to read to the leader, then called SMITH, a demand to surrender immediately; and I was instructed to leave the door after his refusal, which was anticipated, and wave my cap; at which signal the storming party was to advance, batter open the doors, and capture the insurgents at the point of the bayonet. I approached the door in the presence of two thousand spectators, and told MR. SMITH that I had a communication for him from Colonel Lee. He opened the door about four inches and placed his body against the crack, with a cocked carbine in his hand. The parley was a long one. He presented his propositions in every possible shape, and with admirable tact; but all amounted to this, that the only condition upon which he would surrender was, that he and his party should be allowed to escape. Some of his prisoners begged me with tears to ask Col. Lee to come and see him. I told them he would never accede to any terms but those he had offered; and as soon as I could tear myself away from their importunities I left, waved my cap, and Col. Lee's plan was carried out." * * * "When SMITH first came to the door I recognized old 'Osawatomie Brown,' who had given us so much trouble in Kansas. No one then present but myself could have performed this service."

In the Summer of 1860 the First cavalry was engaged in building Fort Wise, now Fort Lyon, and from this point Lieutenant Stuart, who had been notified of his promotion to a captaincy, but had not yet received his commission, made his way to Virginia in the Spring of 1861, and offered his sword for the defence of his native state. His resigna-

tion as an officer in the United States Army was accepted on the 7th of May.

His first commission in the Confederate service was that of lieutenant colonel of infantry, dated 10th May, 1861, with orders to report to Col. T. J. Jackson, at Harper's Ferry. This commission was issued by the State of Virginia.

At the beginning of the war the impression prevailed that the cavalry was a comparatively unimportant arm of the service. The infantry and artillery attracted public attention, and into these branches pressed those ardent spirits who were naturally desirous of promotion and distinction in the service of their country. Among the officers of the old army reluctance was manifested to entering the cavalry service; and no one presented himself who seemed fitted for the duty of organizing the scattered cavalry companies into an efficient command.

I give the following circumstance as narrated to me by Stuart himself.

At a meeting for consultation of officers belonging to the command at Harper's Ferry, the question was discussed who should command the cavalry. Sharing the common reluctance to entering this service; believing that he would thereby forfeit his own prospects of rapid promotion; yet sensible of the imperative need that some one should organize the outpost service of the army; believing moreover that his own education in Indian warfare and frontier service, in which he had been constantly engaged for six years, fitted him for the required duties; he felt constrained to lay aside his personal preference and to offer his services for the position. The assignment was made and he entered at once upon his duties. Now every energy was devoted to the instruction of his officers and men. Day and night he was upon the picket line. A new spirit was infused into a languid service. The cavalry commenced to respect themselves, and to appreciate the importance of their duties; and soon both officers and men learned that an eye was upon them from which no dereliction of duty could escape, but which was equally ready to mark out and reward any exhibition of skill and gallantry.

On the 16th July, 1861, he received from the State of Virginia his commission as Colonel of Cavalry. On the 24th September of the same year he was made Brigadier-General by the government of the Confederate States; and on the 25th of July, 1862, he was commissioned Major-General by the same authority.

The limits of this address will not permit a detailed account of Stuart's services at the battles of the First Manassas, of Williamsburg

and of Seven Pines. It must suffice to say that, while holding his cavalry in reserve ready to improve any advantage, he personally participated largely in these engagements, directing especially the movements and fire of our artillery, a diversion of which he was particularly fond.

THE CHICKAHOMINY RAID.

On the 13th and 14th and 15th of June, 1862, Stuart prosecuted his famous ride around McClellan's army on the Chickahominy. I have in my possession the autograph letter of General Robert E. Lee, which conveyed to Stuart his instructions. This letter is of so much interest that I venture to give it in full. It is marked "*Confidential*" and is dated:

HD. QRS. DOBB'S FARM, 11th *June*, '62.

Gen'l. J. E. B. Stuart, Com'd'g Cav'y:

Gen'l,—"You are desired to make a scout movement to the rear of the enemy now posted on the Chickahominy, with a view of gaining intelligence of his operations, communications, &c., and of driving in his foraging parties and securing such grain, cattle, &c., for ourselves as you can make arrangements to have driven in. Another object is to destroy his wagon trains said to be daily passing from the Piping-tree road to his camp on the Chickahominy. The utmost vigilance on your part will be necessary to prevent any surprise to yourself, and the greatest caution must be practiced in keeping well in your front and flanks reliable scouts to give you information. You will return as soon as the object of your expedition is accomplished; and you must bear constantly in mind while endeavoring to execute the general purpose of your mission, not to hazard unnecessarily your command, or to attempt what your judgment may not approve; but be content to accomplish all the good you can, without feeling it necessary to obtain all that might be desired.

I recommend that you take only such men and horses as can stand the expedition, and that you use every means in your power to save and cherish those you do take. You must leave sufficient cavalry here for the service of this army, and remember that one of the chief objects of your expedition is to gain intelligence for the guidance of future movements.

Information received last evening, the points of which I sent you, lead me to infer that there is a stronger force on the enemy's right than was previously reported. A large body of infantry as well as cavalry was reported near the Central railroad. Should you find upon inves-

tigation that the enemy is moving to his right, or is so strongly posted as to make your expedition inopportune, as its success in my opinion depends upon its secrecy, you will, after gaining all the information you can, resume your former position.

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

[Signed] R. E. Lee, *Gen'l.*

In carrying out these instructions Stuart moved on the 13th directly northward, to create, if possible, the impression that he was destined to reinforce Jackson. His command consisted of 1200 men, selected from the 1st, 4th and 9th Virginia cavalry, and from the Jeff Davis legion; and commanded by Colonels Fitz Lee, W. H. F. Lee and W. T. Martin. He was accompanied by one section of artillery under charge of Lieutenant James Breathed. He bivouacked the first night opposite Hanover Court-house, but early the next morning turned his course directly to the right. Up to this time no one beside himself had any true idea of the destination of the expedition; but now the commandants of regiments were informed of the general objects to be attained, in order that their more intelligent co-operation might thereby be secured. Hanover Court-house was found to be in the possession of the enemy's cavalry; but while Stuart was making preparation to attack in rear as well as in front, the enemy withdrew towards Mechanicsville, and was allowed to pursue his way unmolested. At the Old Church occurred the only serious conflict during the expedition. Here Captain Royall, commanding two squadrons of the 5th Regular cavalry, attempted to dispute the way; but he was completely routed and himself dangerously wounded by Captain Latané's squadron of the 9th Viriginia cavalry. In this charge the gallant Latané lost his life. This was the only casualty among the Southern cavalry.

Stuart had now penetrated to the rear of the Federal army, and was directly upon its line of communication with the York river. The information he had gained definitely accomplished the prime object of his expedition. He had located the camps of the enemy, and had ascertained that the Federal right flank was not extended as General Lee feared was the case, and that the way was clear for Jackson to follow in his footsteps. But now the question must be decided how he could with safety return from his dangerous situation. To retrace his steps he must of necessity pass through Hanover Court-house, with the South Anna river on his right, now swollen and impassable from heavy rains. The Federal cavalry encountered there in the morning had doubtless conveyed information of his movements to their main body,

and, strongly reinforced, would be ready to dispute his return. Hard fighting and perhaps serious loss would surely await him at Hanover Court-house. With quick determination he decided to pass entirely around the Federal army, trusting that he would be able to cross the Chickahominy below the enemy's left, before troops could be collected and sent in pursuit. Stuart says in his report: "In a brief and frank interview with some of my officers I disclosed my views; but while none accorded a full assent, all assured me a hearty support in whatever I did. With an abiding trust in God, and with such guarantees of success as the two Lees and Martin and their devoted followers, I regarded this enterprise as most promising. * * * There was something of the sublime in the implicit confidence and unquestioning trust of the rank and file in a leader guiding them apparently into the very jaws of the enemy, every step appearing to them to diminish the faintest hope of extrication."

Stuart reached Tunstall's station on the York River railroad by dark. A detachment sent to the Pamunky river burned two transports loaded with stores and a train of wagons. At Tunstall's great quantities of provisions and many wagons were captured and burned, and the railroad bridge over Black creek was destroyed. For miles around the country was illuminated by these hilarious cavalrymen. Having thoroughly completed this work, Stuart pushed on to Talleysville, and by daylight had reached Forge bridge over the Chickahominy. Another difficulty now presented itself. The stream was past fording and the bridge destroyed. But a few hours work produced a frail structure over which the artillery could cross, and by one o'clock in the afternoon the whole command was safe from molestation. Stuart brought back with him 165 prisoners, and 260 captured mules and horses. He lost but one man, the lamented Captain Latane. A broken pole compelled the abandonment of a limber chest on the upper side of the Chickahominy.

The results of this expedition were most important and satisfactory. Within a few days Stuart with his cavalry conducted Jackson's corps over the same route to McClellan's rear, and on the 27th the crushing defeat of the Federal right wing was consummated at Cold Harbor. Aside from these strategic considerations the influence of this expedition on the *morale* not only of the cavalry but of the whole army was most important; and we have the authority of the Count of Paris for the statement that by it the confidence of the north in McClellan was shaken. In after days we became more accustomed to the eccentric movements of large bodies of cavalry, and had ofttimes to lament that

the Federal troopers were such apt pupils in this new school of tactics; but at this time Stuart's raid was absolutely unique in warfare. The recital of the bare facts sounded more like a fairy tale than sober truth; and the astonishment of our troops at the boldness of such a leader was only equalled by the enthusiasm which his success inspired. Jackson's victories in the Valley had at this same time created the wildest ardor, and now the hopes of all were centred in the immortal three—Lee, Jackson, Stuart, under whom the army of Northern Virginia felt itself invincible. Who can doubt the result had not our glorious leader been deprived of both his right arm and his left? When Jackson fell, when Stuart was no more, brave hearts still hoped, but 'twas hoping against hope.

I cannot now follow Stuart as he led our cavalry through the seven days battles around Richmond; at Cedar mountain; at the second battle of Manassas; through the first Maryland campaign, and at Fredericksburg. I cannot do more than make bare mention of his midnight descent upon the rear of Pope's army at Catlett's station—or of his expedition into Pennsylvania, when he again electrified both nations by passing for the second time around McClellan's army as it lay on the banks of the Potomac—returning to the Virginia shore without the loss of a man or a horse, having accomplished one of the most wonderful marches on record. Nor is it my intention to enter into the details of the Chancellorsville campaign. The distinguished officer who, one year ago, spoke to you from this place, has given with eloquence and power, which I cannot hope to equal, the history of the cavalry in that battle. He has told you how paucity of numbers was compensated for by the skill of the commander and the heroism and devotion of his men. I would but add some personal reminiscences of those days.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

It was a weird scene which the dim moonlight disclosed when Stuart was recalled from Ely's ford to take command of Jackson's corps. The news of the fall of their great chieftain had spread among the men, and a sense of awe and dread seemed to pervade the lines, made still more impressive by the stillness which succeeded the enemy's terrific cannonade. A. P. Hill, wounded and disabled, was still upon the field, although Rodes, his next in rank in the corps, was temporarily in command. I was present at the conference between Stuart, Hill and Rodes, when Rodes yielded up the command to Stuart. The history of the war does not afford a more striking instance of magnanimous and

patriotic self-sacrifice. Already on that day had General Rodes won the especial commendation of the great Jackson, whose dying testimony was, "General Rodes' promotion should date from Chancellorsville;" and now succeeding to the command of his corps there seemed to open up before him a grand opportunity for personal distinction.

He believed, moreover, that because Stuart belonged to a different arm of the service he was not entitled to claim the command. Possessing the modest confidence of the true soldier in his own ability to meet the responsibility devolving upon him, he was yet willing to place the command in Stuart's hands, because, as he said with quiet dignity, he understood that such was General Jackson's wish, and because Stuart's name was more widely and more favorably known in the army, and would tend to restore the confidence of the troops shaken by the fall of Jackson.

Military authorities will probably decide that Stuart, as next in rank to A. P. Hill, *was entitled* to the command; but this cannot detract from the honor due the gallant soldier, who yielded up the opportunity for personal distinction when he believed that the interests of his country so required, as readily as he afterwards laid down his life in the same cause. "He that ruleth his spirit" is better "than he that taketh a city."

During the heat of the conflict on the next morning, as I was making my way through the woods toward our line of battle, I saw a lad coming slowly toward the rear, whose right arm was dangling from the elbow by some shreds of flesh. As he approached me he said—

"Mister! can't you cut this thing off? It keeps knocking against the trees, and it's mightily in my way."

I was somewhat appalled at the prospect of a surgical operation, but could not refuse to do what lay in my power to help the poor boy. So, dismounting from my horse, I improvised a tourniquet from some strips torn from a blue blouse lying near at hand, and applying it to the artery above the elbow, proceeded to amputate the offending member with my pocket knife. While the operation was in progress, I enquired—

"Which is your regiment?"

Said he—

"I belong to that North Carolina regiment in there. I'm just sixteen, and I've just come from home. Don't you think it's a hard case that I should get hit in my first fight? We drove them out of one line of breastworks, and I was on top of the second when I got hit. *But, oh! how we did make them git.*"

Brave boy! I directed him to the rear, where he no doubt soon met with skillful attention from our surgeons. I saw him no more, but I trust that his sturdy spirit sustained him and ensured his recovery. Such boys grow into men who are an honor to any country.

It has fallen to my lot on previous occasions, but in a different manner, to give the southern view of the cavalry battles at Fleetwood, at Aldie, Middleburg and Upperville, which occurred during the month of June, 1863, at the opening of the Gettysburg campaign. *Some* northern writers have persistently claimed notable victories in these engagements; but I have shown that the claim is without foundation. No amount of argument can convince the Virginia horsemen who rode down the enemy's cannon at Fleetwood, or the Cobb's Georgia legion who came out of the fight with bloody sabres, or the Stuart horse-artillery who fought the enemy with their sponge-staffs, and even with their fists, that the 9th of June, at Brandy station, was aught but a day of glory to the southern cavalry. No repeated assertions can convince the survivors of Fitz Lee's old brigade that the enemy could ever have moved James Breckinridge from behind that stone wall at Aldie; and no amount of florid rhetoric can persuade the men who fought under Stuart between Middleburg and Upperville, on that memorable Sabbath, the 21st of June, that there was anything of shame or defeat in retiring all day before the enemy's cavalry, supported by a corps of infantry, and yet giving up hardly five miles of ground. I must not weary you with the story of those days; but I cannot refrain from again placing on record the main facts concerning the cavalry operations in the

GETTYSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Information received from his scouts, and especially from Mosby, led Stuart to believe that he could inflict serious damage upon the enemy, and perhaps derange his plans by passing around Meade's army, between it and Washington, rejoining General Lee in Pennsylvania. The plan was submitted to the Commanding-General, and Stuart was permitted to use his discretion in carrying it out.

The circumstances under which General Stuart received his orders well illustrate his spirit and hardihood as a soldier. The night of the 23d of June was most inclement. A pitiless rain poured without cessation from the clouds, and the land was drenched. Although the shelter of an old house was available, at bed-time Stuart ordered his blanket and oil cloths to be spread under a tree in the rear of the house, and directed me to sleep on the front porch where I could

readily light my candle and read any dispatches which might come during the night. I remonstrated with him upon this needless exposure; but his reply was, "No! my men are exposed to this rain, and I will not fare any better than they." It was late in the night when a courier arrived from army head-quarters bearing a dispatch marked "confidential." Under ordinary circumstances I would not have ventured to break the seal, but the rain poured down so steadily that I was unwilling to disturb the general unnecessarily, and yet it might be important that he should immediately be acquainted with the contents of the dispatch. With some hesitation I opened it and read. It was a lengthy communication from General Lee, containing the directions upon which Stuart was to act. I at once carried it to the general and read it to him as he lay under the dripping tree. With a mild reproof for having opened a document marked "confidential," the order was committed to my charge for the night, and Stuart was soon asleep. The letter discussed at length the plan proposed of passing around the enemy's rear. It informed General Stuart that General Early would move upon York, Pennsylvania, and that he was desired to place his cavalry as speedily as possible with that, the advance division of Lee's right wing. The letter suggested that as the roads leading northward from Shepherdstown and Williamsport were already incumbered by the infantry, the artillery, and the transportation of the army, the delay which would necessarily occur in passing by these, would, perhaps, be greater than would ensue if General Stuart passed around the enemy's rear.

The letter further informed him that if he chose the latter route General Early would receive instructions to look out for him, and endeavor to communicate with him; and York, Pennsylvania, was designated as the point in the vicinity of which he was to expect to hear from Early, and as the possible, if not probable, point of concentration of the army.

The whole tenor of the letter gave evidence that the Commanding-General approved the proposed movement, and thought that it might be productive of the best results, while the responsibility of the decision was placed upon General Stuart himself. Well may General Longstreet say: "Authority thus given a subordinate general implies an opinion on the part of the commander that something better than the drudgery of a march along our flank might be open to him, and one of General Stuart's activity and gallantry should not be expected to fail to seek it."

Having received his orders on the night of the 23d of June, Stuart

prepared on the 24th to execute them. The three brigades of Hampton, Fitz Lee and W. H. F. Lee, the last under Colonel Chambliss, were ordered to rendezvous that night at Salem; and Robertson's and Jones' brigade, under command of Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, "were left in observation of the enemy on the usual front, *with full instructions* as to following up the enemy in case of withdrawal, and joining our main army." (Stuart's report.)

This force added to Jenkins' brigade, which constituted the advance of Ewell's corps in Pennsylvania, was fully equal in numbers to the brigades which accompanied Stuart; and he was certainly justified in considering it sufficient to fulfill every duty which might be required by the commanding General from the cavalry.

Time would fail me in narrating the stirring incidents of the nine days and nights of marching and fighting which now ensued. After destroying the canal, railroads and telegraph in Maryland and Pennsylvania, interrupting for more than two days all communication between Washington and Meade's army, capturing a large number of prisoners and wagons, and destroying a great amount of public property, Stuart reached Hanover, Pennsylvania, on the 30th of June. Here he had an encounter with Kilpatrick's cavalry, which, though not serious in its nature, yet detained him until nightfall of the same day. He had now been separated from the army for six days, with no intelligence of Lee's movements save what he could gather from the northern newspapers. From these he learned that General Early was in York, Pennsylvania; and every other item of news which he could gain led him to think that General Lee's plans were being carried out as originally proposed, and that the concentration of our army would take place in the vicinity of York, Pennsylvania, or at some point north of it on the Susquehanna.

He was now within striking distance of York, and anxiously expected, in accordance with General Lee's letter of instructions, that he would receive some word from Early. But for some reason, which will probably never be explained, the order to endeavor to communicate with Stuart had never reached General Early, nor did he have any knowledge whatever of Stuart's proposed movement around the enemy's rear, and while Stuart was engaged with Kilpatrick's cavalry at Hanover, Early was moving from York to Heidlersburg by way of East Berlin, and White's battalion of cavalry, which had been detached from Jones' brigade to accompany his division, moved on the direct road from York toward Gettysburg. White's battalion must have passed within seven miles,

and Early's division within ten miles of Stuart's column. Could General Stuart have known of this movement, he might have freed himself from embarrassment by burning his captured wagons (which, indeed, he at one time prepared to do), and withdrawing from the engagement with Kilpatrick he could have effected a junction with Early during the afternoon or the night of the same day. This would have brought him to Gettysburg in time to participate in the battle of the first day. But Providence directed otherwise; and still believing that our army was upon the Susquehanna, Stuart pressed forward to Carlisle, and two days, precious days, were lost in a useless march.

Many of our ablest Confederate generals have expressed the opinion that the separation of any part of our cavalry from the main army, during this campaign, was an error in strategy on the part of Lee and Stuart, and that the failure of the campaign is largely to be attributed to this cause. I believe the time has passed when any one would be disposed to censure Stuart for this movement; and that it is conceded that if blame must fall, it must fall upon the Commanding-General who authorized and stimulated his lieutenant in this course of action. But it is noticable that no writer on this subject has endeavored to show how General Stuart's presence with the army would have caused other results. Before this strategy of General Lee is condemned, or Stuart can be blamed, it must be shown that more accurate information of the enemy's movements would have been obtained by the opposite course; or that Stuart failed to leave in communication with the army a force of cavalry sufficient for the duty of observation. And here it must be conceded that had Stuart followed Longstreet's crossing at Shepherdstown, and operated upon that flank, he could have gained information concerning the enemy only by using individual scouts, or by making reconnoissances in force. For the latter purpose, the cavalry under his command was utterly insufficient. Unless provided with an infantry support, Stuart could have made no movement which would have held out any hope of piercing the cavalry which enveloped Hooker's advance; and a reconnoissance of Southern cavalry, supported by infantry, is something which I do not remember ever to have occurred in the army of Northern Virginia. General Early speaks wisely when he says: "It is doubtful whether the former alternative would have enabled him (Stuart) to fulfill General Lee's expectations."

The only other ground upon which complaint could justly be urged against Stuart is that he denuded the army of its cavalry. But I have already shown that he left upon the front, vacated by him, two brigades, which numbered at least 2500 men, commanded by two of

the senior brigadiers of the cavalry, and with full instructions. There can be no reasonable ground for supposing that this command, which was in daily and almost hourly communication with the commanding General, could not have learned everything concerning the enemy's movements which Stuart could have discovered in the same place; and had these brigades been moved northward on the 26th of June, they would have reached such position on the 28th as to have stopped Buford's march, and would have so occupied him as to have prevented him from reaching Gettysburg on the 30th.

When Stuart arrived at Gettysburg, nothing of rest was allowed the weary horsemen who had accompanied him on his recent severe march. On the evening of the third day's battle they were called upon to encounter the enemy's cavalry in a severe and bloody fight; and on every succeeding day, until our army recrossed the Potomac, they withstood the enemy's attacks as they closely followed our retreating forces, and shielded our infantry, and, save in one single instance, the transportation of our army from all molestation.

I regret that I must turn away from the brief but brilliant campaign of October, 1863; brilliant at least so far as the cavalry was concerned; and that I cannot speak of those last days of his warfare, when his courage and capacity shone forth with more than usual lustre. I must hasten to place before you the portrait of this noble man, this gallant soldier. His face was marked by one feature which would have misled a physiognomist in predicting his character and future. A prominent chin, and firmly set lips, are generally considered indicative of firmness and tenacity of purpose. But Stuart's chin was so short and retiring as positively to disfigure his otherwise fine countenance; and among the cadets at West Point he bore the nick-name of "Beauty Stuart," a "*lucus a non lucendo*." This disfigurement was, in maturer years, entirely concealed by a wealth of flowing brown beard, above which appeared a well-shaped nose and a broad and high forehead.

But how shall I describe his eyes? I have seen them when their color seemed to be the blackness of the thunder cloud, lit up with flashes of intensest lightning; and again when the soft light of roguish merriment revealed a pupil of calm bluish grey. Even when commander of the cavalry his appearance was striking rather than handsome. His height was about five feet eleven inches, his body short, and his legs and arms longer than the proportions of beauty will allow. But while this length of limb did not conduce to gracefulness in the parlor, especially when made more conspicuous by the cavalry jacket, which was his only style of dress, it contributed in no small degree to

his grace and skill as a horseman. No better rider was to be found among his fox-hunting Virginia troopers, and his appearance in times of excitement, and when well mounted, was magnificent.

The character of Stuart presents two phases, so strikingly contrasted, that we almost hesitate to assign them to the same individual. It is nearly the contrast between levity and dignity, between boyishness and greatness. The novelist has seized upon the one phase, and delights to depict the gaiety of the cavalryman, who was wont to make the woods to ring with his merriment.

The historian, who records his real greatness, will perhaps regret that he was not clothed in more of quiet dignity and reserve; but those who associated with him in daily intercourse, not only revered the genius which brought them safely through a thousand perils in the accomplishment of his great designs; they also loved him, because the general commanding could unbend to become the "*bon camarade*" by the bivouac fire.

Let me endeavor to show both sides of this remarkable character.

Remember, that Stuart was a young man. He had scarcely completed thirty-one years when stricken down at the Yellow Tavern. His physical constitution was superb, and his powers of endurance defied fatigue. Simple existence was to him a pleasure. The dark side of life had no charms for him, and even if it forced itself upon his attention found but scant utterance in his words. The joyous flow of animal spirits was as natural to him and as irrepressible as the happy song to the birds of Spring. Sometimes this feeling found expression in uproarious mirth around the camp-fire, where general, staff-officers and couriers assembled after a day of toil in office-work, and formed a circle in which all distinctions of rank were forgotten, when Sweeny brought out his banjo, and one and all swelled high the chorus,

"If you want to have a *good* time
Jine the cavalry."

Surely no set of school-boys was ever more noisy or more undignified than were we. But words cannot describe the charm of such scenes to men who daily faced the stern realities of war. A. P. Hill once laughingly declared that he would not again allow Stuart and Sweeney to visit his camp, for they demoralized his men, and made them all wish to "jine the cavalry."

At times this spirit of mirth found expression in practical jokes at the expense of some member of the staff; and *All-Fool's Day* was

sure to witness some successful strategem against peace and sobriety in our camp. Sometimes after hours of close application in office duties Stuart would call his adjutant from his desk and demand a contest in a game of marbles, which he would pursue with all the eagerness of a boy for half an hour, and then return to serious labor. Sometimes the call would be for a serenade, and a midnight stroll, with his bugler as chief musician, and a few of the staff as assistants, would break the monotony of camp life.

Would you tie down this laughing spirit to that gravity of conduct which is expected of an old man? He would not then have been Stuart.

In a somewhat graver form this joyous temperament constituted one of the strong points of his character, and was one of the elements which gave to him that wonderful control over the minds and actions of his men. Now it was the expression of that indomitable will and cheerful courage which could dispute the ground over miles of country, foot by foot, and day after day, when falling back in the presence of a superior force of the enemy. Did destruction threaten a portion of the line? Stuart was sure to appear when danger was most imminent, and his cheerful voice would restore confidence to the drooping. You might hear the men say as he rode along the line, "There he goes, boys! we're all right now." It was the expression of that tenacity of purpose, which would not relax its grasp until the desired object was attained, or its attainment was proven clearly impossible. It gave him his two great maxims of war: "If you are in doubt what to do, attack," and "*Believe* that you can whip the enemy, and you have half won the battle." It inspired that wonderful courage which seemed, and yet only seemed, unconscious of danger; which might be overwhelmed with numbers, but which death itself could not subdue.

Had this light and joyous nature constituted the controlling feature of Stuart's character, he would never have achieved greatness. The temptations of youth would probably have carried him away into excesses which would have ruined his usefulness. But, as I have already said, in his boyhood he professed the religion of Christ, and ever afterward maintained a consistent Christian character. He was absolutely pure and temperate in his personal habits. I have heard him say repeatedly, never had one drop of spirituous liquor of any kind passed his lips, and that he had not even tasted wine except at the sacramental table. Devotion to duty—duty to his God, duty to his country, was the ruling principle of his life. His reliance upon an overruling Providence was simple and complete. When about to graduate at West Point, he discusses, in letters to his father, the future which lies before

him; and while much inclined to adopt the law as his profession, he reverently recognizes the fact that the disposal of his life is in the hands of the Supreme Power.

When wounded in the hospital camp at Solomon's River, he finds occupation for his mind in the companionship of his Prayer Book and Army Regulations, and he thankfully ascribes his escape and recovery to the mercy of his God. In every great success which crowned his arms in after days, he gives thanks to the kind Providence which has guided and protected him through a thousand dangers.

He was careful, as far as possible, to provide chaplains for all of his regiments, and encouraged the holding of religious meetings, whenever the exigencies of the service would permit. There are doubtless some here present who can testify to his interest, and active participation in the Chaplains' Association meetings during the winter of '63 and '64 at Orange Court-house.

He was by no means devoid of personal ambition, and proper self-assertion. He ardently desired the applause of his superiors and of his country, and was keenly alive to adverse criticism. The gay side of his character gave to some envious minds the opportunity to point at him the shaft of slander; but, while deeply wounded, he suffered in silence, and left his vindication to his country and his own true record. He possessed one fault, which appears in many of his earlier reports of battles; a fault at which an enemy may sneer, but which will readily be forgiven by a friend. He could never see or acknowledge that he was worsted in an engagement. It was the enemy who *ought* to be whipped, and *must be* whipped. Defeat he could never confess—no! not when borne wounded and dying from his last battle field; for even then he cried aloud to his disorganized and retreating men, "Go back! Go back! and do your duty as I have done mine, and our country will be safe." "Go back! Go back! I had rather die than be whipped."

His devotion to the society of ladies was one of the noblest and purest instincts of his nature. Towards them he was as *naive* and unsuspecting as a child, and as pure in thought and action. He paid a ready homage not alone to youth and beauty, but to sterling qualities of mind and heart; and he accepted the admiration and friendship bestowed upon him in the true spirit of chivalry. A request from a lady, even though she were a stranger, laid him under an obligation. Of this a touching illustration occurred in his last moments.

Having given directions for the disposition of his personal effects and official papers, he said to me:

"You will find in my hat a small Confederate flag, which a lady of

Columbia, South Carolina, sent me, with the request that I would wear it upon my horse in a battle and return it to her. Send it to her."

And again:

"My spurs, which I have always worn in battle, I promised to give to Mrs. Lilly Lee, of Shepherdstown, Va."

I was at loss how to interpret the directions concerning the flag; for I had never seen any such decoration upon his hat. But upon examining it the flag was found within its lining, stained with the sweat of his brow; and among his papers I found the letter which had conveyed the request. Probably from the time of its reception the matter had passed from his attention, and yet upon his death-bed he could remember and provide for the granting of this request.

Noble heart! pure knight! Many are the tears which I have seen do honor to thy memory from those whose hearts were won by little acts of courtesy such as this.

I may venture in this presence, surrounded by many who knew and loved him, to draw the veil which covers his domestic life and repeat to you some of the sacred words of husband to his wife.

While occupied in the active movements which succeeded the first Maryland campaign he received intelligence of the serious illness of his darling child Flora, and thus he writes:

"NOVEMBER 2, 1862.—Dr. Brewer's first dispatch was received yesterday, and I answered it at once. The second came to-day, saying our darling's case was doubtful, and urges me in your name to come. I received it on the field of battle. I was at no loss to decide that it was my duty to you and to Flora to remain here. I am entrusted with the conduct of affairs, the issue of which will affect you, her, and the mothers and children of our whole country much more seriously than we can believe. If my darling's case is hopeless there are ten chances to one that I will get to Lynchburg too late; if she is convalescent why should my presence be necessary? She was sick nine days before I knew it. Let us trust in the good God, who has blessed us so much, that he will spare our child to us, but if it should please Him to take her from us let us bear it with Christian fortitude and resignation."

Again:

"NOVEMBER 6, 1862.—The affliction fell at last; the intelligence reached me this morning. I was somewhat expecting it, and yet it grieves me more the more I think of it. When I remember her sweet voice, her gentle ways, and affection for "Papa," and then think that she is *gone*, my heart is ready to burst. I want to see you so much. I

know she is better off, but it is a hard blow to us. I have been in battle every day since I heard of our darling's sickness, November 2d. She died November 3rd, and I heard of it on the 6th. I have been harassing and checking a heavy force, believed to be McClellan's. God has shielded me thus far from bodily harm, but I feel perfect resignation to go at his bidding and join my little Flora."

Again:

"April 8, 1863.—I go forth into the uncertain future. My sabre will not leave my hand for months. I am sustained in the hour of peril by the consciousness of right, and upheld by the same Almighty hand, which has thus far covered my head in the day of battle, and in whom I put my trust."

Again:

July 10, 1863.—Upon the eve of another battle I write to say God has mercifully spared me through many dangers and bloody fields. My cavalry has nobly sustained its reputation, and done better and harder fighting than it ever has since the war. Pray, without ceasing, that God will grant us the victory."

Once more:

"March, 1862.—The next Summer will probably be the most eventful in a century. We must nerve our hearts for the trial, with a firm reliance upon God. * * * What a mockery would liberty be, with submission. I, for one, though I stood alone in the Confederacy, without countenance or aid, would uphold the banner of Southern independence as long as I had a hand to grasp the staff, and then die, before submitting. I want my wife to feel the same enthusiasm; let me hear her nobler words of encouragement and faith. Tell my boy, when I am gone, how I fell; and never to forget the principles for which his father struggled. * * * Think how much better to have your husband in his grave, after a career true to every duty and every responsibility to you, his country, and his God, than an inglorious existence, a living shame to you and to his children."

Among his last utterances was his answer to the President's enquiry, "General, how do you feel?" "Easy," he replied, "but willing to die if God and my country think I have fulfilled my destiny, and done my duty." "*God and my country.*" In these words we have the secret of his greatness.

Citizens of Richmond! he sleeps beneath the sod of your own beautiful Hollywood. For the honor of your matrons and your maidens he laid down his life. By his blood were your homes preserved from sack and desolation; and it is fitting that you should number him among

your own dead. Doubtless this proud city will honor herself in doing honor to her defender, and we shall soon see the stately monument, which will tell to future generations, the story of that noble life, and that heroic death.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a fairer sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Maj. McClellan took his seat amid loud applause, was warmly congratulated by a number of comrades, and on motion of Attorney-General Field, the thanks of the Association were tendered the orator, and a copy of his address solicited for publication.

The old officers of the Association were unanimously elected, except that Colonel Thomas H. Carter was made vice-president and Colonel W. H. Palmer added to the executive committee.

It was pleasant to see present, as tearful listeners, the widow of Gen. Stuart, (now the accomplished principal of the Virginia Female Institute, Staunton, Va.,) his son, his daughter, and his brother, (W. A. Stuart, Esq., of Saltville,) and to witness the enthusiasm with which former members of Stuart's staff, and others of the old cavalry corps would greet Maj. McClellan's appreciative tribute to their loved and honored chieftain whose "feather" they had proudly followed in the brave days of '61–'64, and whose memory they have enshrined in their heart of hearts.

Facts Connected with the Concentration of the Army of the Mississippi Before Shiloh, April, 1862.

By Captain W. M. Polk.

To the Editor of the Southern Historical Society Papers:

Sir—In the August and September, 1880, number of your journal, under the head of "Recollections of General Beauregard's Service in West Tennessee in the Spring of 1862," appears a letter from General Jordan, dated New York, Nov. 2, 1874, in which it is stated that the failure to win Shiloh was mainly due to the delay in getting the army out of Corinth on the 3d of April, 1862, and that that delay was specially due to the action of General Polk's corps. The writer says: "General Polk's corps, which was ordered to move with the others at midday, though under arms and ready, was kept at a halt until late in the afternoon, when, it having been reported by Generals Bragg and Hardee that they were unable to move their corps at the hour indicated for them, because General Polk's corps was in the way, you sent one of your staff [General Beauregard's] to General Polk to inquire why he had not put his corps in motion." He replied that he was awaiting the "written order" directing him to move. "You [General Beauregard] at once, through an aid-de-camp, directed him to clear the road and follow the movement as ordered."

According to the first portion of the paragraph it would seem that General Polk was to precede Generals Bragg and Hardee on the march to Shiloh, for we read that they could not move, Polk being in the way, and that upon learning this General Beauregard sent to know why he did not put his corps in motion. According to the second portion of the paragraph it would seem that Polk was merely blocking the road—preventing the passing of Bragg and Hardee, who were to precede him. This last can hardly be the meaning of the writer, because the nature of the country was such, and General Polk's troops were so placed, as to make it impossible for them to offer any serious obstacle to the advances of the remainder of the army.

General Polk's corps consisted of two divisions, of two brigades each. One division (Cheatham's) was some twenty-four miles to the north, at Bethel, watching Grant's right; the other (Clark's) was about a mile from Corinth, to the north, encamped in an open wood, which was intersected by numerous roads. There were but two

brigades, and even had they been on the main road troops and wagons could easily have passed them. Again, Bragg was to assemble his corps at Monterey, a point some miles from Corinth, to the northeast. This compelled him to use roads running from Corinth to the right of Polk.

From this it will be seen that on August 3d, Polk could not have been in a position to impede the march of either Hardee or Bragg. We take it for granted then, that the writer's real charge is to be found in the first portion of the paragraph quoted—where it is implied, that the army was delayed because the head of the column, Polk, did not move, he awaiting the written order. By reference to the paragraph preceding that quoted, it seems that there was no need for him to await the order in writing, as it had already been given verbally, and presumably with care. The written order was to differ in no way from the verbal, but was merely for the better guidance of the commands. Now it so happens that the very order in question, the copy sent General Polk on April 3d, 1862, is before me, (it is the same as is to be found on pages 188, 189 and 160, first series, Official Reports of Battles, C. S. A.) Reference to it shows that Bragg was to move from Corinth, by way of Monterey; Hardee was to move by a separate road to the left, called the Ridge road; and Polk, with his one division, was to follow him, in fact was to form the rear of the column. Bragg and Hardee could not then have been waiting for Polk to move. From this it will be seen that no matter which may be the writer's charge, he is essentially wrong.

In a subsequent paragraph he goes on to say, "even the next day," the 4th, "there was inexplicable delay in the movements, not only of Polk's corps, but of Bragg's also, so that on the night of the 4th of April, the Confederate forces were assembled no farther in advance than at and around Monterey." Here again the writer falls into error. It is true that on that night General Bragg's corps was but a short distance from Monterey, but Hardee was at and beyond Mickey's, the point at which he was due, while Polk, well closed up, was within a quarter of a mile of Mickey's, immediately in Hardee's rear, his proper place. For the accuracy of these statements, I refer you to the reports of these corps commanders, but especially to those of Hardee and Polk.

While upon this subject permit me to enter more freely into this question of the delay in reaching Shiloh. In order to do so properly, I will quote from memoranda prepared some time ago, for a forthcoming "Memoir of Leonidas Polk."

It was claimed by some that the failure to attack the enemy on the 5th, the day appointed, was due to the delay of General Polk in getting his command up to the point of concentration—Mickey's House. We find no mention of it in any official document, but in a work* partly written by the officer then acting as the Adjutant-General of the army, it appears as a distinct statement. The position occupied by this officer gives to his statements at least a semi-official force. To fully understand the point involved it is necessary to see what were General Polk's orders. Section 3 of the Special Orders as to the movements of troops towards Shiloh (page 189 1st Vol. Official Reports of Battles, published by Confederate Congress in 1862) reads:

"APRIL 3, 1864.

"The First corps, under Major-General Polk, *with the exception of the detached divisions at Bethel,* will take up its line of march by Ridge road hence to Pittsburg half an hour after the rear of the Third corps (Hardee's) shall have passed Corinth, and will bivouac to-night in the rear of that corps, with the same interval of time as to-day. When the head of column shall have reached the vicinity of the Mickey House it will be halted in column, or massed on the line of the Bark road, according to the nature of the ground, as a reserve. The forces at Bethel and Purdy will defend their positions as already instructed, if attacked, otherwise they will assemble on Purdy, and thence advance, with advanced guards, flankers, and all other prescribed military precautions, by the road thence to Monterey, forming a junction with the rest of the First Corps at the intersection of that road with the Bark road leading to Corinth."

By this it is seen that General Polk was charged with the movements of the First corps, *except the detached divisions at Bethel.* The assembling of the troops at Bethel and Purdy was delayed by circumstances incident to the position and not by any fault of theirs or of their commander. It was, therefore, unable to leave Purdy before the morning of the 5th, and owing to the condition of the roads did not effect a junction with the command of General Polk till 4 that afternoon. Consequently, up to that time, General Polk was in no way responsible for its movements, nor was he expected to be. So far, then, as the statement in question concerns him it can apply only to those troops with which he marched from Corinth—Clark's division. What is said in his official report is a sufficient answer to the charge, but other proofs may not be out of place. We give, therefore, the following extracts from a letter of that gallant soldier, and accomplished gen-

*Life of General Forrest by General Jordon.

tleman, General Charles Clark, afterward Governor of Mississippi, the division commander of the troops we are now writing of:

"My division of General Polk's corps commenced its march from camp near Corinth, on Thursday evening before the battle of Shiloh, at the hour designated in the special order. It was then growing dark. We bivouacked Friday night on the road, the head of the column, General A. P. Stewart's brigade, within a quarter of a mile, I think, of Mickey's house. Very early in the morning the head of the column was at Mickey's Cross-Roads, I think, about sunrise. The rear brigade, with which I bivouacked, was in column for the march before daylight, but a very heavy storm of rain delayed the march for a short time. At Mickey's Cross-Roads, we were halted for some hours, General Polk was with me at the head of the column. While waiting there General Johnston and General Beauregard rode up, and remained some time in conversation, and then rode forward. I can confidently say that General Polk's Corps, at least my division of it, could have been in position on the battle field on Saturday morning."

In General Bragg's Official Reports* we find the following:

"Moving from there," Monterey, "the command bivouacked for the night (4th), near Mickey's house immediately in rear of Major-General Hardee's Corps, *Major-General Polk's being just in our rear.*"

This is seemingly borne out by the instructions in paragraph ii, of the above mentioned special order, in which after providing for the movement of the right wing of General Bragg's corps, by the Monterey and Savannah road to Mickey's, it goes on to say:

"The left wing of this corps will advance at the same time, also, left in front by the *road from Monterey to Purdy*; the head of the column to reach by night the *intersection of that road with the Bark road.* This wing will continue the movement in the morning as soon as the rear of the third corps shall have passed the Purdy road, and which it will then follow."

As General Polk was marching by this same Bark road, just in rear of the third corps, the carrying out of the above instructions would have brought him on the night of the 4th about where General Bragg says he was, in rear of his corps. But that they were not carried out is shown by this note.

MONTEREY, 10 A. M. 4th.

My Dear General—Circumstances have —— —— ——† my second division from the Purdy road. Both my divisions will move from here, then, direct to Mickey's, on the Savannah road. I give you this information that you may not wait for my troops at the crossing of the

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*Page 195, Official Reports of Battles, 1862.

†So injured by fire as to be illegible.

Purdy and Ridge roads. General Breckinridge has not arrived from Burnsville, and I fear bad roads may delay him much. His command forming the reserve must necessarily control our movements to some extent. Let me hear from you, by the courier, at Mickey's.

Yours most respectfully and truly,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

' *Major-General Polk.*

General Polk, therefore, continued the march of his command in rear of the Third corps, reaching Mickey's that evening (the 4th). General Bragg's column (two divisions) moved by a different road, the head of it reaching Mickey's the same evening. During the night the whole of his corps was closed up and massed at the same point. We thus see that all the night of the 4th both commands bivouacked *near Mickey's*, not one near Mickey's and the other in its rear—General Bragg's on the Savannah and Monterey road, south of the Bark road; General Polk's on the Bark road, west of the Savannah and Monterey roads, these roads crossing nearly at right angles. General Hardee was beyond Mickey's, in the direction of Pittsburg Landing, on the Bark road, along which all the commands were to move the next day. The orders for the 5th were that the troops should be ready for the march by 3 A. M.; General Hardee to advance to the enemy's outposts, about four miles from Mickey's, and then form line of battle; General Bragg to follow next, furnishing General Hardee with sufficient troops to fill out the first line, and with the remainder of his corps to form line a thousand yards in rear of Hardee; *General Polk to halt at Mickey's Cross-Roads till General Bragg had passed to his front*, then to move forward and form on the left of the road a certain distance from and parallel to General Bragg's line. Breckinridge was to form to the right of the road in Bragg's rear. At the hour ordered all the commands were ready to advance. During the night, however, a heavy rain storm set in, continuing to pour down in torrents. The streams and ravines across which the road ran were soon impassable. The movement was consequently postponed till dawn. General Hardee then moved forward, but with such difficulty, owing to the state of the roads, that it was 10 A. M.* before he reached the enemy's outposts, the point at which his line was to form. This unavoidable delay necessarily affected the movements of General Bragg's Corps. So we find it was 12 o'clock when the last brigade (Jackson's) of the leading division reached the position it was to occupy in line,† to the right of

*Hardee's Report.

†Jackson's Report, p. 234 1st volume Official Reports of Battles C. S. A.

the road, and 4 P. M. by the time the head of Patton Anderson's brigade, of the rear division, could reach the point at which the line of its corps crossed the road.* This caused it to be half-past 4, or even later, before General Bragg's line to the left of the road was completed. As General Polk had to follow the movements of General Bragg's troops and form his line parallel to that portion of them placed to the left of the road, and as he actually got into position between 4 and 5, it is evident that neither at this nor at any other time during the entire march was the delay in question attributable to his movements. While Clark's division was being placed in line Cheatham's arrived from Purdy, having marched the entire distance since that morning. He was thus in position quite as soon as he would have been had he joined the command earlier.

In conclusion, permit me to offer an extract from General Polk's official report. After stating the measures taken to place his corps in position he goes on to say:

"By this time it was near 4 o'clock P. M., and on arriving I was informed that General Beauregard desired to see me immediately. I rode forward at once to his head-quarters, where I found General Bragg and himself in conversation. He said, with some feeling, 'I am very much disappointed at the delay which has occurred in getting the troops into position.' I replied, so am I, sir, but so far as I am concerned my orders are to form on another line—General Bragg's left wing, and that line must first be established before I can form upon it.† I continued: I reached Mickey's at nightfall yesterday (the 4th), whence I could not move, because of the troops which were before me, until 2 P. M. to day. I then promptly followed the column in front of me, and have been in position to form upon it so soon as its line was established. He said he regretted the delay exceedingly, as it would make it necessary to forego the attack altogether; that our success depended upon our surprising the enemy; that this was now impossible, and we must fall back on Corinth. Here General Johnston came up and asked what was the matter. General Beauregard repeated what he had said to me. General Johnston remarked that this would never do, and proceeded to assign reasons for that opinion. He then asked what I thought of it. I replied that my troops were in as good condition as they had ever been; that they were eager for battle; that to retire now would operate injuriously upon them, and that I thought we ought to attack." ‡

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*Patton Anderson's Report, p. 276 1st volume Official Reports Battles C. S. A.

†Bragg's formation had not then been completed.

‡This conversation is the substance of the "council of war" about which so much has been written by Swinton and others. We believe it is the only official record of it left by a participant. W. M. P.

In all that I have said as to the delay I do not wish to be understood as casting blame upon any of the commands preceding General Polk. They and their commanders did their best in the march, as in the battle. General Beauregard, in his official report, tells the story when he says: "It was expected we should be able to reach the enemy's lines in time to attack him on the 5th instant. The men, however, were for the most part unused to marching, the roads narrow, and traversing a densely wooded country became almost impassable after a severe rain storm on the 4th, which drenched the troops in bivouac, hence our forces did not reach the intersection of the road from Pittsburg and Hamburg, in the immediate vicinity of the enemy, until late Saturday afternoon." Of the corps commanders themselves he speaks in the most generous terms. After detailing the battle he says:

"To Major-Generals Polk, Bragg, and Hardee, commanding corps, and Brigadier-General Breckinridge, commanding the reserve, the country is greatly indebted for the zeal, intelligence, and energy with which all orders were executed; for the foresight and military ability they displayed in the absence of instructions in the many exigencies of the battle, on a field so densely wooded and broken, and for their fearless deportment as they repeatedly led their commands personally to the onset upon their powerful enemy."

With this tribute from a generous commander to the four noble dead, permit me to close my communication, but not before expressing the hope that it may prove of some service to the earnest seeker after truth in history.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

W. M. Polk, M. D.
(late) Captain, Adjutant and Inspector-General Department,
P. A. C. S.

New York City, August 25, 1880.

Cleburne and his Division at Missionary Ridge and Ringgold Gap.

By Capt. Irving A. Brock, formerly A. A. General of Cleburne's Division.

[Note.—I have been unable, after diligent search and inquiry, to find any official reports of the battle of Missionary Ridge. This will account for the absence of detail in the statement of my recollection of the service of Cleburne's division.

It is to be hoped that survivors of that division, especially the brigade commanders, will contribute such facts within their respective knowledge as will in the aggregate amount to a history of its share in that much-misunderstood engagement. It is principally in this view that I make my modest contribution.]

After the battle of Chichamauga the Army of Tennessee, under General Bragg, occupied the line of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, confronting, at a distance of some two or three miles between the main lines, the army of General Grant, entrenched and encamped in and around Chattanooga.

Missionary Ridge proper, or that portion of it here referred to, rises abruptly to the height of from four to six hundred feet, and extends from McFarland's gap, on the south, to the mouth of Chickamauga river on the north, a distance of some six miles. Rifle-pits were constructed along its western base, with pickets thrown out in front, and some slight defences were constructed at the weaker point on the crest. It is intersected at several points of greatest depression by wagon roads leading from Chattanooga to the railroad in rear. In front, or to the west, broken by occasional hills, or, more properly speaking, knobs, with here and there some thin belts of timber, was a level plain, where Grant's army was encamped. The rising ground immediately about the town of Chattanooga was dotted with strong earth-works. From the crest of the Ridge, at night, could be seen the camp-fires of both armies spread out in full view.

Such were the relative positions on the 22d of November, 1863. Cleburne's division was encamped on the top and western slope of the Ridge. On the night of the 22d Cleburne was ordered to move to Chickamauga Station, to assume command of his own and General Bushrod Johnson's division and proceed *via* Dalton to East Tennessee, there to report to General Longstreet. The division moved at dawn the following morning. Johnson, having preceded, was first to take

the cars, and his last brigade got off about noon. Liddell's brigade (commanded by Colonel D. C. Govan), of Cleburne's division, was in process of embarkation when a dispatch was received to the effect that the pickets in front of Missionary Ridge had been driven in, and ordering Cleburne and his division to return with all speed. Liddell's brigade was debarked, and Cleburne marched rapidly back and bivouacked in rear of the right centre of the army. Upon arrival it was ascertained that the enemy had opened an artillery fire on Johnson's wagon train, crossing the ridge in view, and promptly followed it up by an advance of infantry, in such force as to drive in our pickets. This determined demonstration, coupled with the knowledge of his weakness after the detachment of Longstreet's corps and Johnson's division, and of Grant's strength about being increased by the arrival of Sherman's fresh corps, no doubt induced General Bragg's recall of Cleburne's division to take part in the battle now evidently impending.

General Hardee, who since his return from Mississippi, had been three several times shifted from one extreme of the army to the other, as exigencies required, was now again in command of the right, consisting on the 25th (the day of battle) of Cleburne's, Walker's, Cheatham's, and Stevenson's divisions. During the forenoon of the 24th Cleburne's division remained in reserve, in sight and hearing of the battle progressing on Lookout Mountain, which the volume of musketry and report of artillery indicated to be of serious dimensions. The summit of the mountain was visible but the middle was veiled by thick mist and smoke, whence the enemy's shells emerged, and describing graceful curves burst above the clouds, throwing white puffs of smoke against the dark background of the mountain—the whole constituting a battle-piece so grand that anxiety for the result was lost in admiration at the spectacle.

In the afternoon Cleburne was ordered to proceed rapidly to the right and take possession of the rising ground near the mouth of Chickamauga river. The troops moved at double quick, and arrived none too soon. Sherman's advance was endeavoring to occupy the ground, and Cleburne had to fight for position—the men firing by file as they formed into line. The objective point gained, the skirmishing ceased at nightfall, the alignment was rectified, and such defenses were begun as the limited means at hand permitted.

Cleburne's line, with his left resting near the right of the tunnel, extended over a circular wooded hill occupied by Smith's (Texas), Liddell's (Arkansas), and Polk's (Tennessee) brigades. The right flank was protected by Lowry's (Mississippi and Alabama) brigade,

thrown some half a mile distant and somewhat in advance of the remainder of the division. Immediately over the tunnel, and connecting with Cleburne's left, was a strong battery of Napoleon guns commanding the open ground in front. By direction of General Hardee the railroad bridge over the Chickamauga was burned. Cleburne's artillery had been halted by him on the opposite side of Chickamauga river, and was not now brought up because of his impression, based upon the reduction of General Bragg's force by the detachments referred to, the increase of General Grant's by the arrival of Sherman, and the loss of Lookout Mountain, that General Bragg would not attempt longer to hold the extended line of Missionary Ridge.

About 9 o'clock P. M. Cleburne, unable to restrain his anxiety, turned to the writer and said: "Go at once to General Hardee's quarters, ask what has been determined upon, and say that if it is decided to fight it is necessary that I should get my artillery into position." Upon reaching corps head-quarters I ascertained that General Hardee had been called to a council of war at General Bragg's quarters, some miles further up the ridge, to the left. I proceeded to and reached army head-quarters some half an hour before the council adjourned. The remark of General Breckinridge, who commanded the left corps, as he came out, that "I never felt more like fighting than when I saw those people shelling my troops off Lookout to-day," indicated the result of the conference even before General Hardee's response to Cleburne's message. I gathered that General Breckinridge had urged in favor of a stand, that it was now too late to withdraw his troops before daylight would discover the movement. General Hardee said: "Tell Cleburne we are to fight, that his division will undoubtedly be heavily attacked, and that he must do his very best." I replied that the division had never yet failed to clear its front, and would do so again. No vain boast, as the morrow proved. As the party rode down the crest of the ridge in the stillness of the night the sparse camp fires burning low along the rifle-pits at its western base showed how thin the line was—less than shoulder to shoulder, in single rank. This was remarked upon, and it was suggested that an energetic dash by the enemy upon the centre held by such a line might prove a serious matter. I remember General Hardee observed that the natural strength of the position would probably deter such an attempt; and that the enemy had been massing on the flanks, where the heaviest work was to be expected.

Cleburne ordered up his artillery, and made such other preparations for the approaching conflict as practicable in the night; now rendered

abnormally dark and sombre by an eclipse of the moon. General Hardee, who, from its liability to be turned, felt most solicitude about Cleburne's position, arrived at this part of the line between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, and afterwards, in company with Cleburne, made a personal and careful inspection of it.

A heavy mist had prevailed throughout the day on the 24th, but the morning of the 25th of November broke bright and clear. Before the sun was fairly up the troops were called to arms by picket firing, followed soon after by the line and artillery, and the conflict soon rose to the dignity of a general engagement. Repeated attempts were made to carry Cleburne's position, and the assaulting columns were repulsed and hurled bleeding down the slope, only to reform and charge again in gallant but vain effort. Cleburne's veterans found foeman worthy of their steel in the army commanded by Sherman and led by such lieutenants as Corse, Ewing, Leightburn, and Loomis. Almost the entire day was thus consumed. The enemy, met at every advance by a plunging and destructive artillery fire, followed, when in range, by a withering fire of infantry, were repulsed at all points, and slowly and stubbornly fell back. In some instances squads of them finding shelter behind the obstructions afforded by the rugged sides of the hill, kept up a damaging sharp-shooting until dislodged by stones hurled down upon them by the Texans.

Meanwhile the enemy had shown in force and made demonstrations at points further to the left. Early in the forenoon they had occupied a farm-house and outbuildings near and to the left front of the tunnel, whence their sharp-shooters were beginning to do effective work. From this position they were driven by a charge, directed by General Hardee and handsomely executed by the Twentieth Alabama regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Davis, of Pettus's brigade, Stevenson's division, and the buildings were destroyed. About the middle of the afternoon a strong Federal brigade, commanded by General J. Mason Loomis, and consisting of the 90th Illinois, 100th Indiana, 12th Indiana, and 26th Illinois regiments, approached Cleburne's left through an open field, and under heavy artillery and infantry fire. The Napoleon guns posted over the tunnel, which had been rapidly and continuously served, were turned upon this advancing brigade with deadly precision; every discharge plowed huge gaps through the lines, which were promptly closed up, as the troops moved forward with a steadiness and order that drew exclamations of admiration from all who witnessed it. The brigade advanced to an old fence row, where planting their colors and lying down they opened and kept up a

damaging fire, and held their position with a tenacity which seemed proof against all efforts to dislodge them.*

About this time Cleburne dispatched a staff officer to ascertain the condition of affairs in Lowry's front. Finding all well there, the officer returned by a detour, made necessary by the conformation of the ground, and which brought him in view of the flanks of the contending forces. Arrested by the sound of heavy firing and the sight of opposing lines in closer proximity than the relative positions justified, he moved towards the scene of action and discovered a considerable body of Federal soldiers coming through the woods. Supposing the right flank had been turned and was about to be attacked in rear he galloped up to Cleburne and made his report. He was met with the reply that the soldiers he had seen were prisoners of war being sent to the rear. Such, indeed, was the fact. Seeing a column of assault advancing up the hill Cleburne had placed himself at the head of the Texas brigade, and jumping the works met and repulsed the charge, and returned with a number of prisoners and several stands of colors.

Simultaneously with the last assault on Cleburne's left General Hardee, from his post of observation near the tunnel, had opportunely directed an effective charge of a brigade, conducted by Brigadier-General Cummings, against the attacking force.

No further attempts were made on Cleburne's front, and the sun was getting low. General Hardee, secure of the right, now proceeded up the ridge to his left as the ringing cheers raised by the whole of Cleburne's division over their victory extended and were taken up and re-echoed by the entire line. He reached the end of his line only to find that the left centre of the army had been carried by assault, and a force of Federal infantry bearing down upon his flank. The left regiment of Walthall's brigade, Cheatham's division, rapidly changed front, and formed, under fire, a weak, short line across and at right angles with the crest of the ridge. This line with difficulty stemmed the tide until, strengthened and prolonged by reinforcements drawn from the right, it was able to hold the position intact until darkness put an end to the conflict.†

After nightfall Cleburne was charged by General Hardee with the

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*The writer has recently had the pleasure of meeting General Loomis, now of Chicago, the commander of this gallant brigade, and of recalling with him these reminiscenses.

†While this line was being established General Walthall was wounded and General Hardee's horse was shot.

duty of covering the movements and bringing up the rear of the right wing as it withdrew to Chickamauga Station. Cleburne strengthened his skirmishers and made all the display of force practicable. At the proper time the artillery was withdrawn and started, then the infantry line in turn, and the pickets were left under charge of a competent staff officer, with instructions to withdraw them at a stated hour, which was successfully accomplished without the loss of a man. Later the bridge across the Chickamauga was filled with rails and fired, and Cleburne's division took up its sorrowful march to the railroad, which was reached at a late hour.

The scene of disorder and demoralization at the station beggars description; it can only be realized by one who has seen a beaten army. Regiments were separated from brigades, brigades from their divisions, and in a large part of the army organization was apparently destroyed. The staff officers of the various commands spent the remainder of the night in endeavoring to bring order out of chaos.

In a biographic sketch of Cleburne General Hardee thus speaks of this engagement (see "The Irish in America," page 645):

"Cleburne's position on the right was most insecure, from its liability to be turned. He maintained it with his accustomed ability, and upon the repulse of the last assault directed in person a counter charge, which effected the capture of a large number of prisoners and several stands of colors. The assailants gave up the contest and withdrew from our front. But while the cheers of victory raised on the right were extending down the line the left of the army had been carried by assault and the day was lost. All that now remained to the victorious right was to cover the retreat of the army. This it did successfully. If the right, instead of the left, had been carried it would have given the enemy possession of the only line of retreat, and no organized body of the Confederate army could have escaped. In the gloom of nightfall Cleburne's division, the last to retire, sadly withdrew from the ground it had held so gallantly, and brought up the rear of the retiring army."

Before dawn on the morning of the 26th General Bragg put the infantry of the army in motion towards Dalton, leaving the trains and artillery to follow, and Cleburne to guard the rear. His division, in tact from the disasters of the 24th and 25th, was perhaps the only one in the army to which that responsibility could have been safely entrusted. The trains were toiling forward over a single narrow road, the artillery wheels cutting into the soft mud up to the axles, and requiring heavy details to prize them out, and the rear wagon was still in sight when the enemy, flushed with victory and pressing forward in energetic pur-

suit, appeared and opened on Cleburne with shells. Showing his men at all prominent points, to create an impression of greater force, Cleburne gradually fell back towards Graysville. He had scarcely progressed two miles when a strange officer rode up and stated that General Hardee (who had been called forward to confer with General Bragg) directed that he at once push forward his infantry towards Dalton. Surprised at such an order, and hearing no sound of battle in front to indicate that the column of march had been intercepted, Cleburne hesitated an instant, and turning to the bearer of the alleged order asked him if he appreciated that its import and effect were to abandon the artillery and transportation of the army. The officer evidently had not, and explained that he had been without rest for two nights, was confused, and might have misunderstood his instructions. Cleburne, therefore, took the responsibility of disregarding this order until further advised; and soon learned through dispatches from General Hardee that the abandonment of the trains had never been contemplated an instant, and that the order had been wholly misunderstood. The bearer, a volunteer but recently on duty, disappeared from the corps staff.

Soon after passing Graysville the enemy's cavalry made a dash at the column, but was easily repulsed. The troops reached Ringgold at 10 P. M., weary and hungry; and Cleburne there received orders to cross Chickamauga creek—which at this point is wide and deep,—to bivouac on the opposite bank, and march at 4 A. M. the following day, still as the rear guard. The weather was cool and the wind cut keenly and Cleburne, remarking that if his troops waded the creek, waist deep, and went to sleep chilled he would lose more men by sickness than in a battle, decided to take the risk of camping on the northern bank, and to start an hour earlier on the following morning, when the exercise of marching might be relied upon to obviate evil effects. Thus twice in one day Cleburne assumed what might have been a grave responsibility.

Putting the command in motion at 3 A. M. on the 27th Cleburne marched through the town of Ringgold to take position in the gap of Taylor's Ridge, in conformity with an order direct from General Bragg. A staff officer was dispatched to him for more specific instructions. He was found at Catoosa Station. General Bragg's instructions were: "Tell General Cleburne to hold his position at all hazards, and to keep back the enemy until the transportation of the army is secured, the salvation of which depends upon him." Such was the brief but comprehensive order, in pursuance of which Cleburne, with 4,157

effectives, was to confront a flushed and victorious enemy and do battle for the safety of the army.

Taylor's Ridge rises abruptly about a mile east of the town of Ringgold, and is divided by a gap of just sufficient width for the passage of the railroad, a county road, and a large branch of Chickamagua creek. This creek, in its windings, was bridged at three points within a few hundred yards of the rear or east mouth of the gap, thus rendering the position hazardous in case of the turning of either flank. The ridge on the right of the gap facing the town rises gradually, while on the left it is abrupt and precipitous. Here was placed the 16th Alabama, of Lowry's brigade, Major T. A. Ashford commanding, to protect the left flank, while in front of the hill facing Ringgold were posted three companies of the 6th and 7th Arkansas, of Liddell's brigade, under charge of Lieut. Dulin, of Liddell's staff.

In and across the mouth of the gap was located the remainder of the Arkansas brigade, commanded by Col. D. C. Govan, consisting of the 5th and 13th Arkansas, consolidated, under Col. J. E. Murray; the 8th and 19th Arkansas, consolidated, under Lieut. Col. A. S. Hutchinson; the 6th and 7th Arkansas, consolidated, under Lieut. Col. Peter Snyder, and the 2d, 15th, and 24th Arkansas, consolidated, under Col. E. Warfield. From the brigade skirmishers were thrown forward into a patch of woods in front of the gap. Connecting with Govan's right were posted two regiments of Smith's Texas brigade, Col. H. B. Granbury commanding; the 6th, 10th, and 15th Texas, consolidated, under Captain John R. Rennard on the left; and the 17th, 18th, 24th, and 25th Texas, consolidated, under Major W. A. Taylor, on the right. The other regiments of this brigade, the 7th Texas, Capt. C. E. Tally commanding, was posted on the crest of the hill to guard the right flank of the brigade at its base. The 32d and 45th Mississippi regiments, consolidated, under Col. A. B. Hardcastle; the 33d Alabama, Col. Sam'l Adams, and the 45th Alabama, under Lieut. Col. H. D. Lampley, which constituted the remainder of Lowry's brigade, were held in reserve in the centre of the gap.

Only a portion of Polk's brigade was with the division, and this, consisting of the 1st Arkansas, Col. J. W. Colquitt; the 2d Tennessee, Col. W. A. Robinson; and the 3d and 5th Confederate, consolidated, under Lieut. Col. J. C. Cole, was placed at the rear or eastern outlet of the gap. At the mouth of the gap, on Govan's line, was posted a section of Semple's Alabama battery, two Napoleon guns, under command of Lieut. Goldthwaite. These guns were charged, one with canister, the other with shell, and masked with bushes. All of the

troops were ordered to keep concealed from view. The few cavalrymen at Cleburne's disposal had been instructed to watch the crossing of the Chickamauga, and as soon as the enemy appeared to fire upon them at long range and retreat in haste through the town and gap, to create upon the enemy the impression that only a small force of cavalry confronted them.

These dispositions hastily made were scarcely completed when the cavalry discharged their guns, and in seeming confusion rushed into the gap, followed soon after by the Federals, marching in column down the railroad, with skirmishers thrown out in front and on the flanks, but evidently unsuspicious of the infantry concealed and awaiting them. They were allowed to come within short range, when the screens were removed and both guns opened upon them. This fire was kept up rapidly, and with that of the infantry joined in turn caused the column to reel and seek shelter under the railroad embankment from the flank fire which the conformation of Cleburne's line enabled him to deliver upon their right. Notwithstanding the suddenness and surprise of the attack the confusion in the enemy's ranks was but brief, and with admirable steadiness they deployed in front of the gap and opened a heavy fire, at the same time moving a force and making a vigorous attack upon the right of Cleburne's line on the ridge. Major Taylor's command here opened a deadly fire, but did not at once succeed in checking the advance. Colonel Granbury being apprised of this sent two companies from his left to strengthen his right. Major Taylor had previously placed skirmishers at right angles to his line up the hill, and now with three companies he charged the flanking force, routed it, and captured one hundred prisoners and the colors of the 29th Missouri regiment. Another body of the enemy moved beyond Cleburne's right to ascend the ridge. Information of this movement was sent to General Polk, in rear of the gap, with orders to meet and check it. General Polk had learned of this movement, and with soldierly instinct and discretion had anticipated the order by sending to the proper point the 1st Arkansas regiment, which encountered the enemy's skirmishers near the crest of the ridge and, with the assistance of the 7th Texas, drove them back after a stubborn fight. Large masses of the enemy were now passing to Cleburne's right, and General Lowry was moved up to strengthen Polk and prolong the right of the line on the ridge.

In his official report, General Cleburne says:

"Moving rapidly ahead of his command General Lowry found the

1st Arkansas again heavily engaged, but heroically holding its ground against great odds. Assuring the regiment that support was at hand, he bought up the 32nd and 45th Mississippi in double time, and threw them into the fight at the critical moment. The enemy gave way, and went down the ridge in great confusion. Lowry now brought up the other regiments of his brigade, and Polk brought up the other two regiments of his command. The enemy constantly reinforcing made another powerful effort to crown the ridge still further to the right. A peculiarity of Taylor's ridge is the wavy conformation of its north side. The enemy moving up in line of battle, suddenly concentrated opposite one of the depressions in this wavy surface, and rushed up it in heavy columns. General Polk, with the assistance of General Lowry, as quickly concentrated a double line opposite this point—at the same time placing the 2d Tennessee in such a position as to command the flank of any force emerging from it. The attack was again defeated, and the enemy hurled down the hill, with the loss of many killed on the spot, several prisoners, and the colors of the 76th Ohio regiment. The colors and most of the prisoners were captured by the 1st Arkansas. In a fight where all fought nobly, I feel it my duty to particularly compliment this regiment for its courage and constancy. In the battle the officers fought with pistols and rocks; and so close was the fight that some of the enemy were knocked down with the latter missiles and captured. Apprehending another attack General Polk rapidly threw up some slight defences in his front."

Meanwhile a force of the enemy sent to menace the extreme left was checked by the skirmishers of Ashford and Dulin on the hill, and those of Govan on the bank of the creek and to the left of the railroad. During all this time Govan's troops at the gap had been subjected to a heavy and continuous fire, to which they replied with spirit and effect; and under the voice and eye of their intrepid commander felt themselves equal to any emergency. Cleburne in company with Govan remained in the front line, in the mouth of the gap and watched every movement. The enemy effected a lodgment in some buildings near the line from which they kept up a well-directed fire of sharp shooters. Finally concentrating a force under this cover they charged Govan's skirmishers, but were repulsed by cannister from Goldthwaite's guns. Goldthwaite afterwards shelled the buildings with such effect as in a great measure to abate the annoyance from that quarter. In this charge upon skirmishers a stand of the enemy's colors was left lying within sixty yards of the line, and Captain McGee of the 2d Arkansas begged permission to charge with a squad and secure the colors; but Cleburne refused, saying he would not have even one of his brave men killed or wounded for the honor of its capture. So the colors remained temptingly under the covetous eyes of the gallant McGee, who could with difficulty be restrained, notwithstanding Cleburne's prohibition.

It was now past noon, and for five hours Cleburne had been battling against odds increasing every moment. Large masses of the enemy at this hour in view justified the belief that most of Grant's army was now at and near Ringgold, preparing to throw itself in overwhelming force upon the flanks of the one opposing division. That Cleburne would be forced back was certain; it was only a question of time. About 12 o'clock a dispatch was received from General Hardee to the effect that the trains were now safe and that Cleburne might withdraw when, in his judgment, it was advisable. Up to 12:30 the enemy's fire had been exclusively of small arms, but his guns having come up he opened a heavy and rapid artillery fire, but did not again advance his infantry upon the front. At 1 P. M. Cleburne's artillery was re-masked and run back by hand, followed by the main line of infantry, leaving only skirmishers along the front. These were retired later, and the bridges across the creek were fired. This was barely accomplished when the enemy simultaneously marched over the crest of the ridge on the right and advanced through the gap.

Cleburne took position one mile in rear upon a hill known as "Dick's Ridge," where slight works were thrown up and preparations made for another contest. The enemy, however, declined battle, and advancing only to the eastern outlet of the gap abandoned the pursuit.

Cleburne carried into action 4,157 bayonets, and his loss in killed, wounded and missing was 221. With the exception of the few cavalrymen before mentioned, and who took no part in the actual battle, it was fought by his division alone. For over six hours he held at bay the larger part of Grant's forces, and again saved the wheels of the army.

For this engagement General Cleburne received a vote of thanks from Congress.

In his official report Cleburne thus speaks of his command:

"The conduct of officers and men in this fight needs no comment. Every man, as far as I know, did his whole duty. To Brigadier-Generals Polk and Lowry, and Colonels Govan and Granbury I must return my thanks. Four better officers are not in the service of the Confederacy. Lieutenant Goldthwaite, of the artillery, proved himself a brave and skillful officer."

Never was praise more worthily bestowed, nor by one more competent to bestow it.

Remaining in undisturbed possession of the position on "Dick's Ridge" until dark, Cleburne, in obedience to orders, marched to Tun-

nel Hill, where he arrived about midnight, and where his weary troops had their first regular ration since the 25th. On the next morning he occupied the line of Tunnel Hill, where the division remained on outpost duty until the opening of the campaign in May, 1864.

A few days after reaching Tunnel Hill, Cleburne received a flag of truce from General Hooker at Ringgold in regard to exchange of prisoners.

Of Cleburne's troops it need only be said that they were worthy of their commander—a man of lofty courage, and pure patriotism, unerring in his military instincts, and quick and resolute in the execution of his plans, which once matured, never miscarried. So uniform was his success, that at length friend and foe alike learned to note the place in the battle of his original blue battle flag, the distinctive mark of Cleburne's division—the only one in the Confederacy allowed to be carried into action other than the national colors.

Just one year after his brilliant service at Ringgold, on the fatal field of Franklin, Cleburne died as he had lived—*sans peur et sans reproche.*

IRVING A. BUCK.

Baltimore, Md.

Defence of Battery Gregg.

BY GEN'L N. H. HARRIS.

Besides my natural dislike to controversy, I have an additional dislike when such controversy is with any of my former comrades in arms. For I cherish with peculiar pleasure the memories connected with the days when I marched and fought with the glorious army of Northern Virginia. And now, after the lapse of years, since we put aside the harness of war and have become quiet and plodding citizens, our ways those of peace, I much prefer to avoid a collision, although it be one on paper. And only for the sake of truth and justice am I willing to disturb the kindly relations that should exist between old comrades; and for that reason, and that alone, am I willing to place myself in antagonism with those with whom I served.

In the December number, 1876, of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, page 301, Capt. W. Gordon McCabe says, in a foot note to his address made before the "A. N. V. Assoc'n," that the defence of Battery Gregg, April 2d, 1865, had wrongfully been attributed to Har-

ris's Mississippi brigade, and that the defence was made by Lane's North Carolina brigade. The source or manner of his information he does not state, but advises "by all means" the publication of General Lane's official report. In the January number, 1877, page 19, appears the official report of Brig.-Gen'l J. H. Lane, accompanied by statements of several officers of his brigade. In the February number, 1877, page 82, is an extract from "A Soldier's Story of the War," by Napier Bartlett, giving an account of the defence of Fort Gregg. The July number, 1877, page 18, contains an account from the pen of Maj.-Gen'l C. M. Wilcox of "The defence of Battery Gregg and Evacuation of Petersburg."

As the defence of Battery Gregg, April 2d, 1865, has thus been made a matter of controversy, I shall now state facts from memoranda made in writing in the latter part of the year 1865.

On the night of April 1st, 1865, I received orders from Maj.-Gen'l Mahone, whose division occupied the lines between Swift Run Creek and the James river, to hold my command in readiness to move at a moment's warning.

About two o'clock A. M. of the 2d, received orders to move at once with my command to Petersburg, cross at the Upper Pontoon bridge, and report to General Lee. I arrived at Petersburg a little after sunrise, crossed at the bridge as directed, and found General Lee a short distance therefrom, mounted, with some of his staff around him; and reported as ordered. General Lee asked a staff officer who just then rode up, if Gordon wanted any help; the officer replied that Gordon directed him to say that he thought he could hold his lines without further aid. General Lee then ordered me to report to Major-General Wilcox, near the Newman house on the Boydton plank road. I moved my command at quick time and found Gen'l Wilcox on the plank road, not far from the Newman house. As I approached I saw that the enemy had broken through his lines in heavy force, and was extending in line of battle across the open fields in the direction of the Southside railroad.

General Wilcox says (July No., 1877, page 16):

"Colonel Venable, aid-de-camp to General Lee, soon joined me, with a message that Harris's brigade would report in a few minutes; it numbers over five hundred muskets. Heavy masses of the enemy were soon seen moving forward from their entrenched lines in a direction to cross ours near the Carnes House. It was useless to attempt to engage them with the force I had; Harris was therefore ordered

forward a little beyond the Banks house—advanced skirmishers, but with orders not to become engaged with his line of battle. It was the purpose to delay the forward movement of the enemy as much as possible, in order that troops from the north side of James river might arrive and fill the gap between the right of our main Petersburg lines and the Appomattox. The enemy, moving by the flank, crossed the Boydton plank-road near the Pickerell house, north of it; then continuing the march across an open field of six or eight hundred yards wide halted, faced to the right, and, preparatory to their advance, fired a few rounds from a battery. Several pieces of artillery were placed in rear of Harris, and opened fire on the enemy, over a mile distant; they moved forward unchecked, and but little annoyed by this fire. The fragments of Thomas and Lane's brigades were withdrawn. * * * * * * The lines of battle of the enemy, imposing from their numbers and strength, advanced; slowly, but steadily, our artillery—that in rear of Harris's brigade—was withdrawn, and the brigade, after a slight skirmish, retired."

The above is substantially correct; instead of five hundred muskets, I had about four hundred, as I had left about one hundred men on picket on the lines between Swift Run creek and the James river. Instead of "Barnes'" house, it should be "Newman's" house.

After receiving instructions from General Wilcox to retire my command from its advanced position on the Plank road I fell back, and, by his orders, placed two regiments, the Twelfth and Sixteenth, numbering about one hundred and fifty muskets, in Battery Gregg, the first commanded by Captain A. K. Jones, the second by Captain James H. Duncan. I placed Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth regiment, in command of the two regiments in Battery Gregg. I placed the Nineteenth regiment, under command of Colonel R. H. Phipps, and the Forty-eighth regiment, commanded by Colonel James N. Jayne, in Battery "Whitworth." These two regiments numbered about two hundred and fifty men. These works were situated in an open field, about three hundred paces apart, the surface of the earth sinking gradually to a point about equi-distant between the two works. The enemy, making dispositions carefully, advanced slowly. I rode to the front of Battery Gregg, and instructed Colonel Duncan to have plenty of ammunition brought into that work, telling him where the ordnance wagons were located (having derived this information from General Wilcox or one of his staff), and that he was to hold the work to the last extremity. After having the cabins (quarters of my brigade the preceding winter,) located in front of Whitworth set on fire, so that they would not be a cover for the enemy, I assumed immediate command of Whitworth, as the larger part of my command occupied

that work, having Gregg under personal observation as I have stated. The enemy advanced in heavy force against Battery Gregg, and its heroic and determined resistance is now a matter of history. A few moments after the fall of Gregg, I received an order from General Lee, at least I understood it as coming from him (General Wilcox says he sent the order), to abandon Whitworth, and retreat to the inner line. The enemy had nearly surrounded Whitworth, and under a heavy cross-fire I withdrew the two regiments, and retired to the inner lines running from battery forty-five to the Appomattox river. This statement of facts is made as brief as possible, and I will now review the statements made by General Lane and others.

General Lane says, January No., 1877, page 22, "Harris' brigade formed on my right," &c. This is an error, for when I moved forward and took position on the Plank road, as above described, there were no troops of any kind either to my right or left.

Again, same page, "that brigade retired to the fort above Fort Gregg; I think it was called Fort Anderson," &c. There was no such fort as "Fort Anderson;" I suppose the general means Battery Whitworth, which was not *above* Fort Gregg, but on a *parallel line therewith.*

Further he says: "The honor of the gallant defence of Fort Gregg is due to my brigade, Chew's battery, and Walker's supernumerary artillerists, armed as infantry, and not to Harris' brigade, which abandoned Fort Anderson, and retired to the old or inner line of works before Fort Gregg was attacked in force." This is altogether erroneous, as the regiments in Whitworth were not withdrawn until after the fall of Gregg, and then by orders. During the assault on Gregg, the two regiments in Whitworth were not idle, but assisted their comrades in Gregg by a heavy enfilade fire on their assailants, besides holding the enemy in check in front of Whitworth. As Gregg repulsed assault after assault, the hearty cheers of their comrades in Whitworth encouraged them to renewed effort.

Lieutenant George H. Snow (same No., page 23) says he only—

"Saw two or three officers of Harris's brigade in the fort fighting bravely, but the number of their command I cannot exactly give, but think that ten will cover the whole. * * * The enemy charged us three times, and after having expended all our ammunition *rocks were used successfully for over half an hour* in resisting their repeated attempts to rush over us [the italics are mine.] I do not think Harris's brigade should be mentioned in connection with its defence."

This *rock* story will show what *weight* this testimony is entitled to without further comment.

Lieutenant F. B. Craige (in same No., page 24) writes as follows:

"Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan and his adjutant, of Harris's brigade, both of whom were wounded in the head and acted with conspicuous gallantry, had with them not more than twenty men."

I can only account for Lieut. Craige's defective vision by the supposition that the immense and imposing numbers of the enemy had, by comparison with the small number of the garrison, so dwarfed his visual organs that he could only see the small number of my command he mentions.

Lieutenant A. B. Howard (same No., page 25) states as follows:

"I fully concur with Lieut. Snow in his statements concerning the number of *men* from Harris's brigade. I am pretty certain that there was only *one* officer, instead of *two*, from that brigade; his name was Duncan. He said he was lieutenant-colonel, but there were no stars or bars about him to designate his rank."

This officer seems to have been suffering from "*snow*" blindness also.

Same No., page 26, Lieut. D. M. Rigler says:

"After the enemy drove us from the works a portion of the brigade fell back in rear of General Mahone's quarters, and was there until you ordered us to the fort. 'Twas near Mahone's quarters that General A. P. Hill was killed. When we came to the fort you were there with some of the brigade. You then ordered all of us to charge the enemy. We held the Jones road about fifteen minutes. Harris's Mississippi brigade came up; the enemy fired on them and they retreated. * * Harris's men came in with a lieutenant-colonel and about fifteen men. * * * I think there were twenty-five of Harris's Mississippi brigade with a lieutenant-colonel; do not think there were any more. The lieutenant-colonel was wounded."

I suppose Lieutenant Rigler meant the quarters occupied by General Mahone the previous winter. General Hill was not killed near there. If there was any charge made by General Lane or any other command that morning, it was made before I arrived on the ground, for certainly *none* was made after I arrived. I advanced, as before stated, four or five hundred yards forward on the plank road, and *did not* "retreat as soon as fired on by the enemy," as Lieutenant Rigler states, but held the position until ordered to retreat by General Wilcox, through his adjutant, Captain Glover. However, I must give Lieutenant Rigler

credit for eye-sight a little better than Lieutenants Snow and Howard, for he thinks he saw "*twenty five* men of Harris' brigade."

In the same number, page 22, in a letter to General Wilcox, late his division commander, General Lane says: "You may not be aware that Harris's brigade has been given *in print* all the credit of that gallant defence." If such is the case, there certainly must be some good reason therefor, and I shall leave it to those who read this, and the papers annexed, to determine that reason. Sufficient for me to say, that what has appeared heretofore, has not been *printed* by any one connected with the brigade, or at their instance; and singularly there has been a great unanimity on the part of foe, friend, and stranger in giving the credit of that defence to Harris' brigade.

With this, and the annexed certificates and statements, we cheerfully submit the facts to our old comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia, and by their decision we are willing to stand. Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, who commanded the regiments in Battery Gregg, survived the war only a few short years, and his memory is loved and cherished by his surviving comrades. Captain James H. Duncan, who commanded the 16th regiment on that eventful day, a true son of Virginia, has "crossed over the river," and fills an honored grave in the bosom of his adopted State. The lips of these two noble officers are sealed in death.

Whilst it is far from my intent, in the preparation of this statement, to deprive the gallant soldiers of the old North State of any of the laurels won by them on so many well contested fields, it *is* my intent to demand and preserve for the gallant officers and men of my brigade the glories they won and achieved. It is somewhat remarkable that during the long term of fifteen years, when public *prints*, both foreign and American, as well as many eye-witnesses of the day, have accorded the defence of Battery Gregg to the Mississippians and the gallant Louisiana artillerists, that others who at this late day now come forward and claim *all* the honors of that occasion, *should have remained utterly silent.* I have obtruded myself most reluctantly upon the public, but I have written only in the spirit of self-defence, and have purposely avoided the enumeration of many facts that might be construed as severe or harsh reflections upon others. Nevertheless it is, and will hereafter remain with me a matter of duty, to defend the reputation and honor of the brave fellows who fought and died at Gregg, as earnestly if not as manfully, as they defended the trust committed to them on that memorable day.

N. H. Harris.

FROM MEMBERS OF THE BRIGADE PRESENT.

We, the undersigned members of the Twelfth, Sixteenth, Nineteenth, and Forty-eighth regiments, Mississippi volunteers, Harris's brigade, Army Northern Virginia, on our honor as gentlemen and records as soldiers, state that the claim of General Lane of North Carolina, made in the "SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS," published at Richmond, Virginia, supported by the statements of several of the officers and men of his command, wherein it is claimed that the defence of Battery Gregg before Petersburg, April 2nd, 1865, was made solely by that command, to be an unwarrantable claim, and a gross perversion of history. We assert that said defence was made by the Twelfth and Sixteenth Mississippi regiments, Harris's brigade, and a section of the Washington artillery. There may have been *a few* men of other commands in the work, but they were without organization.

Witness our hands at Port Gibson, Mississippi, this first day of November, A. D. 1879:

E. Howard McCaleb, adjutant, twelfth infantry regiment.

T. B. Manlove, lieutenant-colonel, forty-eigth Mississippi regiment.

W. R. Thompson, private, company K, twelfth Misisisppi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

R. H. McElwaine, private, company I, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

R. B. Thetford, company H, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

H. Gilmore, private, company I, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

John W. Walters, private, company G., sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

Fred. J. V. Le Cand, sergeant, company G, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

James G. Robbins, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

John A. Shields, private, company G, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

H. H. Owing, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

Harry Dey, private, company G, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

J. D. Bridger, sergeant, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

W. H. Dromgoole, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

John W. Owen, private, company D, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

L. B. Harlin, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

H. M. Colsom, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

C. R. Nesmith, sergeant, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

G. W. H. Shaiffer, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

J. H. Sins, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

J. F. Girault, private, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

A. M. Girault, private, company G, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

Thomas M. Rea, private, company D, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

A. K. Jones, captain, company K, twelfth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

B. F. Chisholm, color guard, sixteenth Mississippi regiment, present at Fort Gregg.

Frank H. Foot, courier for Harris's brigade.

N. S. Walker, captain, company E, forty-eighth Mississippi regiment.

T. Q. Munce, captain, company G, twelfth Mississippi regiment.

HAZELHURST, MISSISSIPPI, January, 1880.

We, the undersigned, endorse the above:

W. L. Haley, lieutenant, company D, twelfth Mississippi regiment.
C. P. Cook, " " " " " "
Jessie Thompson, lieutenant, company D, twelfth Mississippi regiment.
J. J. Johnson, sergeant, company D, " " "
E. G. Peyton, " " D, " " "
D. C. Wood, " " D, " " "
A. M. Martin, " " D, " " "
J. C. Martin, " " D, " " "
Norvell Slay, company C, sixteenth Mississippi regiment.

FROM CAPT. A. K. JONES.

PORT GIBSON, MISS., April 12, 1878.

Dear General:

Your esteemed favor to hand, as also three copies of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS. I have read the papers, and now remail them to you. Thanks for the loan. It is truly sad to think how history may be perverted. I have thought that if there was any one battle of the war in which there could be no doubt as who the participants were, on the Confederate side, it was the defense of Fort Gregg, and it does affect me to think that the men who voluntarily offered themselves a holocaust on that holy Sabbath day to save the Army of Northern Virginia from capture in the trenches at Petersburg should, after the lapse of thirteen years, have to come before the public to vindicate their rights. I have no fear, however, but that posterity will know the true history of the defense of Fort Gregg. The events of the war have mellowed down with time, and many scenes have slipped away from memory. I have looked over a memorandum book I kept during the last campaign, which has greatly freshened my memory concerning the stirring and exciting events of the defence of Petersburg. I find that on the 1st day of April, 1865, my company, "G and K" consolidated, including Lieut. Glasscock and myself, was thirty-five strong. When we left camp at Bermuda Hundreds at 3 A. M., April 2d, I left seven men of my company on picket;

three others were lost by straggling, leaving twenty-five men of my company who were present and participated in the defence of Fort Gregg; that about 9 o'clock A. M. the bombardment of the fort began, lasting perhaps an hour, a section of the Washington Artillery of two guns replying until both were disabled and several gunners killed. When the artillery fire ceased the infantry hastily approached for the assault. The fort was carried about 1 o'clock P. M. We had ample time and opportunity to see the result of our defence, for when the guns in Fort Whitworth were opened on Gregg, after its capture, the prisoners were marched to that side of the fort, and afterwards taken to the front of the fort to be counted off and made ready for the march to the rear. The slaughter was appalling. I saw the field at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, the Wilderness, and 12th of May, 1864, at Spotsylvania Court-house, and at neither place were the dead half so thickly strewn as at Gregg. The dead were lying two hundred and three hundred yards in front of the fort, and increased in numbers as the fort was neared, until immediately at the fort it was simply fearful. Men shot off the parapet fell back into the ditch, were pitched out behind, and actually lay in heaps.

On comparing notes that night (2d of April) at Warren Station, U. S. M. R. R., we estimated that we had lost about thirty men in our two regiments killed, and that the enemy had suffered not less than one thousand killed. In my company I had one killed and four wounded; one of the wounded has never been heard of since. Only one man was wounded during the fight, the other three were wounded and one killed after the fort was carried and we had thrown down our arms. There were no bayonets used at Fort Gregg. Small arms were in the greatest abundance—averaging at least two for each man who assisted in the defence. The parapet was eight or ten feet broad, and as no dead men remained on it, none, in consequence, were bayoneted. The fact is, that when an assaulting column reached the fort and made an effort or two to scale the parapet they kept pretty quiet until a new force reached them, and during this seeming lull it gave us ample time to reload all the extra guns.

The account of Lieut. Snow is quite a romance. I exceedingly doubt, if he were present, of his participating in the defence of Fort Gregg. There were no rocks or stones in Fort Gregg; our winter quarters, if we had any, were immediately in the rear of the fort, and I do not recollect of seeing any in that vicinity. Nor was it possible for any one to leave the fort at any time after the first assault much less to leave just at the last assault, with a battle-flag flaunting. I speak positively, having had ocular demonstration that the entire ditch surrounding the fort was filled with the enemy. There was, however, a stand of colors belonging to a North Carolina regiment taken out of the fort; and in fact small groups of men were continually leaving up to a short while before the cannonading began. Just before General Wilcox left the fort I was told that he wished to speak to me (I was senior Captain present of the Twelfth regiment). On approaching him I was asked if I were in command of the Mississippi troops. I replied

that I was not, and called to Colonel Duncan, of the Sixteenth Mississippi regiment, who was near. General Wilcox said to him, speaking loudly so that many might hear, I presume, "If you will hold the fort two hours Longstreet's corps will be up, and all will be well." As I said before men were continually leaving, remarking that they were separated from their commands and would be considered deserters, and if hurt away from their friends would not receive proper attention, &c. As soon as General Wilcox rode away, at my suggestion no more men were permitted to leave, no matter what the excuse.

The enemy were massing their artillery, and their assaulting columns were well up, and it was known by every man present that when Forts Gregg and Whitworth were out of the way that Petersburg lay in full view, without any other works of defence in that direction.

There is no questioning the fact, that brave, gallant men assisted in the defence of Fort Gregg, who were not of our brigade, but to say that they were in an organized state, or were in respectable proportion to us, would falsify facts. We formed our regiments, the Sixteenth on the right, beginning at the entrance "on the right by file into line," so that when in position, my company, which held the left of the Twelfth regiment, was on the left of the entrance. The loose men (without organization), including the artillerymen, held no distinct position, but were scattered all through our regiments. General Wilcox is wrongfully informed when he says the enemy first got into the works from the rear, or from the parapet of the trench which connected the two forts. The last assaulting column was twice driven off the parapet, but the third time the whole front was carried simultaneously. No enemy entered the works from the rear until we had thrown down our unloaded guns. I have the names of the men of my company who were in Fort Gregg—that is, of companies "G" and "K."

I am truly glad to know that you intend to reply to General Lane's article, for I know that you are competent to vindicate and make memorable the deeds of your old brigade.

Yours, with greatest esteem,

A. K. Jones,

Captain Commanding Twelfth Mississippi regiment at Fort Gregg.

To General N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Mississippi.

FROM CAPT. APPLEWHITE.

House of Representatives, Jackson Miss., Feb. 20, 1880.

Dear General:

Your favor calling my attention to the communication of General Lane and others, in the January No., 1877, of the Southern Historical Papers, relative to the defence of Battery Gregg before Petersburg, Virginia, April 2d, 1865, duly received. I must confess to great surprise at the statements made by General Lane and other officers of his brigade, when they state that there were not more than fifteen or twenty-fiveMississippians in Gregg. The facts are as follows:

After retiring from the advanced position on the Plank road, you placed the Twelfth Mississippi regiment and the Sixteenth Mississippi regiment in Battery Gregg, and the Nineteenth and Forty-eigth regiments in Battery Whitworth.

There was no other organized command in Battery Gregg save the two regiments mentioned, and a section of artillery. There may have been good and true men from other commands who aided in the defence, but they were without organization. Lieutenant-Colonel James H. Duncan, of the Nineteenth regiment, was in command of the two regiments of your brigade in Battery Gregg.

The assertion that "Harris's brigade should not be mentioned in connection with the defence of Battery Gregg," *under the facts*, I consider *unwarranted* and *unjust*, coming as it does, from fellow comrades of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Yours truly,

R. R. Applewhite,
Captain Twelfth Mississippi regiment.

General N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Mississippi.

FROM GENERAL WILLIAM MAHONE.

Richmond, January 24, 1880.

General N. H. Harris,
Vicksburg, Mississippi.

My dear General,—I am proud of your kind words in respect to me personally, and in response to the enquiry made in your letter of the 17th instant, hasten this reply.

Before I proceed, however needless as it may be, I cannot forbear to say that the brigade you commanded, deservedly stood abreast in my opinion with any other of my knowledge for its efficiency, devotion to the cause and its fidelity to duty—as it stood even with any other for conspicuous gallantry.

I do know that when General Lee telegraphed me on the night of second of April in effect, "Can you spare me a brigade of your division," my answer was, "Harris's Mississippi brigade is under orders on its way to you," for I had already, on the receipt of his dispatch, before making that reply, put your brigade under orders to report to General Lee at Petersburg.

My information was, in that trying time, immediately following the retreat of General Lee's army, that your brigade had done noble work at Petersburg, and that a part of it, perhaps under the immediate command of Colonel James, had gone down in a persistent and glorious defence of Battery Gregg.

The impression then made I have had, time and again, confirmed by officers, whose commands were connected directly with the attack upon and fall of that battery, and I had not supposed there was a dispute as to the fact that such part of your brigade, mainly in conjunction with the artillerymen who had been gathered by General R. Lindsay Wal-

ker in that battery, had made the heroic defence, and I doubt not General Walker will certify to this effect.

I have never read the article in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS to which you refer, and make you this answer therefore without reference to it.

Very cordially yours,

WM. MAHONE.

P. S.—Since the above has been written, General Walker has been in to see me, and on showing him your letter and this reply he has furnished the enclosed paper, which he directs me to say is at your service.

FROM GENERAL R. L. WALKER.

RICHMOND, January 24, 1880.

On the morning of the 3d of April, 1865, I was at Rives's Salient until about sunrise, when it was reported to me that the lines in front of Fort Gregg had been taken by the enemy. Placing Col. McIntosh in command at Rives's Salient, I immediately repaired to Fort Gregg and found the lines broken from the *dam* as far west as I could see. Directly in front of Fort Gregg the lines *had been* occupied by Lane's brigade. I manned the fort with a section of the Washington artillery and two companies organized from the supernumerary artillerymen. I called on them to go with me to recover the line evacuated by our infantry, or at least so much thereof as had been occupied by two of my batteries, which had been left in the hands of the enemy. They made a gallant charge, recapturing these batteries and bringing them out. They were then formed as skirmishers in front of Fort Gregg, and led by Captains Chamberlayne and Young, drove back the enemy's skirmish line, which then had formed perpendicular to our original line. I then fell back to Fort Gregg, and just at this juncture the gallant Mississippians, under the intrepid Harris, came up to my relief. As well as I remember a part of Harris's brigade, with my men, then occupied Fort Gregg, while the main body went to Fort Alexander, a few hundred yards to the north and right of Fort Gregg. We held our respective positions until I was informed that General Longstreet had come to our relief on the right, when I dispatched my inspector-general, Captain Richard Walke, to General Harris, informing him of the fact, and suggesting the propriety of falling back to the inner lines, as we had done all we could do. At the same time I sent an officer, whose name I will not mention, to Fort Gregg, with orders to evacuate it. The message to General Harris was delivered and he accepted the suggestion—the order never reached Fort Gregg, hence the sacrifice of its gallant defenders.

I do not hesitate to say that the only assistance I received from any source whatsoever, was from the gallant Mississippi brigade under command of Brigadier-General N. H. Harris.

R. L. WALKER,

Brig.-Gen'l and Ch. Art'y, 3d Corps, A. N. V.

FROM COL. W. M. OWEN.

NEW ORLEANS, 26th January, 1880.

Gen'l. N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Miss:

My Dear General,—Yours of 17th inst. came duly, asking me to obtain from Lieutenant McElroy a statement relative to what troops defended Gregg April 2d, 1865.

I addressed McElroy a note stating your request, but up to this date I have no reply to my communication, except on the occasion of the re-union of the Army of Northern Virginia on the 21st inst., he told me *en passant* that so long a time had elapsed that he could not now recall the numbers of the regiments who were with him in Gregg. I enclose, however, a copy of his report to me, of his operations just before your men entered the fort, and think a letter addressed by you direct to him will bring him out. Address, Capt. F. McElroy, N. O. *Bee* office.

I wrote up what I remembered of the Gregg affair some years ago, and it was published in Bartlett's book on the war, which I think you have seen. C. J. Lewis, one of your old soldiers tells me he was in the fort and that there were portions of the 48th, 12th, and 16th Mississippi, and two pieces of artillery (W. A.) I know that Captain Chew was in the fort with some of his disbanded Baltimore Artillery, but did not serve the guns.

I have always understood that the fort was held by Mississippians and Louisianians—the ranking officer a lieutenant colonel of one of the Mississippi regiments. I can't see what General Lane had to do with Gregg.

I enclose you a card of invitation to the unveiling of our monument on 22d February, and hope you will be present.

Very truly yours,

W. M. OWEN.

FROM LIEUTENANT MCELROY.

NEW ORLEANS, March 26, 1866.

To S. M. OWEN,

Dear Sir,—About 6 o'clock on the morning of April 2nd, 1865, by order of Colonel Owen, moved my command (sixty-four men) from Fort Gregg to Fort Owen, to support a section of the Washington artillery under command of first lieutenant Battles. About a half hour after my arrival at Fort Owen, our lines were broken about one-and-a-half miles to our right, and the brigade stationed at that point retired in disorder. After our lines were broken, by order of Colonel Owen, moved my command back to Fort Gregg, placed my men in position around the fort, and opened fire on the enemy in my front and right. There being no artillery in the fort, and my ammunition reduced to one thousand rounds, and no prospects of receiving more, I was

compelled to slacken my fire. The enemy in the meantime having captured Lieutenant Battles and command, turned one of the pieces (three inch-rifle) on my position, Concentrating my fire on that piece, they abandoned it as well as the position, seeing which, I formed two detachments, and gaining the position, opened with the two pieces on the enemy, who were in force about two hundred yards to my right. The enemy having retired, I was ordered to move the two pieces to a position to the right of Fort Gregg; procured horses, moved forward about a mile. Seeing the enemy advancing in three or four lines of battle inside of our lines, and about four miles to the right of Gregg, came in battery, commenced firing, fired about thirty-five rounds from each gun. Ordered by Colonel Owen to move out on the road and take position in rear of Harris's brigade. Then moving down the road to meet the enemy—had not gone over two hundred yards—ordered by Colonel Owen back to Fort Gregg with my two pieces, which, by his order, were put in position on the work.

* * * * * * *

I remain your obedient servant,

(Signed) FRANCIS MCELROY,

First lieutenant second company battalion Washington artillery.

FROM MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN GIBBON, UNITED STATES ARMY.

FORT SNELLING, MINN., January 17, 1880.

Dear Sir,—I have your letter of the 14th inst., and regret that I can give you no information in regard to the garrison of Fort Gregg. I have merely a vague recollection that I heard at the time the garrison was composed of Mississippians. Lieutenant-Colonel Duncan, the commander, I recollect perfectly well, having met him immediately after the surrender. He was slightly wounded in the head. I have to regret that this answer to your enquiry is necessarily so unsatisfactory, and am,

Very respectfully yours,

JOHN GIBBON.

Gen'l N. H. Harris, Vicksburg, Miss.

History of Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

By General James H. Lane.

Campaign 1863.

Winter Quarters at Moss Neck.

Throughout the winter our brigade was chiefly engaged in doing picket duty on the Rappahannock. When the roads became impassable it was ordered to assist in corduroying the same. Some of this work was done during and just after the snow storms of that year. The snow had to be removed before the logs could be laid; and at night, as the men were not able to return to their quarters on account of the distance, their sufferings were intense.

In the Spring, when the enemy renewed their demonstrations at Fredericksburg, we were ordered up and occupied the second line of works near Hamilton's Crossing; but we soon left this point to take part in the ever memorable

Battle of Chancellorsville.

Head-quarters Lane's Brigade,
"Camp Gregg," May 11th, 1863.

Captain,—On the morning of the 1st of May, my brigade moved from its position in the second line near Hamilton's Crossing, along the plank road in the direction of Chancellorsville, and that night formed line of battle, with skirmishers thrown forward to the right of the road, about a mile and a half from the latter place. Next morning, after the artillery fight on our right, it was marched to the plank road above Chancellorsville, by the way of Welford's Iron Forge, and then ordered to move down the road by the flank, while the three lines of battle advanced. After it was ascertained that the enemy were rapidly falling back, it pushed forward with the artillery beyond the third and second lines to within a short distance of the first. Here General A. P. Hill ordered me (at dark) to deploy one regiment as skirmishers across the road, to form line of battle in rear with the rest of the brigade, and to push vigorously forward—in other words we were ordered to make a night attack and capture the enemy's batteries, if possible. Just then the enemy opened a terrific fire, which was responded to by our batteries. As soon as this was over, I deployed the Thirty-third North Carolina troops forward as skirmishers, and formed line of battle to the

rear—the Seventh and Thirty-seventh to the right, the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth to the left—the left of the Thirty-seventh and the right of the Eighteenth resting on the road. I had moved forward the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth to within a short distance of our line of skirmishers, and was about to move the Seventh and Thirty-seventh to a corresponding position before ordering the whole line forward, when Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, of a Pennsylvania regiment entered our lines with a white flag and wished to know if we were *Confederate or Union troops.* Considering this an illegitimate use of the white flag, as he expressly stated *it was not his object to surrender*, and not wishing to let him return, I sent Lieutenant Lane to General A. P. Hill to know what I should do. Our skirmishers on the right soon after fired upon a few of the enemy who had approached tolerably near, and a few random shots were fired by the Seventh and Thirty-seventh regiments without orders, which appears to have drawn the enemy's artillery and infantry fire. I understand from the official report of the commanding officer of the Eighteenth North Carolina troops, that General A. P. Hill, staff and couriers, were in the road in advance of them at the time, and to avoid the enemy's fire some of them dashed into the woods over the Eighteenth regiment, which fired into them, mistaking them in the dark for the enemy's cavalry. After this unfortunate mistake, I received information that a body of troops was moving on our right. I at once sent Lieutenant Emack and four men to reconnoitre, and they soon returned with a Pennsylvania regiment which had thrown down their arms and surrendered themselves prisoners of war. This regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, who had commenced to remonstrate with me for allowing it to be captured while he was in my lines with a white flag, when the enemy's artillery opened upon us again. I at once sent the regiment to the rear under Captain Young—his company having been detailed as a guard—and turned Lieutenant-Colonel Smith over to Captain Adams, signal officer, to be taken to General A. P. Hill.

General A. P. Hill being wounded, the night attack was not made as at first contemplated. I withdrew the left wing of the Thirty-third, which formed on the right of the Seventh, and extended our line still further to the right with the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth regiments—the right of the Twenty-eighth resting on a road running obliquely to the Plank road, with two of its companies broken back to guard against a flank movement.

Between twelve and one o'clock that night the enemy could be heard marshaling their troops along our whole front, while their artillery

was rumbling up the road to our right. Soon after their artillery opened right and left, and Sickles' command rushed upon us with loud and prolonged cheering. They were driven back on the left by our skirmishers, but the fight was more stubborn on the right, *which was the main point of attack.* The Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth, and left wing of the Thirty-third, engaged them there, and gallantly drove them back, although they had outflanked us and encountered the two right companies of the Twenty-eighth, which had been deflected in anticipation of such a movement. A subsequent attack, made about half an hour later, was similarly repulsed. The Twenty-eighth captured a staff-officer, and the colors of the third Maine volunteers were taken by Captain Clark's company of the same regiment. The Eighteenth also captured an aid to General Williams. A number of field and company officers, and a large number of men were captured along our whole line. After the enemy were repulsed, General McGowan was ordered forward with his brigade, and took position on our right.

On Sunday morning, about sunrise, the whole brigade was wheeled a little to the left, that the line might be perpendicular to the Plank road, and then, in obedience to orders, it moved gallantly forward with shouts, driving the enemy's skirmishers, and handsomely charging and carrying their breastworks. The left of the Thirty seventh passed entirely over the works, capturing a number of prisoners, and the gallant old Seventh eclipsed all of its former glories.

These works were on a hill, commanded by the Chancellorsville hill, which was fortified with a line of earth-works for twenty-eight pieces of artillery, running nearly parallel to our position, and between four hundred and five hundred yards distant, with a stream of water intervening. As soon as we had dislodged their infantry, these guns with others opened a murderous fire of shell, grape and canister upon us. A fresh column of their infantry was thrown against us, and, with our right flank completely turned, we were forced to fall back with the loss of about *one-third of the command.*

The Twenty-eighth regiment, commanded by its gallant young Colonel Lowe, fell back a few hundred yards, and was ordered to give assistance wherever needed, while I superintended the reforming of the rest of the brigade still further to the rear. Colonel Lowe informs me that the Twenty-eighth behaved well throughout the remainder of the day, that it made two more charges under the heavy artillery firing, and was led in each by Major General Stuart.

As soon as the rest of the brigade was reformed and replenished with ammunition, they were taken back into the woods to the left of the

Plank road to the support of General Colquitt's command, which was then nearly out of ammunition. The woods which we entered were on fire—the heat was excessive—the smoke arising from burning blankets, oilcloths, &c., very offensive—the dead and dying of the enemy could be seen on all sides enveloped in flames—the ground on which we formed was so hot as at first to be disagreeable to our feet. Nothing daunted, however, the men took their positions without a murmur, notwithstanding their previous hard marching, desperate fighting and sleepless nights, and remained under arms again the whole of Sunday night in the front line while heavy skirmishing was going on.

Never have I seen men fight more gallantly, and bear fatigue and hardship more cheerfully. I shall always feel proud of the noble bearing of my brigade in the battle of Chancellorsville, the bloodiest in which it has ever taken part, when the Thirty third discharged its duties so well as skirmishers, and with the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth gallantly repulsed two night attacks made by vastly superior numbers, and when the Seventh and Thirty-seventh vied with each other as to who should first drive the vandals from their works.

Its gallantry has cost it many noble sacrifices, and we are called upon to mourn the loss of some of our bravest spirits. The fearless Purdie was killed while urging forward his men—the gentle, but gallant Hill, after the works had been taken—and Johnnie Young, a mere boy, not yet eighteen, but a brave and efficient captain, fell at the head of his company. Captain Kerr, and Lieutenants Campbell, Bolick, Emack, Weaver, Bouchelle, Babb, Callais and Regan, all fell in the discharge of their duties, as also did J. Rooker Lane of company E, Fifth Virginia cavalry, who at the time was acting as my volunteer aid.

I cannot speak in too high terms of the behaviour of this brigade. Colonel Barbour, though wounded, was from time to time with his command, giving all the assistance he could. Major Morris, wounded in the foot, left the hospital on horseback, and assisted in reforming his regiment. Major Mayhew, after the left wing of the Thirty-third was withdrawn, and Lieutenant-Colonel Cowan was wounded, gallantly commanded the skirmishers in the night attack; was wounded in the charge next day, and is now thought to be in the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant-Colonel Speer was wounded in one of the night attacks, and Colonels Avery and Haywood, Lieutenant-Colonels George and Ashcraft, and Major Davidson in the charge Sunday morning.

After the loss of so many field officers, Major Barry and Captains Harris, Saunders, Brown and Nicholson, rendered me great assistance. Captain Saunders, in his official report, calls special attention to the

efficiency of Lieutenants E. Price and J. L. Farrow of the Thirty-third regiment.

Lieutenant Bryan, ordnance officer, and Lieutenant Nicholson, brigade inspector, discharged their duties well, though the latter had but few "stragglers" and no "skulkers" to drive forward that I have yet heard of. I am specially indebted to my Aid-de-camp, Lieutenant O. Lane, and to one of my couriers, George E. Barringer, for the great assistance rendered me. They both bore themselves well under the hottest fires. My other courier was a paltroon, and has been sent back to his regiment.

The brigade loss is twelve (12) commissioned officers killed, fifty-nine (59) wounded, and one (1) missing; one hundred and forty-nine (149) enlisted men killed, five hundred and sixty-seven (567) wounded, and one hundred and twenty-one (121) missing; making an aggregate of nine hundred and nine (909.)

Respectfully,

JAMES H. LANE, *Brigadier-General.*

Captain R. H. Finney, Acting Adjutant-General.

How Stonewall Jackson met his Death. An Interesting and Authentic Statement from General James H. Lane.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

RICHMOND, VA., January 1, 1873.

Messrs. Editors,—I hope you will allow me through the columns of your popular paper to give to the public some of the circumstances connected with the death-wound of General Jackson, particularly as a recent publication has declared that a night attack was not contemplated at that time.

When General Jackson moved so unexpectedly and so successfully upon the enemy's flank at Chancellorsville, his front line was composed of Rodes' division, and his second of A. P. Hill's, with the exception of McGowan's (South Carolina) brigade and mine (which was composed wholly of North Carolinians). Our two brigades moved by the flank along the plank-road immediately in rear of our artillery—mine being in front. When, about dark, we reached the breast works from which the enemy had been driven, we were halted, and remained standing in the road for some time. Gen. A. P. Hill then ordered me to form across the road—two regiments to the right, two to the left, and one

thrown forward as a strong line of skirmishers—for the purpose of making a night attack; but soon after the order was given, our artillery opened and the enemy replied. I at once ordered my men to lie down, as I was unwilling to attempt to manœuvre them in the dark, and in such a woods, under such a deadly fire. Col. William H. Palmer, of this city, gallantly crossed the road to know why I did not move my command. I requested him to tell General Hill that if he wished me to do so successfully he must order his artillery to cease firing. The order was given, and, as I had anticipated, the enemy also ceased firing. I now formed my brigade as I had been ordered, putting the Seventh and Thirty-Seventh on the right of the road, and the Eighteenth and Twenty-eighth on the left, *the right of the Eighteenth resting on the road*, while the Twenty-third, under Col. Avery, was thrown forward as skirmishers. The woods in front of our right consisted of large oaks, with but little undergrowth; in rear of our right there was a pine thicket, and to the left of the road there was a dense growth of "scrubby oaks," through which it was very difficult for troops to move. Our skirmish line occupied the crest of the hill, separated, on the right of the road, from the Chancellorsville hill by a deep valley. I cautioned all of my field officers to watch closely the front, as we were then occupying the front line and were expected to make a night attack. After forming my line I rode back to ask General Hill if we must advance or wait for further orders, and on reaching the plank-road I met General Jackson alone, I think, and he at once wished to know for whom I was looking. I told him, and to save further delay I asked for orders. In an earnest tone, and with a pushing gesture of his right hand in the direction of the enemy he replied, "Push right ahead Lane," and then rode forward. On reaching the right of my command to put it in motion, I found that a Lieutenant-Colonel Smith of the One Hundredth and Twenty-Eighth Pennsylvania regiment, had come up between our line of battle and skirmish line, with a white handkerchief tied to a stick, to learn, as he stated, whether we were friends or foes. This officer seemed surprised at my not allowing him to return after he had gratified his curiosity. I was still further delayed by officers of the Seventh regiment reporting that during my absense troops of some kind had been heard talking on our right. Lieutenant Emack, with five men, was at once sent out to reconnoitre, and he soon returned with the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, which had thrown down their arms and surrendered on being told that they were cut off. Just as Captain Young (our gallant boy-captain, about eighteen or nineteen years old) was ordered with his

company to take this regiment to the rear, the right of the skirmish line fired, as I afterwards learned from Col. Avery, at a person who rode up from the direction of the enemy, and called for "General Williams." This unknown person escaped, but the firing at him caused the whole skirmish line to open, and the enemy responded. Much heavier infantry firing was heard immediately afterwards in the direction of the plank-road, followed by a reopening of the enemy's artillery. General Pender now rode up and advised me not to advance, as General Jackson had been wounded, and he thought by my command. I did not advance, but went to the plank-road, where I learned that General Hill had also been wounded. I then, moreover, learned from Colonel John D. Barry, then major of the Eighteenth North Carolina regiment, that he knew nothing of Generals Jackson and Hill having gone to the front; that he could not tell friend from foe in such a woods; that when the skirmish line fired there was heard the clattering of approaching horsemen and the cry of cavalry, and that he not only ordered his men to fire, but that he pronounced the subsequent cry of friends to be a lie, and that his men continued to fire upon the approaching party. It was generally understood that night by my command and others that the Eighteenth regiment not only wounded Generals Jackson and Hill, but killed some of their couriers and perhaps some of their staff-officers, as some of them were missing. Colonel Barry, who was one of my bravest and most accomplished officers always thought that Generals Jackson and Hill were both wounded by his command.

After the wounding of these two generals, General Heth assumed command of Hill's division, countermanded the order for an advance, and directed me to form the whole of my brigade on the right of the plank-road. We were the only troops in line of battle on the right of the road until after we had repulsed a night attack made by the enemy, in which we captured a few prisoners and the colors of the Third Maine regiment. McGowan's brigade then prolonged our right, and we rested on our arms until next morning.

On the morning of the 3d we were ordered to make a direct attack upon the enemy's works, which were composed of logs hastily thrown together the night previous, in our front and on the slope of the hill facing the Chancellorsville hill. We carried the works but could not hold them on account of the concentrated murderous artillery fire from the Chancellorsville hill, under which the enemy threw forward fresh infantry. The brigade that was to have supported us did not come to our assistance, and before General Ramseur, then a brigadier, could get

up with his North Carolinians, we were driven back with a loss of over nine hundred out of twenty-seven hundred men carried into action. Of the thirteen field officers of my brigade that participated in this charge, only one was left for duty. General Ramseur would go forward, though I advised against it. His command reached the same works, but had to retire with a similar terrible loss.

The enemy was finally driven from the Chancellorsville House by the Confederates carrying the salient to our right, where General Stuart, in command of Jackson's corps, elicited loud shouts of admiration from the infantry as he in person gallantly rushed them over the works upon Hooker's retreating columns.

JAMES H. LANE,
Late Brigadier-General C. S. A.

The above article was written at the request of Mr. Moses Handy (then connected with the *Dispatch*) while I was on a visit to Richmond, and unable to refer to any of my papers.

After the death of Lieutenant-General Thos. J. Jackson and before the Pennsylvania campaign, Major-General A. P. Hill was appointed Lieutenant-General, and Brigadier-General Pender was made Major-General. Pender's division was composed of Lane's North Carolina, Thomas' Georgia, McGowan's South Carolina, and Scales' North Carolina brigades. The other brigades of A. P. Hill's old "Light Division"—Archer's Tennesseeans and Brockenbrough's Virginians—formed part of a new division commanded by Major-General Heth.

Soon after Hooker's defeat at Chancellorsville, we were ordered back to our winter quarters at Moss Neck, where we remained until General Lee invaded Pennsylvania.

Origin of the Confederate Battle Flag.

By Carlton McCarthy.

[The facts concerning the origin of the battle flag contained in this article are derived from a speech by General Beauregard before a special meeting of Louisiana Division, Army Northern Virginia, Association, December 6, 1878.—*C. McC.*]

This banner, the witness and inspiration of many victories, which was proudly borne on every field from Manassas to Appomattox, was conceived on the field of battle—lived on the field of battle—and on the last fatal field ceased to have place or meaning in the world.

But the men who followed it, and the world which watched its proud advance or defiant stand, see in it still the unstained banner of a brave and generous people, whose deeds have outlived their country, and whose final defeat but added lustre to their grandest victories.

It was not the flag of the Confederacy, but simply the banner—the battle flag—of the Confederate soldier. As such it should not share in the condemnation which our *cause* received, or suffer from its downfall. The whole world can unite in a chorus of praise to the gallantry of the men who followed where this banner led.

It was at the battle of Manassas, about 4 o'clock of the afternoon of the 21st of July, 1861, when the fate of the Confederacy seemed trembling in the balance, that General Beauregard, looking across the Warrenton turnpike, which passed through the valley between the position of the Confederates and the elevations beyond occupied by the Federal line, saw a body of troops moving towards his left and the Federal right. He was greatly concerned to know, but could not decide, what troops they were—whether Federal or Confederate. The similarity of uniform and of the colors carried by the opposing armies, and the clouds of dust, made it almost impossible to decide.

Shortly before this time General Beauregard had received from the signal officer, Captain Alexander, a dispatch saying that from the signal station in the rear he had sighted the colors of this column, drooping and covered with the dust of journeyings, but could not tell whether they were the stars and stripes or the stars and bars. He thought, however, that they were probably Patterson's troops arriving on the field and reinforcing the enemy.

General Beauregard was momentarily expecting help from the right, and the uncertainty and anxiety of this hour amounted to anguish.

Still the column pressed on. Calling a staff officer, General Beauregard instructed him to go at once to General Johnston, at the Lewis House, and say that the enemy were receiving heavy reinforcements, that the troops on the plateau were very much scattered, and that he would be compelled to retire to the Lewis House and there reform—hoping that the troops ordered up from the right would arrive in time to enable him to establish and hold the new line.

Meanwhile, the unknown troops were pressing on. The day was sultry, and only at long intervals was there the slightest breeze. The colors of the mysterious column hung drooping on the staff. General Beauregard tried again and again to decide what colors they carried. He used his glass repeatedly, and handing it to others begged them to look, hoping that their eyes might be keener than his.

General Beauregard was in a state of great anxiety, but finally determined to hold his ground, relying on the promised help from the right, knowing that if it arrived in time victory might be secured, but feeling also that if the mysterious column should be Federal troops the day was lost.

Suddenly a puff of wind spread the colors to the breeze. It was the Confederate flag—the stars and bars! It was Early with the Twenty-fourth Virginia, the Seventh Louisiana, and the Thirteenth Mississippi. The column had by this time reached the extreme right of the Federal lines. The moment the flag was recognized Beauregard turned to his staff right and left, saying, "See that the day is ours!" and ordered an immediate advance. In the meantime Early's brigade deployed into line and charged the enemy's right—Elzey, also, dashed upon the field—and in one hour not an enemy was to be seen south of Bull Run.

While on this field and suffering this terrible anxiety, General Beauregard determined that the Confederate soldier must have a flag so distinct from that of the enemy that no doubt should ever again endanger his cause on the field of battle.

Soon after the battle he entered into correspondence with Colonel William Porcher Miles, who had served on his staff during this day, with a view to securing his aid in the matter, and proposing a blue field, red bars, crossed, and gold stars.

They discussed the matter at length. Colonel Miles thought it was contrary to the law of heraldry that the ground should be blue, the bars red, and the stars gold. *He* proposed that the ground should be red, the bars blue, and the stars white.

General Beauregard approved the change, and discussed the matter

freely with General Johnston. Meanwhile it became known that the design for a flag was under discussion, and many designs were sent in. One came from Mississippi; one from J. B. Walton and E. C. Hancock, which coincided with the design of Colonel Miles. The matter was freely discussed at head-quarters, till, finally, when he arrived at Fairfax Courthouse, General Beauregard caused his draughtsman (a German) to make drawings of all the various designs which had been submitted. With these designs before them the officers at head-quarters agreed on the famous old banner—the red field, the blue cross, and the white stars. The flag was then submitted to the War Department, and was approved.

The first flags sent to the army were presented to the troops by General Beauregard in person, he then expressing the hope and confidence that it would become the emblem of honor and of victory.

The first three flags received were made from "*ladies' dresses*" by the Misses Carey, of Baltimore and Alexandria, at their residences and the residences of friends, as soon as they could get a description of the design adopted. One of the Misses Carey sent the flag she made to General Beauregard. Her sister sent hers to General Van Dorn, who was then at Fairfax Courthouse. Miss Constance Carey, of Alexandria, sent hers to General Joseph E. Johnston.

General Beauregard sent the flag he received at once to New Orleans for safe keeping. After the fall of New Orleans, Mrs. Beauregard sent the flag by a Spanish man-of-war, then lying in the river opposite New Orleans, to Cuba, where it remained till the close of the war, when it was returned to General Beauregard, who presented it for safe keeping to the Washington Artillery, of New Orleans.

This article is penned to accomplish, if possible, two things: first, to preserve the little history connected with the origin of the flag; and, second, to place the battle flag in a place of security, as it were, separated from all the political significance which attaches to the Confederate flag, and depending for its future place solely upon the deeds of the armies which bore it amid hardships untold to many victories.

Lookout Valley, October 28, 1863.

REPORT OF GENERAL E. M. LAW.

HEADQUARTERS LAW'S BRIGADE, November 3rd, 1863.

Captain,—I have the honor to report that my brigade was detached about the 8th October for duty beyond Lookout mountain. The object of keeping a force in that locality, as I understood it, was to blockade the road leading from Chattanooga to Bridgeport, which passed near the point of Raccoon mountain, and on the opposite (or west) side of the Tennessee. This object was accomplished by placing riflemen along this bank of the river (which, at this point, is about three hundred yards wide,) to fire upon the enemy's wagon trains as they passed. In order to secure the riflemen who were engaged in blockading the road, it was necessary to picket the river from that point to the bend near the foot of Lookout mountain, a distance of five miles. This would either prevent the enemy from crossing above and cutting them off, or give them sufficient warning to enable them to withdraw. I employed two regiments in blockading the road and picketing the river, and held the remaining three, with a section of Barrett's battery in reserve, at a convenient point for reinforcing any part of the line. As the line was long, and necessarily weak, my principal security for holding it was in having a sufficient reserve to foil the enemy if he should attempt a crossing, by throwing it upon him before he could strengthen himself on this side.

On the 25th of October, by orders from division head-quarters, three of my regiments were withdrawn and brought to this side of Lookout, leaving the two on picket, and the section of artillery. Being notified that Brigadier-General Jenkins would be absent for a few days, from daylight on the 27th, and that I would be left in command of the division, I came to this side of the mountain, leaving Captain L. R. Terrell, A. A. General, as my representative to superintend the operations in Lookout Valley.

On the morning of the 27th, just before daylight, the enemy taking advantage of the fog, which was very dense, commenced the passage of the river at Brown's ferry. They crossed in two boats, carrying about forty men each. They were fired upon by the picket at that point, and the landing was resisted as long as possible. Information of the movement was in the meantime conveyed to Captain Terrell, who at once brought forward the reserve, consisting of about one hundred and

fifty men, and attacked the first detachment of the enemy which had landed and been placed so as to cover the passage of other troops. This detachment was driven almost to the river bank, where a second line was formed in position. This reinforcement had crossed and been placed in position, while the fighting with the first detachment was going on. Encountering this additional force, which could not be driven by the mere handful of our men engaged, our line was ordered to retire. This was accomplished in good order, and a line of defence taken up across the valley, which was held until all the pickets on the river were withdrawn. In about two hours and a half from the time the crossing began, a brigade of the enemy moved out from the hills bordering the river (which they had been diligently engaged in fortifying) into the valley beyond. The section of howitzers, commanded by Lieutenant Brown, opened upon it, throwing it into confusion, and compelling it temporarily to retire. The enemy was evidently much astonished at the presence of the artillery, and its fire was very effective. When a second advance in additional force was made, and upon information that the enemy was crossing at another point above them, the two regiments, Fourth and Fifteenth Alabama, which had now succeeded in collecting their pickets with the artillery, retired slowly towards Lookout mountain (I met them with the remainder of the brigade at Lookout creek), where I placed the command in line to await any further advance. The enemy, however, did not advance as far as the creek, but continued to strengthen his position on the hill above Brown's ferry, and commenced the construction of a pontoon bridge a quarter mile above the ferry, which was completed before noon. In this affair we lost six men killed and fourteen wounded. Among the latter was Colonel W. C. Oates, the gallant and efficient commander of the Fifteenth Alabama regiment. One of the wounded was left in the hands of the enemy, too severely injured to be removed. At five o'clock, in the afternoon of the 27th, I learned from my scouts that a considerable force of the enemy was moving from Shellmound in the direction of Chattanooga, and that this force was then in eight or ten miles of my position on Lookout creek. I ascertained further, that a force of cavalry was advancing from Kelley's ferry, where a bridge had been thrown across the river. This information was communicated to the Brigadier-General commanding the division with my views as to the object of the movement. My views as thus communicated were, that it was probably not the intention of the enemy to attack Lookout mountain at present, but to take possession of the railroad as far as the Trenton junction, two miles from the foot of Lookout mountain; and by holding Lookout valley, to

obtain supplies by running wagon trains from the junction across the bridge above Brown's ferry to Chattanooga. This has since been done.

About noon on the 28th, I was notified by cavalry scouts and the signal post on Lookout that a heavy column of the enemy was approaching my position from the direction of Shellmound. Soon afterwards his skirmishers appeared in front. They were checked for a time by skirmishers, posted so as to command the intersection of the railroad with the wagon road leading from Chattanooga towards Bridgeport. My riflemen were soon forced, however, to abandon this position and take up the line of Lookout creek. The enemy on crossing the railroad took the road leading to Brown's ferry; fired upon as he passed by my section of howitzers and the batteries from Lookout point. During the afternoon five or six thousand men must have passed towards my right. Late in the afternoon I received a note from Lieutenant-General Longstreet, directing me to cross the lower bridge over Lookout creek, near its mouth, at dark, and advance cautiously, until I commanded the Brown's ferry road at its junction with the road leading across the lower bridge to Chattanooga, to blockade that road and capture any trains that might attempt to pass. This junction I should estimate to be about a mile from the bridge. Just before night I met Brigadier-General Jenkins, commanding division, who informed me that three other brigades of the division were then moving across the mountain with the view of crossing Lookout creek to cut off the enemy's trains and capture the rear guard and stragglers. He requested information regarding the roads, &c., as I was familiar with the locality. After giving all the information in my power, I ventured to remark to him that, in my opinion, the enemy had a large force at the point upon which we intended to move, and that one division was insufficient for the accomplishment of the end in view; that a failure would be the result, and that the troops engaged in it would be seriously injured. I was satisfied, from close and constant observation, that not less than six or eight thousand troops had been thrown across the river from Moccasin bend; that one corps (six or seven thousand more) had passed my position going toward Brown's ferry, and that another of the same strength was following* General Jenkins replied that he had positive orders to proceed on the expedition. He desired me to send him two guides, who knew the country beyond the creek. These were

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* This estimate of force, I learned from a staff-officer of Hooker's command, Eleventh and Twelfth corps, whom I met in New York a few weeks ago, was perfectly correct.

accordingly sent, and I immediately commenced the passage of the creek, having previously ordered my brigade under arms.

A few minutes after crossing, my advance guard captured a prisoner, who represented himself as belonging to Howard's corps; from him and others of the same corps, captured soon afterwards at a picket post, I learned that this corps had passed the point toward which my advance was directed, viz: the junction of the Chattanooga and Brown's Ferry roads, and was encamped about a half mile to the right of it; and that a division and a half of Slocum's corps were following; these we afterwards learned were encamped a mile higher up the valley, to the left. Half a mile beyond the creek, I formed two regiments in line with skirmishers in front, the other regiments moving in echelon on the right, and advanced to the crest of the first wooded hill, where my line was adjusted, and halted for a short time.

The hill on which I now rested was one of a range of similar hills running from Brown's Ferry close upon the river bank for about a mile, leaving the river as it bends towards the foot of Lookout Mountain and projecting into the valley beyond. The range, at the point where my line was formed, was three-fourths of a mile from the Tennessee, and the distance from the road along which my left advanced (and upon which it now rested) to the point at which the range ran immediately upon the river bank, was about a mile. In the triangle formed by the range of hills, the river and Chattanooga road, the ground was all cleared.

My skirmishers had advanced as far as the Brown's Ferry road, driving off the picket, and now held the road. Another wooded knoll still intervened between my line of battle and the road. At this time Brigadier-General Robertson reported to me with his brigade, by order Brigadier-General Jenkins, commanding division. Robertson's brigade was at once placed in line with my own, with the exception of two regiments, one of which was placed in reserve on the road to my left, and the other was used to guard the bridge in my rear, and to watch the space intervening between my right and the river, which was at least half a mile.

With affairs in this position, I recrossed the creek to see General Jenkins. I learned from him that Colonel Bratton, commanding Jenkins's brigade, was crossing or had just crossed the creek; that General Benning would follow with his brigade and take up a line on my left, uniting with me and commanding the Brown's Ferry road higher up the valley; that Colonel Bratton would push forward on the line of railroad, until he came in contact with enemy. If he encountered

only a small force he was to "pick it up;" if the enemy proved too strong for him he was to retire across the creek, under cover of the line held by General Benning. I was instructed to communicate with General Benning, and to control the road so as to prevent reinforcements from moving up it, towards the railroad; and in case Colonel Bratton's command had to retire, to hold my position until he could withdraw his troops. Sending a courier to remain with Bratton's command until it commenced moving, when he was to notify me, I returned to my command. In a short time I received information that Bratton was in motion. My line was at once ordered forward and took position on the wooded slope overlooking the road, the left thirty or forty and the right one hundred and fifty or two hundred yards from it. Here I remained nearly an hour; this time was employed in strengthening the position by the construction of rail and log breastworks, before the firing began on the left. In the meantime, General Benning had come up on my left in rear of Colonel Bratton, while the latter had moved on against the camp of the enemy. Soon after the fighting on the left began, I was notified by Colonel Sheffield of Forty-eighth Alabama regiment, commanding my brigade on the occasion, that a column of troops was moving from the camp on my right along the road in front. I directed the skirmishers to retire to the line of battle, and allowed the head of the column to get opposite to my left, before firing. One volley scattered it in the fields beyond the road where it attempted to reform and move on, but a second fire again dispersed it.

While this was taking place, other troops were coming up from the right, and our position having now been disclosed, they turned to attack it. Their line of attack was formed obliquely to our own—their left coming in contact with our line first, and striking it near the right. This caused their left to be forced in upon our position by the other parts of their line as it advanced. The first attack was easily repulsed. The second was made in heavier force, with a like result at all points of the line except one. This was at the junction of the Forty-fourth and Fifteenth Alabama regiments. Here the enemy, forced in by the right of their line upon a vacant space in our own (caused by detaching a company for service as videttes between my right and the river), broke through the line. Parts of both regiments gave way. By the exertions of Colonel Sheffield, and with the assistance of the Fourth Alabama, which had cleared its front of the enemy, the line was re-established and the enemy driven from it. Before this second attack took place the firing on the railroad had ceased, and a message was brought me by Cap-

tain Jamison, of General Jenkins's staff, to the effect that Colonel Bratton had encountered a heavy force of the enemy (a corps, I think he said), that General Jenkins was withdrawing him, and that he wished me to hold my position until he could retire. A few moments before this message came I had dispatched a courier to General Jenkins to report to him that the enemy was attacking me in front, that it was possible for him to pass troops in rear of those engaged in this attack to the point at which I supposed Colonel Bratton to be, and that if this should be done Bratton might be placed in a dangerous position. Very soon another messenger brought substantially the same message delivered by Captain Jamison, and informed me further that Colonel Bratton's command was at the creek, and either crossing or about to cross—I cannot now recall which. About the same time General Robertson, who was watching the extreme right, reported that a strong force of the enemy was moving over the adjoining hill on our right, the head of the column having made its appearance on the edge of the triangular opening in my rear, which I have already described, and near the river bank. My videttes also reported the same thing. In the meantime the second attack had commenced. When the firing had almost ceased, I gave orders for the whole line to retire to the hill on which it had first formed, thence into the hollow behind it, and thence by flanking to the left, into the road and across the bridge. To cover this movement, I held the road with a strong force of skirmishers, and directed General Robertson to place the First Texas regiment, together with part of the Fifth Texas, already there, on an open hill between the bridge and the point from which the enemy was moving, on our right. The movement was executed in a quiet and leisurely manner, the enemy in front making no effort to follow. During the engagement of Colonel Bratton with the enemy no troops passed from the right *along the road or in sight of it.* It was possible, however, for them to pass near the foot of Raccoon mountain while the attack on my position was progressing. When the order for my command to retire was given I had already received information that Colonel Bratton had been withdrawn, that he was actually at the bridge, and the firing on the left had ceased for nearly, if not quite, half an hour. Believing that the object for which my position was occupied had been accomplished, I withdrew. The movement of the enemy on my right would in a few minutes more have necessitated a change of position, and the intelligence of this movement had its influence in determining the *precise* moment of withdrawal. But, independent of this, the order was based on my understanding of the plan of operations and the conviction that it was in accordance with that plan.

I would call attention to accompanying reports of General Robertson and Colonel Sheffield, commanding brigades.

For a statement of our loss, which was slight, I refer to the list of casualties. Respectfully submitted,

E. M. Law, *Brigadier-General.*

COLONEL SHEFFIELD'S REPORT.

Headquarters 48th Regiment, Ala., Nov. 3, 1863.

Captain L. R. Terrell, A. A. General:

Sir,—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by Law's brigade in the engagement near Lookout creek on the night of the 28th ult.:

About 7 o'clock P. M. I received orders to put my regiment (48th Alabama) under arms. In half an hour I received orders to move across the bridge across Lookout creek. After crossing the creek we had not advanced very far before the pickets captured a prisoner, apparently very drunk, who reported he belonged to Howard's corps. After moving up the road a short distance I was ordered to file my regiment to the right in an open field, at the base of a ridge in my front, and form line of battle in one rank. I then sent pickets in front, under Captain Eubanks, who soon reported no enemy on the ridge. I then advanced rapidly, taking possession of the ridge. The object in obtaining the ridge was, I suppose, to command the road leading down the valley from Trenton and Kelly's Ferry to Brown's Ferry, on the Tennessee river. It was very soon ascertained that there was another and higher ridge in our front, beyond which the road ran. The General commanding (Law) informed me of these facts and ordered me to advance and obtain possession of the ridge in front at all hazards. I had sent Captain Eubanks forward with five men, who soon sent one of the men back, reported no enemy on the ridge, but a large encampment of Federal troops about half mile from the point of the ridge where my left was to rest. He (Capt. Eubanks) with four men crossed the ridge, came up the valley road to where the Chatanooga road intersected the same, and reported the above facts. While reporting to me, the pickets near the forks of the road captured a prisoner. I had given orders to my lietenant-colonel to move the regiment forward; about this time I was informed that a line of twenty or thirty Yankee skirmishers was deployed on the right and left of the Chatanooga road, (who had evidently come down the Kelly's Ferry road,) I ordered Capt. McDuffee, with his company, to the left, with instructions to get in the rear of the skirmishers if possible. The regiment had not advanced but a short distance, till a fire was opened upon the left wing,

(from the skirmishers I suppose,) but a few shots from Capt. McDuffee's company soon scattered them, he capturing eight prisoners. The regiment continued to advance, and soon had possession of the ridge, meeting with no resistance except a slight skirmish on the left, here it was the brave and gallant Capt. Eubanks fell mortally wounded, and three privates severely wounded. I put my regiment in position, with its left resting on the Chatanooga road, and some thirty or forty paces from the valley road. I was at this time notified to take command of the brigade. As each regiment arrived it was put in position; on the right, the Forty-seventh Alabama, the Fourth Alabama in the center, the Forty-fourth Alabama on its right, and the Fifteenth Alabama on the right of the brigade. I immediately put out videttes in front of each regiment, along the valley road, and one company from the Fifteenth Alabama on the right across the ridge. I then ordered commanders of regiments to have their men put up breast-works of rails, logs, &c., which was promptly done; here we remained perfectly quiet about one hour, when the videttes in front reported a column of Yankees advancing up the Valley road, from the direction of Brown's Ferry. Orders were given to let them advance till the head of the column was opposite the left of my line, which was done, when a well directed fire drove them back in confusion; in a short time he rallied, returned, and made an effort to charge the works on the ridge, when they were handsomely repulsed, and gave back in confusion; he must have suffered severely in this charge from the cries and groans of the wounded in our front. Being driven back he rallied and left the road, crossing a field in our front; the left wing of the Forty-eighth Alabama, and an Arkansas regiment on my left, opened fire upon him, and caused some confusion in his ranks. In a short time an attack was made on my right, (which rested some two hundred yards from the valley road, with thick undergrowth between our works and the road,) which was handsomely repulsed. In a few minutes another and more vigorous attack was made upon the right, meeting the same fate as the first attack. Being fearful of a flank attack I now strengthened the company on the right with two other companies, one from the Fifteenth, and one from the Forty-fourth Alabama. Shortly afterwards I was notified by one of the pickets on the right, that a column of Yankees had passed around my right near the river; I notified General Law of the fact, and he sent forward the Fourth Texas regiment, which was promptly placed in position on my right, by Capt. Terrell, A. A. G. In a few minutes after placing this regiment in position a vigorous attack was made upon the front of the Fourth, Forty-fourth and Fifteenth Alabama, some two or

three columns deep; the enemy was repulsed, but returned in a short time more vigorously, and strengthened by several columns, who broke through my lines over our works, the left of the Forty-fourth Alabama having given way. I here ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Scruggs, commanding Fourth Alabama, to swing his regiment across the ridge and to hold his position at any sacrifice, which was promptly done, the men and officers acting promptly. Here I ordered Col. Perry, commanding the Forty-fourth Alabama, to rally his men and to take his position at all hazards; the Fourth Alabama co-operating with him, soon drove the enemy from and beyond the breast-works; he soon returned, but was driven back. About this time I received orders from General Law to fall back to the tall hill near the bridge. When I received this order the firing had ceased. I gave the order to fall back in order and in line of battle. I fell back to the first ridge, remained there a few minutes, and then fell back to where I first formed line of battle, when I received orders to recross the bridge. In leaving the ridge where I had engaged the enemy, I was notified of a column of the enemy advancing down the valley from the river, between the two ridges; at the same time I saw a heavy column marching by the flank on my left, which was evidently the column which passed through the fields in my front in the direction where General Jenkins' brigade was engaged; we had been in our position on the ridge, I suppose, one hour or more, before the firing commenced on our left by General Jenkins' brigade.

I cannot close my report without expressing my thanks to Lieutenant Jo. Hardwick and Sergeant-Major Robbins, of the Forty-eighth Alabama, who volunteered to assist me, in their promptness to deliver every order, also to the commanders and company officers, and men of the Fourth, Forty-seventh and Forty-eighth Alabama regiments, for promptness in driving back the enemy in the several charges; also to Col. Perry, of the Forty-fourth, for rallying his men and driving the enemy from his position they had taken. These regiments were under my immediate observation. The casualties were: Fourth Alabama, 1 killed; Fifteenth Alabama, five wounded, two officers and nine men missing; Forty-fourth Alabama, one killed, ten wounded, eleven missing; Forty-seventh Alabama, none; Forty-eighth Alabama, one mortally wounded, Capt. Eubanks, and three privates wounded. The loss of the enemy was evidently very great, much more so than ours.

I am captain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAS. L. SHEFFIELD,

Col. Commanding Law's Brigade.

COLONEL BRATTON'S REPORT.

HEADQUARTERS JENKINS'S BRIGADE, November 1st, 1863.

Captain,—I have the honor to make the following report of the action of General Jenkins's brigade on the night of the 28th October. Having passed from our regular position on the line to the other side of Lookout mountain, in accordance with orders crossed Lookout creek near the railroad bridge and formed line of battle. The Sixth regiment (Major White) was sent to occupy a hill on the right of the road, and the "Palmetto Sharpshooters"—one on the left. The rest of the brigade, except the Hampton Legion (Colonel Gary), which was left to guard a gap between me and General Law until relieved by General Benning, swept down the railroad between the hills mentioned to the Trenton road, capturing a few pickets or stragglers. I then changed direction to the left, and advanced down the Trenton road with four regiments: the Palmetto Sharpshooters, Colonel Walker; Second rifles, Colonel Thompson; First South Carolina volunteers, Colonel Kilpatrick; and Fifth regiment, Colonel A. Coward. The Sixth, Major White, was ordered to advance to the Trenton road and throw its pickets out to watch the Selly's farm road as well as the Brown's Ferry road. The Legion was by this time relieved, and was following in our rear, to be used as reserve. The line thus formed advanced without opposition until near a branch about a half mile from the point at which we entered the Trenton road, then, after some little picket firing, our skirmishers crossed the branch and came in sight of the camp of the enemy. A hasty observation showed that there was considerable commotion in their camp, whether it was of preparation to receive or leave us, I could not tell. But the hurrying hither and thither could be seen by the light of their camp fires, which they were then extinguishing. I immediately threw three regiments, Second rifles, Colonel Thomson; First, Colonel Kilpatrick, and Fifth, Colonel Coward, upon them, with orders not to fire until they passed our skirmishers. The Palmetto Sharpshooters, Colonel Walker, were ordered to advance and take position on the railroad on what was supposed to be the enemy's flank. The three regiments had not advanced far before a very heavy fire was developed, so heavy on the Second rifles as to cause it to halt and finally to fall back. This stopped the advance, leaving the other two in echelon on the field, the Fifth on the right and in advance. I at once ordered up the Sixth from its position in the rear, to act as reserve, and put the Hampton Legion, Colonel Gary, in on the right of the Fifth, Colonel

Coward. Colonel Gary moved up, and passing over the line of skirmishers who were fighting on the right and a little in the rear of the Fifth, drove the enemy through their camp and entirely beyond their wagon camp. By this time the Sixth, under Major White, had reported, and was in position on the ground at first occupied by the Second rifles. The position of things at this time was entirely favorable to a grand charge. Our line was, as it were, two sides of a widespread V, the Fifth and Hampton Legion on the right, and the Sixth and Palmetto Sharpshooters on the left; the first at the point; Second rifles on the left behind the railroad. The enemy, with his left driven, crowded and huddled upon his centre, occupied the base. His line of fire at this time certainly was not more than three or four hundred yards in length, and but from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards in breadth, the sparkling fire making a splendid pyrotechnic display, and encouraging the hope that the balls intended for us were lodging on themselves. At this juncture I received orders to withdraw, and moved back in good order, as the enemy were pressing in the rear. While making arrangements for the charge, I had sent back to ask that Lieutenant-Colonel Logan—who followed us over the mountain with the pickets of the brigade that were on post when we left—be sent up to me. The answer to this request was delivered just then that Colonel Logan was about engaging the enemy in the rear, and that I must withdraw and move back at once. I moved the Sixth regiment to the position behind the railroad, and ordered it to pour its fire upon the crowded mass of the enemy. Under this fire the rest of the brigade was withdrawn. Colonels Coward and Gary were first withdrawn, and ordered to form line of battle about a quarter of a mile in rear to cover the retreat of the others, which was done, and all passed through, bringing away most of our wounded and many of the guns left on the field. I then moved on to the bridge over Lookout creek, Colonel Coward bringing up the rear. Here we formed line of battle to cover the retreat and passage of General Bening's brigade, and were the last to recross the creek. I was ordered back to camp, which I reached a little after sunrise on the morning of the 29th October.

Our loss, I regret to say, is most serious. Colonel Kilpatrick of the First South Carolina volunteers, distinguished not only for gallantry, but for efficiency, was shot through the heart early in the engagement. His bearing was such as those who knew him best, expected, heroic. His loss is irremediable to his regiment. The enclosed list of casualties will display to you the character as well as amount of our loss.

To my fellow colonels and commanders of regiments I am deeply in-

debted for their gallanrty, good managemement of their commands, and prompt and unhesitating obedience to orders. The steady courage and cool bearing of officers and men under my command saved us from any of the horrible accidents that can so easily attend night attacks. To say that I am proud of their conduct would but feebly express my feelings. I refer you to accompanying reports of commanders of regiments for particulars as to the parts taken by them. I have to regret the loss of the services of Captain J. L. Coker, Sixth regiment South Carolina volunteers, acting assistant adjutant-general on my staff. He was seriously wounded while nobly performing his duty. My courier and a guide from General Law's brigade, whose name I did not learn, are entitled to my thanks for their conduct on the occasion. I cannot close without making special mention of Courier George Peitz, whose enthusiastic gallantry and intelligent conveyance of orders after the fall of my acting assistant adjutant-general contributed greatly to the good order and success of the withdrawal.

Respectfully submitted,

J. BRATTON, *Colonel Commanding.*

Captain R. M. Sims, Assistant Adjutant-General.

A Tribute to the Army of Tennessee.

By Rev. Dr. THOMAS R. MARKHAM, of New Orleans.

[At the annual re-union of the Army of Tennessee Association, held in New Orleans on the night of April the 6th, 1880, Rev. Dr. Markham responded to the toast to the "*Army of Tennessee,*" in the following eloquent speech, which it gives us great pleasure to publish]:

Mr. President and Comrades:—Through four eventful years, years of sun and storm, its flag flung to the battle and the breeze, there lived and ruled and warred a nation, a Confederacy, with its President, its statesmen, its leaders, its soldiers and its people—men who suffered and and were strong, and women who were steadfast and true, who were its flower and crown. That is history. That past is secure. And, as to-night its memories gather about our hearts and tremble on our lips, its achievements swell the souls, fire the hearts and nerve the arms of freemen, and will, while truth and honor and nobleness have name and praise among men.

The famed leader who brought the remnant escaped from their burned

city, traversing sea and land and wandering far and long from Troy to Italy, began his recital saying: "I sing of the arms and the men." With the warrant of his example, in answering to that that is set in the toast to which I am appointed to respond, I desire to speak of the arms and the *men* (not of any one man) whose spirit and deeds ennoble and embalm our land "*that was.*"

And as I speak of the times and the men, it is not my purpose to sound the praises of war, that dread dispenser of wrath and death and woe. I hate it in every throb of my heart and fibre of my being—hate it because I have tried it, as have you, and therefore apprehend it. Its forefront is bright and fair and gay.

> "The plumed troop, the neighing steed,
> The shrill trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
> The ear-piercing fife, the royal banner."

Ah, these make up its "quality and pride and pomp and circumstance."

But behind all this, back of "battle's magnificently stern array," are wounds and groans and blood and death. And away from the fatal field are homes in wreck and eyes that weep and hearts that break. Ah! only for truth and right and land and home dare true men war, and for all these did our true men war.

I say *true*, because true men formed the staple of our armies. Of the ones just toasted, I can "speak that I do know and testify that I have seen." From New Orleans to Shiloh, from Vicksburg to Chattanooga, from Dalton to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Nashville, from Nashville to Carolina I knew these men. Aye! I knew them well. The office in which I served brought me near to them. I was not their commissary, to be grumbed at about rations; nor their quartermaster, to be chafed about slazy clothes and shoddy shoes; nor their doctor, to drug them; nor their surgeon, to cut their quivering flesh and saw their grating bones; nor their officer, to bid them come and go; but, as their chaplain, I was their companion and friend, their teacher and counsellor, their helper and comforter.

Beside them in battle I saw their courage put to the proof; with them in marches by day and night, in rain and mud and snow and ice, the bare ground their bivouac, the sky their tent, the earth their bed, I witnessed their endurance; sitting or kneeling beside their cots of pain, I marked their patience; hearing, reading and answering their letters from home and kin I learned their hearts; by their camp-fires and at their slender meals I learned their views and feelings, their hopes and fears.

The brother chaplain (Rev. A. J. Witherspoon) who sits beside me will bear me out in saying that ours, though often a sad service, was ever a useful and grateful office; and that our labors of love were richly repaid in the faith and affection of these men. No sweeter return ever rewarded time and toil than the welcome given with embracing arms and eyes weeping tears of joy by lonely men, lying in far away wards in hospitals in the rear, when their chaplain came from camp, with words and letters from home and comrades. Ah! as the scripture was read and the prayer made, the letter written and the message taken, it was a service that an angel might have envied.

And the men of that army gathered for worship, listened to the truth and responded to a preached gospel. Why, in a meeting of thirty days, held near Atlanta, one hundred and forty men professed faith in Christ and entered the various churches through the right hand of fellowship given to me, their chaplain. In that day difference in creeds was unnoted, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Catholics, with and through these chaplains, holding brotheroood and communion. When kneeling (I think it was after the New Hope fight) beside a wounded Catholic, whose prayer-book lay upon his cot, I read from it one of his church's prayers to Christ (and was he not my Christ too?), that man and I in that act became brothers, and the hearts of the brave men of that faith, members of Mississippi's gallant Third, from the Gulf coast of that sister State, were grappled to mine with hooks of steel.

In many a march and on many a field did these Confederate men stamp the seal of their soldierly worth. But among these the Vicksburg siege, the Georgia retreat, the Tennessee advance and return, these were the campaigns that best showed what manner of men they were; of what stout stuff and noble strain.

When men march from victory to victory, or when in the heat and strife of the battle, the hot blood hisses through the veins in what the old Romans called the delight of the conflict, then it is easy to be a soldier, then courage communicates and bravery becomes contagious. But to be shut in behind works through hot and wearing weeks, to fall back from point to point in toilsome marches through wearying months, to sit in rifle pits set in frozen earth, and then repulsed, yes, routed, to return pursued along roads just passed over as pursuers, this tests men, and all this tested these men, and they stood the test.

As to their behavior in beleagured Vicksburg, its fame has filled the world. In their Georgia retreat from Dalton to Atlanta, fighting by day and withdrawing by night—and how it rained—preserving their

morale, their faith in their leader strengthening with every retreating step; in this they proved themselves the peers of their fathers, following Green through the Carolinas or Washington through the Jerseys, so that they wrung from their adversary the confession that, "It was a dark day for the Federal arms when they confronted the Confederates on the Chattahoochee."

And when the leader changed, and the plan changed, when retreat gave way to advance, and defence to attack, the same soldierly qualities shone even more conspicuously. Take that series of fragmentary and unsuccessful attacks from Peach Tree creek, July 20, passing in swift succession, to Franklin, November 30. Evacuating Atlanta, halting awhile on the Chattahoochee, winding among the hills of Alabama, crossing the Tennessee at Florence, flanking Columbia (a labor lost by the strange apathy at Spring Hill), struggling up that deadly slope at Franklin against that stream of leaden fire—Franklin, where the eagle-eyed, keen-sighted Forest was misled—for he said, at the head of our line: "Boys, they haven't any works worth naming; you'll go over them like a flash;" pressing for a fortnight before Nashville, and then hurled back in that biting winter, the roads streaked here and reddened there as the pitiless pike cut the blood-drops from shoeless feet; and recrossing that river, not a mob, but an army—an army which, rested and reformed, was off with the early spring to rejoin its trusted leader and strike its last blow for land and home among the pines of Carolina. I tell you that in after time, when history can be rightly written, it will place these men with those who fought in the heat at Monmouth, and endured the cold of Valley Forge. For myself, I rejoice that to-night I am privileged to pay this tribute to their spirit and their deeds, and permitted to place this laurel of remembrance on the tomb of their dead.

And in closing, suffer me to say to you who here to-night represent the glorious Virginia army, that at Donelson and Shiloh, at Murfreesboro and Chickamauga, at Chattanooga and Champion Hill, at Vicksburg and Atlanta, at Franklin and Nashville, men as true, as brave and as enduring as you, echoed and emulated your spirit, though denied your successes. The mouldered bones of them whose bodies sleep beside the rivers of the gulf, whose requiem the Cumberland, the Tennessee, the Chattahoochee and the Mississippi sang, encased as brave hearts and stout souls as those whose dirges were rolled to the Atlantic by the James, the Shenandoah, the Rappahannock and the Potomac. Yes, as the Chattahoochee responded to the Chickahominy, as the Tennessee called to the Shenandoah, and the Cumberland replied to the Rappa-

hannock, and the Mississippi answered back to the Potomac, the wail of their waters was the death dirge of heroes, whose souls were one in strength, in courage, in consecration. But our rivers sang the sadder song. It was the miserere of siege and surrender, of retreat and disaster.

True you have your Gettysburg, your Petersburg and your Appomattox. And you lost your Jackson. But your hero conquered in dying, for he knew that Chancellorsville was his before he crossed the river and rested under the shade of the trees, while we lost our Sidney Johnston, and with our hero our hard-won Shiloh.

Your defeats were fewer than our victories, and yet we do not ask you to be generous, but simply just, in yielding your assent, when we say that the men of the armies of the west, on either side our great river, were your peers in spirit, in courage and in devotion, and that, tried (as you were not) by accumulation of disaster, in patient endurance they exceeded to the last, with a spirit that rose above reverses, and amid a darkness, illumined here and there with transient and deceptive gleams, illustrating that law laid down by your and our Lee—"that human virtue should be equal to human calamity."

Gettysburg.

REPORT OF PENDER'S DIVISION.

By Major Joseph A. Englehard, A. A. G.

[As General Pender was killed, and General Trimble, who succeeded to the command, very badly wounded, the report of the division was, by order of General Lee, made by Major Englehard. It should, of course, have a place in our "Gettysburg series," now nearly complete, as an important link in the chain, from which is to be wrought "the true story of Gettysburg."]

Headquarters Wilcox's Light Division, November 4, 1863.

Major,—The Light Division of Major-General W. D. Pender, consisting of the brigades of Brigadier-Generals J. H. Lane, E. L. Thomas, A. M. Scales and S. McGowan (the latter commanded by Colonel A. Perrin of the Fourteenth South Carolina volunteers), which had encamped on the afternoon of the 30th of June on the north side of South mountain, Pennsylvania, moved from that position at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July, along the turnpike through Cashtown in the direction of Gettysburg, in rear of the division of Major-General Heth.

When arriving in about three miles of Gettysburg, the artillery and the advance of Major-General Heth having already become engaged with the enemy, the division was formed in line of battle from right to left in the following order: Colonel Perrin, Brigadier-Generals Scales, Lane and Thomas; the two former on the right, and the two latter on the left of the turnpike. In this order, with a strong line of skirmishers thrown out on the right, the division advanced for nearly a mile, and was halted in obedience to orders from Lieutenant-General Hill, General Heth having also halted in front.

About three o'clock the troops of the corps of Lieutenant-General Ewell appearing on the left, and the enemy making a strong demonstration on the right with infantry and cavalry, the brigade of General Lane was ordered to the extreme right of the division, and General Thomas was directed to close upon the left of General Scales.

Simultaneously with the appearance of Lieutenant-General Ewell on the left, a general advance was ordered on the right. General Heth moved quickly forward and soon became vigorously engaged with the enemy. The Light Division in the new order moved forward in his support, with the exception of the brigade of General Thomas, which was retained by Lieutenant-General Hill to meet a threatened advance from the left. The division continued to move forward until it came close upon the command of General Heth, pressing the enemy within a short distance in front. General Pender sent his Assistant Adjutant-General forward to General Heth to know if that officer was in need of assistance. Being informed that he was pressing the enemy from one position to another, the division advanced slowly, keeping within close supporting distance of the troops in front.

About four o'clock General Pender ordered an advance of the three brigades, with instructions to pass General Heth's division if found at a halt, and charge the enemy's position, which was on a prominent ridge, between a quarter and a half mile from Gettysburg. The division moved rapidly forward, and passed the division of General Heth, then under command of Brigadier-General Pettigrew, which seemed much exhausted and greatly reduced by several hours of hard and successful fighting.

General Lane, on the extreme right, being annoyed by a heavy force of dismounted cavalry on his right flank, which kept up a severe *enfilade* fire, was so much delayed thereby, that he was unable to attack the enemy in front, except in routing a force posted in the woods, occupied the next day by Major Pegram's battalion of artillery.

Colonel Perrin, after passing General Heth's division, took advantage

of a ravine to reform his line, and moved rapidly forward, preserving an alignment with General Scales on his left. Upon ascending a hill in front, this brigade was met by a furious storm of musketry and shell from infantry posted behind temporary breastworks, and artillery from batteries to the left of the road near Gettysburg. The brigade steadily advanced at a charge, reserving its fire as ordered, easily dislodging the enemy from his several positions, and meeting with little opposition, except from an *enfilade* fire from the artillery on the left, until it came within two hundred yards of his last position, the ridge upon which was situated the Theological College. The brigade, in crossing a line of fencing, received a most withering and destructive fire, but continued to charge without returning the fire of the enemy until reaching the edge of the grove, which crowns the crest of the ridge. Colonel Perrin here finding himself without support, either on the right or left—General Lane having been delayed by the attack on his flank, and General Scales' brigade having halted to return the fire of the enemy after their brigade-commander had been wounded—attacked the enemy determinedly in his immediate front with success, suffering greatly from an *enfilade* fire on both flanks, and then dividing his command by ordering the two right regiments to change front to the right, and the two left regiments to change front to the left, he attacked the enemy in flank, posted on the right behind a stone wall, and on the left behind a breastwork of rails, easily routing them, driving them through the town to Cemetery Hill.

This movement caused the artillery on the left, which had continued to keep up a constant and destructive fire upon the advancing lines of the division, to limber up and move to the rear. Much of this artillery would have been captured, but the two left regiments (Perrin's brigade) met a second force of the enemy posted behind a stone fence to the left of the college, which were easily dislodged, but not in time to intercept the fleeing batteries.

Too much credit cannot be awarded to Colonel Perrin and the splendid brigade under his command for the manner and spirit with which this attack was conducted. To the former the government has recognized his valuable services in a manner the most grateful to the true soldier, by a prompt promotion; to the latter, all who are acquainted with their gallantry on this occasion, unite in their commendation; to both, their commander, who fell mortally wounded on the succeeding day, was most enthusiastic in their praise.

General Scales on the left, with his left resting on the turnpike, after passing the troops of General Heth, advanced at a charge upon the flank

of a brigade of the enemy, which were engaged with the extreme left of General Heth's division upon the opposite side of the road, which caused the enemy soon to fall back. The brigade continued to advance rapidly, and as it commenced to descend the hill opposite the ridge upon which the enemy was posted, it encountered a most terrific fire of grape and shell on the left flank, and grape and musketry in front, but still it pressed forward at a double quick, until the bottom was reached, a distance of about seventy-five yards from the enemy's fortified position. Here the fire was most severe; every field officer, with one exception, was either killed or wounded. General Scales and Assistant Adjutant General Riddick were disabled by severe wounds. The brigade halted to return this fire of the enemy, throwing in confusion somewhat the line. Major-General Pender, with portions of his staff, and General Scales, though suffering much from a severe wound in the leg, succeeded in rallying the brigade, which immediately pushed forward again, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Gordon, Thirty-fourth North Carolina troops, and joined the pursuit of the enemy, driving him through Gettysburg.

The troops of the division, which had been sent into the town to gather up prisoners, were withdrawn upon the appearance of the brigade of Brigadier-General Ramseur, filing into it from the left, and the whole division, General Thomas having come up, was formed in line along the ridge opposite the town and Cemetery Hill, the left resting on the Fairfield road.

In this position they rested during the night and the next day, with no active operations except heavy skirmishing along the entire line. During a successful charge made to drive the enemy from a road in front of Cemetery Hill, Captain William T. Haskell, First South Carolina volunteers, in charge of a select battalion of sharp-shooters, received a wound from which he died in a few minutes on the field. "This brave and worthy young officer," says Colonel Perrin, in his official report of the transaction, "fell while boldly walking along the front line of his command, encourging his men, and selecting favorable positions for them to defend. He was educated and accomplished—possessing in a high degree every virtuous quality of the true gentleman and Christian. He was an officer of most excellent judgment, and a soldier of the coolest and most chivalrous daring."

Late in the afternoon of this day, during the attack of Lieutenant-General Longstreet's corps and a portion of Major-General Anderson's division upon the enemy's left, Major-General Pender, having ridden to the extreme right of his command, to advance his division should

the opportunity offer, received a severe wound in the leg from a fragment of a shell, which subsequently proved fatal. Seldom has the service suffered more in the loss of one man than it did when this valuable officer fell. Gallant, skillful, energetic, this young commander had won a reputation, surpassed only by the success and ability of his services. The commanding general, in the preliminary report of this battle already published, forcibly expresses the sentiments of all who knew General Pender, and had watched his career as a soldier. "This lamented officer," says the report referred to, "has borne a distinguished part in every engagement of this army, and was wounded on several occasions while leading his command with conspicuous gallantry and ability. The confidence and admiration inspired by his courage and capacity as an officer, were only equaled by the esteem and respect entertained by all with whom he was associated, for the noble qualities of his modest and unassuming character."

The command of the division devolved upon General Lane, who, upon being informed by Lieutenant-General Ewell that he could move upon the enemy's position at dark, ordered the brigades of General Thomas and Colonel Perrin forward to the road occupied by the skirmishers, so as to protect the right flank of General Rhode's division, supporting these two brigades with his own, commanded by Colonel C. M. Avery, Thirty-third North Carolina troops, and Scales', commanded by Colonel W. L. J. Lowrance, Thirty-fourth North Carolina troops, who, although wounded on the 1st, had reported for duty. The night attack was subsequently abandoned, but these two brigades (Thomas' and Perrin's) remained in their advanced position during the night, and the next day keeping a continuous and heavy skirmish with the enemy, compelling his advance to remain close under the batteries of Cemetery Hill, the brigades of Lane and Scales forming a second line.

During the morning of the 3d, General Lane received an order from Lieutenant-General Hill to report in person, with the two brigades forming his second line to the right, to Lieutenant-General Longstreet as a support to Pettigrew. General Longstreet ordered him to form in rear of the right of Heth's division, commanded by General Pettigrew. Having executed this order, General Lane was relieved of the command by Major-General I. R. Trimble, who acted under the same orders given to General Lane. The two brigades, thus formed as a support to Pettigrew, with Lowrance on the right, after suffering no little from the two hours' exposure to the heavy artillery fire, which preceded the attack on the 3rd, advanced in close supporting distance of Pettigrew's

line. General Trimble, with portions of his own and General Pender's staff, being with and taking immediate command of the movement.

The line moved forward through the wooods into the open field, about one mile in full view of the fortified position of the enemy, exposed to a murderous artillery and infantry fire in front, a severe artillery fire from the right, and and an *enfilade* fire of musketry from the left. The line moved handsomely and firmly forward. The division in front gaining ground to the right, uncovered the left of Lane's brigade, which caused it to advance more rapidly than the rest of the line. This was checked by an order from General Trimble. When within a few hundred yards of the enemy's works, the line in front being entirely gone, the division moved rapidly up, connecting with the troops on the right, still stubbornly contesting the ground with the enemy, reserving their fire until within easy range, and then opening with telling effect, driving the artillerists from their guns, completely silencing them, and breaking the line of supports formed on the crest of the hill. All the guns in the immediate front of the division were silenced, and the infantry had fallen behind their second and third lines of defence, when the division advancing in an oblique direction, the extreme right of which had reached the works, was compelled to fall back, the troops on the right having already gone, exposing the line to a very deadly fire from that direction immediately on the flank, and a large column of infantry appearing on the left, that flank also became exposed. The two extreme left regiments of Lane's brigade, under Colonels Avery and Barry, advanced some minutes after the rest of the line had given way, and fell back under direct orders.

The gallantry and impetuosity of the brigades of the division engaged in this attack drew from their veteran and wounded commander the highest compliments, as it won the admiration of all who witnessed them.

Lane's veteran troops advanced with that enthusiasm and firmness which had characterized them on every field which has made the soil of Virginia historic, under the immediate supervision of their brigade commander. And the brigade of General Scales, yet weak from the terrible loss it sustained at Chancellorsville, and one-half of the remaining numbers killed or wounded in the attack on the 1st, including the brigade commander and all the field officers save one, who was wounded in this attack, yet moved forward with characteristic gallantry, and its right touched the enemy's line of works and gave way only when the whole force on the right was gone, and the enemy from numerous batteries crowning every height was decimating its reduced ranks.

In this attack Major-General Trimble was severely wounded near the enemy's works in the leg, which necessitated amputation, and in the retreat to the Potomac, unfortunately fell into the hands of the enemy. His conduct needs no encomium in this report. The action of the division attests the value of his services, which a grateful country will ever appreciate. One member of his staff was killed, and two others wounded, Major Gettings but slightly.

The division was reformed in accordance with orders from General Trimble, by General Lane, just in rear of the artillery and upon the same ground where it had rested before making the attack, and in this position remained until the army fell back on the night of the 4th of July.

The reports of the brigade commanders are herewith enclosed, to which your attention is called for further particulars and for notices of individual gallantry.

The list of casualties, which was very large, has already been forwarded by Surgeon P. A. Holt, the Medical Director of the division.

Sincerely regretting the loss the division sustained in its two commanders, which has devolved upon me the necessity of writing this report,

I am, Major, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOS. A. ENGLEHARD,

Major and Assistant Adjutant-General Light Division.

To Major W. H. Palmer, Assistant Adjutant-General Third Army Corps.

Some of the Secret History of Gettysburg.

By Colonel ED. A. PALFREY, of New Orleans.

Owing to the generally received opinion that the battle of Gettysburg was the decisive action of our late civil war, the turning point in the great contest between the North and South, it has evoked far more comment and criticism than has any other battle during that long and bloody struggle. While the accidental, unpremeditated collision which brought on the fight, the unfortunate absence of Stuart's cavalry, the failure of Ewell to attack Cemetery Heights after having whipped Reynolds' and Howard's corps and captured the town, the alleged sluggishness displayed by Longstreet in bringing his troops on the field, the want of prompt and harmonious co-operation between the corps and

division commanders of the Confederate army in attacking the enemy, the comparative numbers engaged on either side, have all been the themes of elaborate discussion and somewhat acrimonious criticism; there is a circumstance connected with the battle, and with Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, to which scarcely any allusion has been made, and which is involved in a maze of mystery.

It will be remembered that at the close of the second day's fighting, Meade's army had been forced back on both flanks—by Longstreet driving Sickles from the peach orchard on the left, and by Ewell obtaining a foothold within the exterior entrenchments of the Federal army on the extreme right. Notwithstanding these advantages gained by the Confederates, the enemy's main line along the heights had received no material injury, and his numerous batteries in unbroken front, still frowned menacingly upon Lee's gallant "boys in gray." Such being the position at the close of that bloody day, it was with surprise and incredulity that reports were received about midnight from the pickets in advance of Ewell's line that the enemy were retiring. This, on investigation, was found to be seemingly true, the rumbling of heavy wheels betokening, by the receding sounds, the withdrawal of Meade's artillery from our front There are men now in this city who will bear testimony to the correctness of this statement. For some unexplained reason this retrogade movement was checked, the guns were returned to their former positions, and the dawn of the third of July disclosed Meade's army in full array, presenting the same bold, defiant and formidable front that it had done on the previous evening.

The writer had a circumstance related to him a few months after the war which possibly may throw some light on these mysterious movements in Meade's army. He is induced to recall it at this time on account of having recently come in possession of certain official documents of the Confederate government which have a bearing on the subject.

Ulrich Dahlgren—the same who, as the leader of one of the raiding parties which had for their object the sacking and burning of Richmond, was killed in the vicinity of that city—was badly wounded in the leg in (if our memory serves us right) a cavalry skirmish a few days after the battle of Gettysburg, and carried to Washington, where his limb was amputated. During his confinement in his father's (the Admiral's) house, our informant, a man who was prominent in social and professional circles in that city, paid daily visits to the wounded officer. He was surprised to see that young Dahlgren was the recipient of special and extraordinary courtesies and attentions from the highest magnates of the land. President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, the most

prominent leaders in Congress, high officials of the army and navy, frequently visited him and showed an interest in his welfare which his rank—that of lieutenant—and the nature and extent of his military services did not seem to justify. One day when Dahlgren had reached an advanced stage of convalescence, our friend found him in an abnormal condition of elation and excitement, and on asking the cause, was shown a document signed by President Lincoln, appointing Lieutenant Ulrich Dahlgren to be a colonel of cavalry in the United States army, and authorizing him to raise a regiment in that arm of the service, and to appoint his own subordinate officers. Our friend expressed his surprise at this sudden and remarkable elevation in rank, and the bestowal by the President on a mere youth of twenty years of such unusual honors and privileges, who, though he had lost a leg in battling for the preservation of the Union, had not seemingly performed any great or signal services, incidentally alluding to the marked and frequent attentions paid him by the most distinguished officials of the government. To this Dahlgren replied that, accidentally, he had been an humble contributor to the success of Meade at Gettysburg; that on the evening of the 2d of July, while returning with ten men from a scouting expedition, he had captured on the Emmettsburg road a Confederate scout, and taken from him, after much trouble, a dispatch from Adjutant-General Cooper to General Lee, informing the latter that President Davis, owing to the exposed position of Richmond and the landing of Federal troops at City Point, could not send forward any more reinforcements, and that the assemblage of an auxiliary army at Culpeper Court-house to attack Washington, so soon as General Lee had drawn Hooker's (Meade's) army sufficiently far north into Pennsylvania to be out of supporting distance, was impossible of accomplishment. Dahlgren stated that on discovering the purport of the dispatch and appreciating its importance he rode as fast as his horse could carry him to General Meade's headquarters in front of Gettysburg. On arriving there shortly after midnight he found that the General had been consulting with his corps commanders, and had resolved to withdraw his army to Pipe creek, the position that had been previously selected by General Warren, his chief of engineers, and in pursuance of that plan was then engaged in retiring his heaviest pieces of artillery from the front. A perusal of the dispatch captured and presented by Dahlgren wrought a sudden change in Meade's plans, and the artillery was quickly ordered back to the positions from which it had been withdrawn, and the Federal army made ready to recommence the battle on the following morning.

That this story was not the mere figment of the brain of a vain and ambitious young man, seems to be proved by contemporaneous reports published in the prominent journals of the North. One of these is a dispatch from Harrisburg, Pa., which appeared in the New York *Herald*, dated July 6, 1863, in which is announced the capture of a man on the morning of the second instant, who declared himself a member of Longstreet's staff, and announced that "he was on his way to Culpeper to ascertain what had become of Beauregard's army." A Washington "special" telegram to the New York *Tribune*, on the third of July, 1863:

The intercepted dispatches from Jeff. Davis, and his renegade adjutant-general, to General Lee, are a more important acquisition than the brief paragraphs that profess to give the substance of their contents would indicate. They reveal the plan of Lee's campaign, wherein and wherefore it was not carried out, the points to which the rebel government is sending reinforcements, and the precarious condition in which it considers its capital to be. The object of the campaign was the capture of Washington, which was to be effected in this wise: Lee was to draw Hooker into Pennsylvania sufficiently far to uncover Washington, which Beauregard, with 30,000 men, to be concentrated at Culpeper Court-house, was then to attack and take. But, as further appears from these dispatches, Jeff. Davis felt unable to spare Beauregard's 30,000 men, or any number of men, to co-operate with Lee.

From the otherwise unaccountable retiring of Meade's artillery on the night of the 2d of July, the statement made by Dahlgren, and the telegraphic reports published in the New York papers, no other conclusion can be arrived at than that General Meade had received intercepted information from Richmond that a part of the plan of General Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania was the concentration of an army at Culpeper to co-operate with the Army of Northern Virginia.

The following is a dispatch from General S. Cooper, Adjutant-General of the Confederate States army, captured by Lieutenant Dahlgren, and which quieted the fears of General Meade concerning the movement from Culpeper against Washington:

RICHMOND, June 29, 1863.

General R. E. Lee, Commanding Army Northern Virginia, Winchester, Virginia:

General—While with the president last night, I received your letter of the twenty-third instant. After reading it he was embarrassed to understand that part of it which refers to the plan of assembling an army at Culpeper Court-house under General Beauregard. This is the first intimation he has had that such a plan was ever in contempla-

tion, and taking all things into consideration, he cannot perceive how it can by any possibility be carried into effect.

You will doubtless learn, before this reaches you, that the enemy has again assembled in force on the peninsula, estimated between 20,000 to 30,000 men, from 6,000 to 10,000 of whom are reported to be in the vicinity of the White House, the remainder at Yorktown. It is impossible to say whether this estimated number is correct, as the several accounts vary, and are not deemed altogether reliable. But the estimate, making due allowances for errors, is quite near enough to satisfy even the most incredulous that the enemy is in the vicinity in sufficient force in cavalry, artillery and infantry, to do much harm, whether his purpose be to make a demonstration on Richmond, or to confine himself to raids in breaking up your communication and devastating the country. His efforts in the last case may prove more successful than the first, if we may judge by what took place at Hanover only two days ago, where about 1000 or 1200 of his cavalry suddenly appeared there, and did some execution in breaking the railroad to some extent, and in burning a bridge, some buildings, public stores, etc. It is unfortunate that this raid took place only about two days after General Corse's brigade had left there for Gordonsville. Had it remained at Hanover Junction, it is reasonable to suppose that most of the enemy's cavalry would have been either destroyed or captured, and the property saved from injury.

Every effort is being made here to be prepared for the enemy at all points, but we must look chiefly to the protection of the capital; in doing this we may be obliged to hazard something at other points. You can easily estimate our strength here, and I would suggest for your consideration, whether in this state of things you might not be able to spare a portion of your force to protect your line of communication against attempted raids by the enemy.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. Cooper,
Adjutant and Inspector General.

The following is the letter from General Lee which brought forth the above response from President Davis, through General Cooper:

Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia,
June 23d, 1863.

General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond, Va.:

General—Upon leaving Fredericksburg a regiment of General Pettigrew's brigade was sent to relieve General Corse's brigade at Hanover Junction, to enable the latter to rejoin his division.

General Corse was subsequently ordered to remain at the Junction, and I have not heard whether he has yet been sent forward or not. If not, I think the regiment will suffice for a guard at that point, and wish Corse's brigade to be ordered to rejoin its division, under General Pickett, as soon as possible.

He will march by Culpeper Court-house, and thence through

Chester Gap to Winchester, where he will be instructed by what route to proceed. I wish to have every man that can be spared, and desire that Cooke's brigade may be sent forward by the same route, if it is not needed at Richmond. *I think there will be no necessity for keeping a large number of troops at that place, especially if the plan of assembling an army at Culpeper Court-house, under General Beauregard, be adopted.*

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,
R. E. LEE, *General.*

[NOTE.—We have certified copies of the above letters from Colonel R. N. Scott, of the War Records Office, Washington. The "plan of assembling an army at Culpeper Court-house, under General Beauregard," raises questions of curious interest. Had General Lee suggested such a plan in a previous letter, which failed to reach Richmond? or did he put in that last sentence *in the expectation that the letter would be captured, and the enemy thus deceived?* We would be glad to hear from any one who can throw light on the subject.]

A Reminiscence of Sharpsburg.

By REV. J. S. JOHNSTON, Mobile, Ala.

The following incident, which came under the observation of the writer, who was a courier on the staff of Colonel Law, of the Fourth Alabama regiment, commanding the third (Bee's) brigade of Hood's division, Army Northern Virginia, has never, to his knowledge, been published, and is recorded here at the suggestion of a friend as an interesting reminiscence of the late war between the States, and as illustrative of the character of the beloved chieftain, the least incident of whose grand life is cherished by those brave men who for three years followed him on fields of glory, but to final defeat:

In the early morning of September 17, 1862, McClellan opened the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) by an attack in force on our centre, just at the junction of Jackson and Longstreet's corps. Hood's division was the left of Longstreet's corps; the commander of Jackson's right is not known to the writer. At 11 o'clock on the previous night Hood, who had covered the retreat from South Mountain, was relieved by a brigade which had just joined the army and had seen but little real service. The attack was so heavy that these troops soon began to waver, and couriers were sent in quick succession to Hood, who was a few hundred yards in the rear resting his weary and hungry men, to hold himself in readiness to move to the front to the support of the heavily pressed lines. Soon the order to "fall in" was given, and the

division, nine regiments front, with no supports or reserves, and nothing between them and the Potomac, moved forward in splendid style. Up to that day that division had never known defeat. A part of it had made a glorious record at the First Manassas. The whole of it had taken part in the battle of Seven Pines; it was the first to successfully charge and carry the strong works at Gaines's Mill; it had made a splendid record at the Second Manassas, and demolished the Duryee Zouaves, who had requested that they might be pitted against the Texans to recover the honor lost at Gaines's Mill; it had held Fox's Gap, on South Mountain, against every attempt to carry it by Burnside's division; and on that day they moved forward in gallant style, making the air ring with the well-known "rebel yell," and soon met the on-coming tide of Federals, flushed with victory, and rolled it back like a wave is shattered and beat back when it strikes a rock. Soon the field was strewn with the flying fragments of the attacking force, and the ground covered thick with the wounded and dead. The pursuit was continued for about a quarter of a mile when the victorious Southrons were in turn met by a fresh corps of Federals. The regiments had become scattered by the long charge, and were now in a corn field, where a new allignment was impossible. Retreat became necessary, and the order was given to "fall back." There was no rout, no frantic rushing to the rear, though the fire of musketry and cannon was fearful. The men fell back in squads—often stopping to replenish their empty cartridge-boxes from those of the dead and the wounded, and then turning and returning the deadly fire of the overwhelming numbers before whom they were slowly and doggedly retiring. When they reached the woods from which they had debouched about two hours before 4,000 strong, only 700 could be mustered to form a new line, to hold the Northern hordes in check until McLaws could come up from Harper's Ferry. Out of nine regiments but one field officer besides Colonel Law, who bore a charmed life that day, reported for duty; he was a major of a Texas regiment. The following fatalities are known to the present writer: Colonel Liddell, of the Eleventh Mississippi, had been killed the night before, in a heavy skirmish on this same ground. The Lieutenant-Colonel, Butler, and the Major (name forgotten) both mortally wounded and left on the field. Colonel Stone, of the Second Mississippi, now governor of Mississippi, upper lip shot away, unable to talk, and yet only going to the rear under the positive orders of Colonel Law. Lieutenant-Colonel (name forgotten) left arm shattered, yet insisting on staying, until ordered to the rear. Major Blair shot in the throat, with a buckshot against the wind-

pipe, unable to talk, yet wanted to remain, but ordered to the rear. These 700 were formed into two regiments, one of which was deployed as skirmishers, behind a breastwork of rails made the morning before, along the Hagerstown pike; the other was held in reserve about one hundred yards in rear. After the Federals had shelled the woods furiously, they moved up in force, slowly and timidly, on the little handful of men holding them, supposing, of course, they were encountering fresh troops, when they were met by the brisk fire of this skirmish line of iron-hearted men. It was fully a half hour before they were compelled to leave their position. They then fell back on the supporting line, and here the same process was repeated; the Federals evidently afraid to make a decisive charge which must certainly have resulted in cutting the Southern army in two, and in the complete destruction of it, before it could cross the Potomac. When finally driven from their second position, and entirely out of the woods, which alone concealed the utter desperation of our situation, they were met by McLaws who soon succeeded in restoring the line to its original position.

Shortly after this repulse, Hood was accosted by General Evans, of South Carolina, who asked him, "Where is your division?" Hood replied, "Dead on the field."

After being relieved by McLaws, Hood marched the remnant of his division some distance to the rear, where it was deployed as skirmishers in the shape of a V, with orders to pass all stragglers, regardless of regiment or brigade or division down to the point of the V. In the course of two or three hours about 5,000 men had been collected at this point. They were then formed into companies, regiments and a brigade. It was, perhaps, an anomolous organization in warfare. No man knew any officer over him, nor even his file leader, or the man to the right or left of him. And thus was taken away every influence which gives men confidence and conduces to their greatest efficiency as soldiers. It was about four o'clock in the evening when this strangely constructed brigade was ordered to "fall in" to march to the front. A little after they had begun marching in column of fours by the right flank, the men at the head of the column saw General Lee standing with bared head and calm but anxious expression under the shade of an apple tree close beside their line of march. As they passsed he said, loud enough to be heard by several companies at a time, "Men, I want you to go back on the line, and show that *the stragglers* of the Army of Northern Virginia, are *better than the best troops of the enemy*." The effect as may be imagined was magnetic. "The Stragglers' brigade," as it was afterwards called, was thrilled with enthusiasm, and had they been called

into action that day would have fully realized the expectations of their noble chief. But the battle had changed from our left and centre to the right, and nothing was required of this brigade but to remain as a reserve to General Pryor, who occupied the line in their immediate front.

When night began to fall, these men, all strangers to each other, begun to long for their comrades, and so to become restive and uneasy among the strange faces which surrounded them; so that by nine o'clock there was scarcely one of them to be found in the line, excepting those who belonged to the division.

This speech of General Lee's, which I have never seen recorded, and which this reminiscence is written to preserve, is, I think, fully equal to that of Napoleon at the Pyramids of Egypt, "Soldiers! from those pyramids forty centuries contemplate your actions." The two speeches are eminently characteristic of the two men. The watchword and guiding principle of the Frenchman being "*Glory*," that of Lee, "*Duty*."

J. S. JOHNSTON, *Mobile, Ala.*

"The Battle of the Cane-Brake."

Report of General DANIEL RUGGLES.

FIRST MIL. DIST., DEPT. MISS. AND E. LA.,
Headquarters in the Field.
OKALONA, MISS., June 25, 1863.

Colonel B. S. Ewell, Assistant Adjutant-General, Jackson, Miss.:

Colonel:—I have the honor to state for the information of the general commanding the department, (General J. E. Johnston), that on the 4th instant, I received official notice that Governor Pettus had ordered Colonel J. F. Smith's regiment and Major T. W. Harris' battalion, Mississippi State troops, to be turned over to the Confederate authorities, and an inspector was immediately ordered to inspect them preparatory to their reception. Only thirty-five of Harris' battalion could be assembled, and Smith's entire regiment, which had been stationed near New Albany, disbanded on the 9th and 10th before any inspection could be made.

To cover the country and reassure the people, on the 13th instant, I marched a portion of my troops with two sections of Owens' Light Battery and your prairie pieces, to the locality previously occupied by Smith's State troops. Arriving at Pontotoc myself after dark of that

day, I very soon had information that the enemy with a force variously estimated from five to fifteen hundred men, with artillery, had advanced to New Albany, nineteen miles distant, and burned all the business houses, church, and some private dwellings, late in the evening of the same day. At midnight I left for New Albany, reaching the place about nine o'clock the next morning, with the force brought from near Okalona except Owens' artillery, which had not come up.

Ascertaining that the enemy numbered only some five hundred men with two guns, I sent Colonel Boyle with four hundred men, and Colonel Faulkner, of General Chalmers' command, who had for sometime been near, and who joined me at New Albany, with some two hundred men in pursuit, accompanied by Colonel John M. Sandige, one of my staff officers, with instructions to press the enemy and attack him wherever found. The enemy having retreated in the direction of Ripley, the troops of Colonels Boyle and Faulkner pursued by different routes to that place, as instructed, with the hope of overtaking him there. Arriving at two o'clock P. M. the 14th, Colonel Boyle found the enemy had left at nine A. M., going in the direction of Pochahontas. Colonel Boyle immedately continued the pursuit, leaving a message for Colonel Faulkner (who had not arrived) to join him at a feeding place twelve miles out, intending, if he could not overtake the enemy during the night, to attack him at Pocahontas at daylight the next morning. At eleven o'clock in the night, being informed that Colonel Faulkner could not, for some reason proceed beyond Ripley, and that the enemy was already at Pocahontas, Colonel Boyle reluctantly, and with the concurrence of my staff officer, abandoned the pursuit and the purpose of attacking Pocahontas, returning to New Albany the next day. It is believed that, with the co-operation of Colonel Faulkner, the expedition would have resulted most successfully. Remaining at and near New Albany until the 17th, Captain Thomas Puryear, of Colonel Bartean's Second Tennessee regiment, with a detachment of twelve selected men, accompanied by the staff officer, already mentioned, was instructed to penetrate the enemy's lines, if practicable, near Chewalla, and, passing north of the Mississippi and Chattanooga railroad, break up the enemy's communications and the railroads in that section.

As the success of this expedition depended greatly, if not entirely, upon its passing some distance beyond the enemy's lines without being observed, during the night of the 17th, it was found that after a march of forty-two miles during the day, there was still twenty miles to be passed over before reaching Chewalla. Heavy rains late in the evening and at night, with total darkness, made it impossible to accomplish

the desired object, and the troops were halted about midnight, and the next morning, the 18th, turned eastwardly to scour the country in front of the enemy's lines, so as to unite with the main body of my force, which had been marched the day before from New Albany in the direction of Guntown, to watch and harass the threatened raid on Atlanta, if made.

After a short march, Captain Puryear got into the rear of a party of the enemy's cavalry moving from the east, westwardly, in the direction of Ripley, and I was informed that Captain Puryear having failed in his first object would follow after the enemy, then three hours in advance. At two o'clock P. M., when within four miles of Ripley, Captain Puryear ascertained that the enemy he had been pursuing had united with a much larger force at Ripley, who came out from Chewalla and Pocahontas, with artillery. Manœuvring upon two or three roads near Ripley in such manner as to induce the enemy to believe a large force was approaching against him, he retreated from the place and Captain Puryear's command encamped for the night six miles distant on the road leading to New Albany. Ascertaining, as is supposed, the real strength of our weak force which had deluded him, the enemy moved forward the next morning (the 19th) and at two o'clock P. M., a lively skirmish commenced at New Albany. Captain Puryear's rear guard, in command of Lieutenant H. H. French, with twenty men, holding them in check for three hours, killing and wounding several as was subsequently ascertained. The conspicuous gallantry of this lieutenant as well on this as on the succeeding day, when he was wounded, entitles him to special commendation. Sergeant J. D. Carr, of company D, and private W. W. Thurmond, of company G, Second Tennessee regiment, also deserve special praise for gallant conduct at New Albany.

On the reception of the information, communicated on the morning of the 18th by my staff officer with Captain Puryear, that they were in pursuit of an enemy moving towards Ripley, I retraced my steps from near Guntown, sending the Second Alabama regiment, under Captain Earle to New Albany, and with the remainder of my troops and guns took the road to Plenitude, to be in position to meet the enemy and cover Pontotoc, should he advance in force. Near Plenitude, Captain Puryear's detachment rejoined the command, and ascertaining that the enemy, leaving New Albany at six o'clock P. M., were encamped on the Pontotoc road, five miles from the latter and three miles from the former place, my troops were moved to the right during the night, to be in communication with the Second Alabama, and in the enemy's

rear, proposing to strike him at daylight. The enemy, it seems, ascertaining in some way the proximity of a larger force than he expected to encounter, left his camp during the night (not withdrawing his pickets), taking the direction of Rockyford, on the Tallahatchie river. He was overtaken by the advance of my troops under Colonel Bartean and Captain Earle (who marched all night), and attacked in the cane-brake swamp of the "Atchchubby-paliah," before reaching the Tallahatchie. Arriving on the field with the main body, and after a conflict of three hours, the enemy was entirely routed and driven from an exceedingly strong position, in dense swamps, and behind almost impassable creeks. Near fifty of his killed have been found in these thickets, a few are prisoners, the remainder fled in confusion, barely saving his artillery, losing caissons, and nearly all of his baggage and ammunition train. The pursuit was continued to the Tallahatchie, at Rockyford.

Colonel Phillips, in command of the enemy's troops, had with him the Ninth Illinois, Tenth and Eleventh Missouri, and Fifth Ohio regiments, with two companies of Tories, mounted infantry and cavalry, numbering over a thousand men, one Parrott gun and one twelve-pounder howitzer, and had moved out to co-operate with other forces of the enemy near the Central railroad.*

I was much gratified with the conduct of officers and men who engaged the enemy with vigor and determination, and after final dispositions were made, gave evidence of their ability to drive greater numbers than were then opposed to them from the field.

Colonel Bartean's Second Tennessee, Colonel Boyle's First Alabama, and Captain Earle's Second Alabama regiments of cavalry vied with each other in pressing the enemy home, while Captain Owen's light battery and First Lieutenant Holt's Williams guns† swept the cane brakes and jungles with marked effect.

But for the difficulty in obtaining guides in the dense thickets, extending some miles, a flank movement would have been made to the right, by which the enemy's rear might have been gained, resulting unquestionably in the destruction or capture of his entire force.‡

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* From subsequent representations, deemed authentic, Colonel Phillips' Federal force numbered between sixteen hundred and two thousand well appointed veteran troops on the field.

† Four prairie guns, from which the Gatling gun partially springs, apparently, by Darwinian derivation, designed for cavalry service in the field.

‡ It has been stated that Colonel Phillips had two companies of Tories, and the fact is noteworthy, that in the extended field of our operations there were *many disaffected people*, as well as *many practicing neutrality*, impeding, when not absolutely obstructing Confederate operations in the field.

We have to regret the loss of two killed and seventeen wounded in this day's conflict.

As I approached the cane-brake the conflict had already begun, and I made prompt inquiry among the nearest residents about the locality, who represented it as almost impenetrable and quite impassable.

I desired to turn the left flank of the enemy with an effective force and gain his rear, and thus corrall him and hold him in conflict until he would have been glad to surrender.

On this point I could obtain no specific information respecting the practicability of crossing the cane-brake and muddy creek for some distance on my right, and the strength of my force, deficient in discipline, brought together promiscuously for the first time, did not warrant venturing on a movement somewhat hazardous even when the conditions attending it are clearly defined.

On this occasion it proved from subsequent information, as I had anticipated, that such a flank movement with the view to attack the enemy in his rear, and thus entrap him and enforce his full surrender, would have been entirely practicable; but the persons from whom information was sought under the impending emergency either failed to give the specific information sought or evaded the closest questioning. It only remained to accept battle in the midst of an extensive, dense cane-brake and impenetrable thicket, covering both banks of a deep, muddy stream, on the enemy's own terms.

In this crisis I relied with entire confidence on that undaunted bravery of those chivalric sons of the South, which, when skilfully directed, no enemy could resist.*

Your dispatch of the 19th from Canton, notifying me that three thousand of the enemy's mounted troops were moving against General Chalmers, was received on the battle-ground at half-past 1 P. M. the 20th, and I immediately sent off scouts to report the actual positions, &c., of the enemy, with the view of assisting in his expulsion; but the defeat of one of their columns by the troops of General Chalmers and the retreat of the other, as was subsequently ascertained, made it inexpedient

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* My thanks are especially due to Major F. P. Beck, chief quartermaster; Captain L. D. Sandige, district inspector and acting assistant adjutant-general; Major Beverly Matthews, inspector of cavalry; Colonel John M. Sandige, volunteer aid-de-camp; Second Lieutenant A. B. de Saurres, engineer Confederate States army; and First Lieutenant M. B. Ruggles, aid-de-camp, for services most promptly and gallantly rendered on the field of battle.

to march my troops westwardly from the base line of operations.†

It was then, I repeat, at this critical period, while General Johnston was manœuvering with both General Grant and Lieutenant-General Pemberton, and apparently at a notable disadvantage, with the odds much against him, that the enemy's cavalry disclosed new signs of life along the northern Mississippi border, and made constantly recurring incursions within the then Confederate lines, with the apparent intent of impeding the concentration of Confederate troops in any attempt to relieve Vicksburg.

During this period, after having repelled the enemy along my northern line of defence, not having sufficient force to reciprocate the courtesy of the enemy's attempted invasion, and while indulging in the strategy of "masterly inactivity," one of my spies informed me, on or about the 22d day of June, that General Pemberton would "surrender Vicksburg on the 4th day of July," then near at hand. I assured him that such a rumor must be entirely groundless, that *General Pemberton was not the man to surrender*, and that he well knew that there were three hundred and sixty-four other days in the year, on any one of which he might surrender; and, furthermore, that the 4th of July had been sufficiently signalized already—that the rumor was incredible! The spy then said that "General Dodge," the Federal commander at Corinth, "had stated in his presence that Vicksburg was to be surrendered to the Federal army *on the 4th of July proximo*."

Before leaving the neighborhood of Guntown, on the 18th, Major W. M. Inge was ordered from Tupelo with one hundred and twenty-five select men, to be joined by Captain Warren, who had been sent with an equal number to scout along the enemy's lines eastwardly from Camp Davis, with instructions to repel a small raid of the enemy reported moving towards Fulton, which was done by him after some slight skirmishing, capturing two wagons, an ambulance, and eight

† It is to be observed that this was during a critical period of the war in the Valley of the Mississippi. Vicksburg was then, and had been for some time, besieged by General Grant with a powerful land and naval, or gunboat force, and that General J. E. Johnston had been sent by the Confederate Executive to redeem, so far as might still be practicable, the effects of *accumulated blunders*, and especially in the assignment, at an earlier period, of Major-General Lovell, that "brilliant" commander, who had already ignobly sacrificed Louisiana to the "water-gods!" and also Lieutenant-General Pemberton, who had been promoted from the defence of Charleston, bearing a diploma as lieutenant-general, even to the banks of the Mississippi, who embraced the anniversary of a signal event to commemorate the surrender of his army!

horses, the enemy destroying another wagon in which was forty or fifty long-range guns and three thousand rounds of ammunition, taken out by them to arm some tories.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed] DANIEL RUGGLES,
Brigadier General Commanding District.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., September 12, 1879.

A true copy of the original report, with the addition of explanatory notes. DANIEL RUGGLES.
Brigadier General late Confederate States Army.

Visit of a Confederate Cavalryman to a Federal General's Headquarters.

BY ROBERT W. NORTH.

In the summer of 1862, Ashby's brigade was encamped below Harrisonburg, about two miles distant from the town, on the Valley Pike. One Friday morning I was feeding my horse, when Lieutenant Rouss, company B, Twelfth Virginia cavalry, ordered me to report to headquarters of the regiment.

Upon my reporting to the adjutant, he informed me that I was to be the safe-guard to a captured Federal surgeon; that I must report in an hour, armed and mounted, and that I was to protect him from any violence while he was inside of our lines. He said that the surgeon was expected to take care of himself while traveling the fifty miles of neutral ground that lay between our pickets and those of the enemy. On my return to the company, I told the men that I was going to Winchester with a Yankee surgeon, and that if they had any letters they wanted sent home, now was their opportunity. The homes of a great number of our company were inside the enemy's line, and such an opportunity to write home was eagerly seized. In an hour my haversack was pretty well filled with letters, and I was ready to accompany the surgeon.

In conversation with the surgeon, I found out that he was Dr. Franklin, of the First New York mounted rifles; that he had been captured between Front Royal and Winchester by Captain Myers's company of the Seventh Virginia, and that General Robertson had ordered him to be sent back to the Federal lines. He was greatly suprised when he found that I had no pass or even verbal permission to go beyond our lines; and upon my representing to him that the country between the lines was filled with irregulars, to whom anything or anybody in blue

was lawful prey, he was greatly troubled, and insisted on my accompanying him to Winchester. I consented to do this, but before I would consent, he pledged his word, as an officer and a man, that I should return unharmed.

We came to our pickets about three miles below New Market. Jim Templeman, Company I, Twelfth Virginia, being on picket, and no officer or other soldier being with him, no difficulty was opposed to our passing. That night we staid at Woodstock, he putting up at Schaeffer's hotel, and I with some friends. As he had got outside the Confederate lines he felt more independent, and before we reached Winchester he acted as if he were protecting me, and had become my safeguard. About the middle of the afternoon we came to the pickets, which we passed without any hindrance. They were just in the edge of the town, a cavalry vidette being on the hill north of them. I remember well that the Sixth Ohio (infantry) was on picket. I met many acquaintances, among them the Logans, Rev. Mr. Eggleston, of the Methodist Church, and the family of Dr. Murphy. We stopped only a few minutes in the town, that the doctor might buy a few cigars. On our way to General Piatt's head-quarters, we fell in with some mounted artillerymen, and it was amusing to see how anxious Dr. Franklin was to prevent their giving me any information, and how determined they seemed to tell all they knew.

We soon reached General Piatt's head-quarters, which were to the left of the Martinsburg road, and distant hardly a mile from the town. Throwing my bridle-rein to and orderly, as if I were acustomed to being waited upon, I walked into the adjutant-general's tent, Dr. Franklin going in at once to see the General. For the first time, then, I realized how little stood between me and Fort McHenry, and although I tried to appear cheerful and composed, I felt that it was very doubtful whether I would get back except by the way of Baltimore and Richmond. General Piatt was in his tent, and I could not see him, but after a conversation of some length, I heard some one call out, "Give that soldier a pass." Upon this the adjutant-general came out, asked my name and to what point I wanted a pass. I replied to Camp Ashby. He replied that he did not know where Camp Ashby was, and that he had no authority to give a pass beyond their pickets. Now feeling certain that I would get a pass, I became more confident, and told him that a United States officer had pledged his word that I should return in safety. At that time a detachment of Pope's forces occupied Luray, and I insisted on having a pass that would protect me from capture if I should happen to meet any of their troops in the main Valley.

This gave occasion for a second conversation, this time between the general and his adjutant-general. Upon coming out, he again asked me my name, gave me my pass, and bidding them good evening, I started back to town.

By her invitation I took supper with Mrs. Heironimus, and at sunset rode out of town, showing my pass to the pickets, who permitted me to depart undisturbed.

This adventure is remarkable in the following particulars: A Confederate soldier, armed, and in full uniform, was allowed to enter a town garrisoned by several thousand soldiers, to go to the general's head-quarters, to stay in the town and visit his friends for more than two hours, and then to depart on a written safe conduct to his own command. It is probable that no other soldier had such an adventure except under a flag of truce.

Rocky Mount, La.

Personal Heroism.

By Rev. John Johnson, of Charleston, S. C.

Seeing in one of our late numbers the case of young Kirkland's ministering to the wounded, under fire, before the lines at Fredericksburg, so well chronicled by his commander, Major-General J. B. Kershaw, your present correspondent would ask a place in your valuable columns to verify, rather than to entirely vouch for, the incident to be related.

In reading, not long since, a little book entitled "Golden Deeds," written by the distinguished author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, of England, I fell in with the passage given below. It occurs at the close of her spirited narrative of the heroism of the Burghers of Calais.

My object in sending it to you is to ask, Is it true? and what are the full names and particulars?

It is as follows:

"In the summer of 1864 occurred an instance of self-devotion worthy to be recorded with that of Eustache de St. Pierre. The city of Palmyra, in Tennessee, one of the Southern States of America, had been occupied by a Federal army. An officer of this army was assassinated, and, on the cruel and mistaken system of taking reprisals, the general arrested ten of the principal inhabitants and condemned them to be shot, deeming the city responsible for the lives of his officers. One of

them was the highly respected father of a large family and could ill be spared. A young man, not related to him, upon this came forward and insisted on being taken in his stead, as a less valuable life. And great as was the distress of his friend this generous substitution was carried out, and not only spared a father to his children, but showed how the sharpest strokes of barbarity can still elicit light from the dark stone—light that but for these blows might have slept unseen."

Second Manassas.

Report of Colonel M. D. Corse, Commanding Kemper's Brigade.

[The following important report does not appear in the Army of Northern Virginia reports, printed by the Confederate congress, and has never been in print at all so far as we know:]

Headquarters Kemper's Brigade, September, 1862.

Brigadier-General J. L. Kemper, Commanding Division:

General,—I submit the following report of the operations of Kemper's brigade, which I had the honor to command during the battles of Groveton (August 29) and Manassas No 2 (August 30th, 1862).

On the morning of the 29th this brigade marched with the others of your command from its bivouac near Thoroughfare Gap, and halted about three miles east of Gainesville about 12 o'clock. We were at once placed in line of battle, in rear of Jenkins' brigade, near the Manassas Gap railroad. After remaining in this position for a short time, the brigade moved forward, east of the railroad. The Twenty-fourth Virginia was here detached and sent to support Rogers' battery, stationed near the ——— house. The rest of the brigade, by your order, was then moved *west* of the railroad, forming line of battle a few yards from the outskirts of a wood. The Seventh Virginia went forward in skirmishing order across a field, some three hundred yards to the front. In the last movement the brigade was subjected to a heavy shelling from a battery of the enemy, distant about twelve hundred yards. Remaining in this position for half an hour, I received through your A. A. General, Captain Fry, an order to move forward, and to the right; to withdraw the Seventh, connect it with my line, and occupy a wood in front, distant four hundred yards. In obeying this order, the brigade was forced to move in full view of the above mentioned battery, which kept a constant fire upon us. Nothing daunted, however, the line moved steadily forward and took the position designated. I threw

out Captain Simpson's company (Seventeenth regiment) as skirmishers to the front and right. In a short time he encountered the enemy's skirmishers on our right and in rear of our line. Not being aware that any of our troops were on my right, and seeing the enemy a few moments before display a considerable force in front, which at once moved to the right under cover of a wood, I deemed it prudent to fall back a short distance, feeling assured that the enemy was in force behind his skirmishers. I now sent Major Herbert (Seventeenth regiment) to ascertain whether or not we had any troops on my right. On his return, he informed me "there were none immediately on our right." At this time Major Palmer rode up, and I made him acquainted with the fact. I informed him of our situation, and suggested that some troops should be placed on our right. He went off, and in a short time General Drayton (with his brigade) reported with orders to relieve me. I then moved east of the railroad, and connected with the Twenty-fourth in line in rear of the ——— house, keeping in front a line of pickets until the morning of the thirtieth, connecting with General Drayton on the right, and Colonel Benning, commanding Toombs' brigade, on the left.

At 3 o'clock Colonel Hunton (Eighth Virginia), commanding Pickett's brigade, brought the order that this brigade, with the others of your command, were to occupy (at 5 o'clock P. M.) a wood near the Chinn House, in front of the line then occupied by Jenkins and Hunton. General Jenkins, Colonel Hunton and myself then rode forward and viewed the ground. It was agreed that they should advance and occupy the position, while I would support them. At half-past 4 o'clock your aid, Captain Flood, brought me an order to move forward in haste to the support of Jenkins and Hunton. I promptly obeyed, and overtook the two brigades advancing. I at once put my command in line about two hundred and fifty yards in rear of the two advancing brigades, keeping my distance as they moved forward. Near the Chinn House, while under fire of the enemy's infantry and artillery, I pushed forward, changing front so as to cover the ground just before occupied by Hunton's (Pickett's) brigade. In passing the Chinn House it was necessary to face the Twenty-fourth regiment (Colonel Terry) to the left and file to the right. After passing this obstacle it came into line beautifully, and the whole line then became hotly engaged. At this time, discovering a battery of the enemy to the left and in rear of the Chinn House, I ordered a charge of the whole line. The order was gallantly responded to and brilliantly executed, the enemy being driven from their guns. Great gallantry was displayed by all engaged. Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Skinner (First Virginia), dashing forward in advance of the whole line, was the first to reach the battery, and I saw him dealing deadly blows with his sabre to the Yankee gunners. The steady veteran Terry, with the gallant Twenty-fourth, delivered a destructive volley into the enemy's ranks on our left, and pushed forward to the charge. The valiant Patton led the heroic Seventh Virginia. Its list of casualties in officers and men gives proof they were where the battle raged fiercely. Colonel Patton, Lieutenant-Colonel Florence, Major Swindler, and Adjutant Patton all fell, severely wounded in this brilliant onset. The ever-ready First, as usual, did its work manfully. Major Clements, with the war-worn Eleventh, moved forward with veteran firmness. The Seventeenth, led by the ardent Lieutenant-Colonel Marye, advanced in perfect line. Just before reaching the battery Colonel Marye fell, wounded severely (leg since amputated), and, under the command of the intrepid Major Herbert, the regiment continued the charge.

The charge was a success, the enemy was driven from his guns, his infantry supports scattered, and his battery taken.

My line was now somewhat broken, owing to the impetuosity of the charge, and seeing the enemy advancing his reserves, I dispatched my assistant adjutant-general, Captain Bryant, and aid de camp, Captain Beckham, to you for aid, which was promptly furnished. Samuel Coleman, private, company E, Seventeenth Virginia, in the hottest of the fight, wrested from the hands of the color-sergeant of the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment, his regimental colors and handed them to me. These colors I have already had the honor to forward to you. At this juncture, having received a wound in the thigh, and finding that my horse was tottering under me from a wound through his body, I turned over the command to Colonel Terry, reported to you, and with your permission, retired from the field.

Never was a brigade commander more gallantly and efficiently supported by field and company officers and brave men. To the gentlemen of my staff, Captains Bryant and Beckham, I return my thanks for gallant and efficient aid in the hour of need. To enumerate the acts of individual courage, would too greatly lengthen out my report, and lest I might omit to mention many who were meritorious, I now bring it to a close. Suffice it to say, that officers and men discharged their respective duties well and faithfully, and while we owe thanks to Almighty God for the success to our arms on this occasion, we have to lament the loss of many good men.

Herewith I hand the reports of the regimental commanders, from which I condense the list of casualties given below.

COMMAND.	OFFICERS.			MEN.				AGGREGATE LOSS.
	Killed.	Wounded.	Total.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.	
First Virginia Regiment	2	4	6	2	22	1	25	31
Seventeenth Virginia Regiment	.....	5	5	4	39	.....	43	48
Eleventh Virginia Regiment	1	2	3	8	53	.....	61	64
Seventh Virginia Regiment	.....	12	12	5	36	.....	41	53
Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment	1	4	5	10	63	.....	73	78
Total	4	27	31	29	213	1	243	274

SUMMARY.

Killed	33
Wounded	240
Missing	1
	274

I remain, General,
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

M. D. CORSE,
Colonel Commanding Brigade.

Operations Before Charleston in May and July, 1862.

Diary of Colonel CARLOS TRACY of General Gist's Staff.

May 17.—Enemy sounding Stono channel in barges; one fired on from Goat Island by riflemen and driven off.

May 19.—Several of the enemy's gunboats attempted to enter Stono Inlet; one ran aground and all put back.

May 20.—Three gunboats crossed the bar and entered the Stono river about 10 o'clock A. M. One ran up and anchored a little below "Battery Island," commanding the old (river) route from "Cole's Island," the enemy thinking, probably, to cut off our troops on Cole's Island. Lieutenant-Colonel Ellison Capers, Twenty-fourth regiment South Carolina Volunteers, commanding on Cole's Island, withdrew his force (two companies), under standing orders, to James's Island by the new (back) and scarcely completed route over Dixon's Island. Captain L. Brist, Palmetto Guard, commanding on Battery Island, withdrew

his force (two companies), under similar orders, also to James's Island. By like orders the buildings on Cole's and on Battery Island were fired by our men before retiring; volumes of smoke from the burning buildings; our men on the *qui vive.* On appearance of a gunboat off mouth of Folly river carronade on marsh battery, near Folly river, thrown overboard by those in charge. Cole's and Battery Island shelled by the enemy.

May 21.—Six of our pickets, of Captain Jones's company, Twenty-fourth regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, made prisoners on Battery Island; expecting, apparently, the enemy to pass by without discovering them, they, instead of withdrawing, hid themselves in the magazine on the approach of a gunboat up the Stono. Enemy saw them and landed. "Legare's," on James's Island, shelled this day by a gunboat slowly going up the Stono.

May 25.—Gunboats to this time had been running up the Stono for several miles every day, shelling both sides of the river, and returning in the evening to Battery Island. Effort to-day of Brigadier General Ripley to draw them within effective reach of guns of "Fort Pemberton" failed. Gallantry of Captain Frank Bonneau, and the men of our little floating battery, stationed for the day in the creek near Dixon's Island, remarked. A gunboat which engaged the battery was driven off in a few minutes. The battery was moored to the land. Three gunboats had been drawn up the river a short distance by General Ripley's movements. On their return, they had passed by altogether, when one came back, apparently to learn what was the little dark object across the marshes and the small islands. Captain B., who was aboard, had just received orders not to fire unless attacked. He had his men ashore under cover. The gunboat opened on him. Captain B. promptly fired his battery (two or three guns) himself. His men, at the first sound of the enemy's gun, came bounding to their little *float*, and soon manning their guns, drove the gunboat away.

May 31.—Gunboats, to this time, running up the Stono every morning as before, shelling every one who came in sight, whether on foot, on horse, or in vehicle. Some peaceful citizens crossing "Newtown Cut" bridge in a buggy, during this period, were very much startled by a shell, *and took to flight on foot across the fields.* To-day a few shells thrown from the Stono towards Secessionville, fell near the camp of Twenty-fourth regiment South Carolina Volunteers, and to Brigadier-General Gist, Captain James Gist and Captain Joseph Glover, of his staff, who were riding out.

June 1 (Sunday).—A gunboat came some distance up Folly river,

but soon retired. Reconnoitering, apparently.

June 2.—A gunboat came up Folly river this morning on the flood about 9 A. M., shelled the battery of Captain Chichester at Legare's Point, that of Captain Warley, close to Secessionville, and Secessionville itself. This place being then occupied by the Eutaw battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles H. Simonton commanding; the Charleston battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel P. C. Gaillard, commanding; the cavalry companies of Captain W. L. Disher, and of Captain ——— McKeiver, and being the headquarters of Brigadier-General S. R. Gist, commanding on the island. Our batteries responded vigorously. No damage done by the enemy, except to a horse, which had his leg broken by a shell that passed through an outhouse just behind the general's headquarters and exploded. After firing for about an hour the enemy withdrew. No damage up to this time done by the enemy's firing, *except to horses.*

Evening.—More than twenty vessels in sight off Charleston bar and Stono inlet and in Stono river. Enemy reported as *being on James' Island*, at the point nearest Battery Island, and as having driven in our pickets.

Captain Carlos Tracy, volunteer aid to General Gist, and Lieutenant Winter, Wassamassaw cavalry, fired on while reconnoitering their position. General Gist and Captain Tracy repeatedly fired on same evening by enemy's advance guard. This firing the first news in camp of enemy's landing.

June 3.—Last night the enemy and a small party of our men lay near each other all night, at Legare's. Captain Chichester's guns, in being withdrawn from Legare's point during the night, stuck in the mud. Men engaged in endeavoring to extricate them driven off by the enemy near morning. Lieutenant-Colonel Ellison Capers, Twenty-fourth regiment South Carolina Volunteers, with several companies, sent just after daylight to bring off the guns and to ascertain enemy's position. Sharp skirmish with the enemy at Legare's, in which Lieutenant-Colonel Capers drove back for a half mile or more, the enemy's troops in his front, though very much outnumbering him; took twenty-three prisoners, and retired only on the appearance of the enemy in heavy force on the field, supported by a cross fire from gunboats in the Stono and in Folly river. Enemy engaged, said to have been Twenty-eighth Massachusetts and One-hundredth Pennsylania volunteers. Our loss, several wounded, and one taken prisoner. Lieutenant Walker, adjutant Charleston battallion, wounded in the leg, in an endeavor to bring off whom, it was said, private Bresnan, Irish volunteers, was mor-

tally wounded. Gallantry and discretion of Lieutenant-Colonel Capers marked. Captain Ryan, Irish Volunteers, Charleston Battalion, distinguished himself by his dashing courage. Lieutenant J. Ward Hopkins, Sumpter Guard, Charleston battalion, wounded in shoulder. Our companies first engaged were reinforced during the action by several others. All fell back across the causeway *to Rivers merely*, and joined the main body of our troops. Enemy ascertained from prisoners to be in strong force at Legare's, under command of Brigadier-General Stevens. Heavy bombardment all day by gunboats of our troops in line of battle to resist enemy's advance from Legare's—our troops necessarily much exposed. A section of Captain William C. Preston's battery, light artillery, under Captain Preston and Lieutenant Julius Rhett, was carried with great promptness and dash into position, and worked with fierce energy, under a heavy cross-fire from the gunboats in the two rivers, and under a direct fire from a piece of the enemy's at the woods on Legare's, in front. The fire from these guns, and from the stationary and more distant batteries of Colonel T. G. Lamar and of Captain Warley, in the direction of Secessionville, rendered the enemy's advance across the causeway, through repeatedly threatened, too perilous for him to attempt. Brigadier-General H. W. Mercer arrived from Charleston in the afternoon. Colonel Johnson Hagood, First regiment South Carolina volunteers, previously detained in the city by his duties as provost marshal, joined his regiment during the day, with Captain B. G. Hay, Lieutenant Ben. Martin, and others of his staff. Casualties light. Brigadier-General Gist and aids covered with sand, from explosion of shells. The screeching of the rifle-shells and the heavy explosions of the 11- and 13-inch subsided a little after dark into a discharge of a shell from a gunboat, at regular intervals of half an hour, during the night. Our men, wet, weary and hungry, slept on their arms. The night was tempestuous.

June 4.—Main body of our troops drawn within the lines. Gunboats from creek in front, shelled Secessionville. Design of the enemy to occupy apparent. Enemy said to be advancing this evening. Untrue.

June 5.—Enemy said to be advancing this evening. Our troops marched to the front. Everything quiet by sundown. No fight.

June 6.—Brigadier-General W. D. Smith arrived on the island and assumed command, General Mercer having been ordered to take command at Savannah. Picket guard this evening, under Colonel C. H. Stevens, Twenty-fourth regiment South Carolina Volunteers, skirmished with the enemy at the Presbyterian church; enemy left one

dead on the ground; indications that he suffered further. A section of Preston's battery did some firing. No loss on our side. A prisoner brought into camp.

June 7.—Alarm in evening; troops to the front. Everything soon quiet. Enemy moving about Grimball's, on the Stono.

June 8.—Enemy evidently in force at Grimball's. A prisoner brought in this evening.

June 10.—During a reconnoisance in some force this afternoon, under General Smith, a part of the troops—the Forty-seventh Georgia Volunteers, Colonel Williams commanding—were repulsed in the woods, at Grimball's, after a gallant onset upon the enemy, advantageously posted, supported by artillery and aided by his gunboats in the Stono. Our loss serious; Captain Williams killed. The wood through which the Forty-seventh advanced so dense that order, it was said, could not be preserved, nor could commands be properly extended. Great regret for the loss of the brave Georgians. Heavy firing nearly all night from gunboats in the Stono.

June 14.—Brigadier-General N. G. Evans arrived on the island to assume command. Heavy firing of shot and shell upon Secessionville, from enemy's gunboats and from a battery erected at Legare's Point. Vigorous replies of Colonel Lamar's guns. Firing nearly all day One man killed in his tent, at Secessionville, by a shell.

June 15.—Similar firing upon Secessionville. Colonel Lamar replies more deliberately. Firing very slow towards night. Two men wounded on our side.

June 16.—Attack of the enemy at daylight on the earth-work at Secessionville; Brigadier-General Stevens in command of assaulting column of six regiments—Eighth Michigan, Seventh Connecticut, Twenty-eighth Massachusetts, Seventy-ninth Highlanders, Forty-sixth New York, and One Hundreth Pennsylvania. Brigadier-General Williams in command of brigade operating to flank the work on its right by an advance on Hill's place; Brigadier-General Benham in command of whole. Our work a simple "priest cap," covering a neck of land about fifty (50) yards wide, flanked right and left by a creek, and defended by four guns and about six hundred men. Enemy repulsed with fearful loss. Colonel T. G. Lamar in immediate command of our batteries, assisted by the no less brave Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas M. Wagner, Captain Reid, Lieutenant Humbert, and others, and supported by the brave Colonel Gaillard and the infantry. Colonel C. H. Stevens and Colonel Simonton showed promptitude and skill, repulsing the flank movement on our right. Enemy's fire from gunboats

in Stono and Folly rivers, from his stationary battery at Legare's Point, from his light artillery, and from his small arms, terribly severe; particularly so his fire on our right flank from across the creek at Hill's. Our battery at one time almost silenced by this latter fire. A gun, worked by Lieutenant-Colonel Ellison Capers, in a little battery across the creek at Clarke's, somewhat flanking the enemy's advance, did effective service. By order of Colonel Johnson Hagood, in command of advanced troops, the Louisiana battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel McEnery, reinforced the garrison at Secessionville during the fight, and rushing gallantly into the fire, with the cry of "*Remember Butler*," soon drove the enemy from his flanking position at Hill's. The Eutaw battalion, on the right, engaged the enemy for a short time in the woods, to the rear of Hill's house, when he fell back, together with the troops engaged by the Louisiana battalion and our other troops from across the creek. Then the entire force of the enemy, between five and six thousand strong, slowly and sullenly retired from the attack to their positions on the Stono, and within their late line of pickets, burning Rivers's house on their retreat. Enemy's loss probably eight hundred men; ours under one hundred. The brave Captains Reid, of Colonel Lamar's regiment of artillery, and King, of Sumter Guard, Charleston battalion; Lieutenant Edwards, and many other gallant men of ours killed. Colonel Hagood, while leading his horse by the reins had them severed by a piece of shell. Several of the enemy bravely mounted our ramparts. Several got to the rear of it by flanking it on the left.

June 17.—General S. Cooper, senior general Confederate States Army, visited the island to-day.

June 18.—Flag of truce from the enemy to inquire after wounded and prisoners, and asking leave to send comforts to them, and offering similar privilege to us as to our men.

June 20.—A few shell thrown by a gunboat to-day at men at work on our west line.

July 1.—Total inactivity of the enemy, offensively, since repulse of 16th ult., except the firing of the few shell on 20th. Grand salute to-day at sunrise along our entire line, and at Forts Johnson, Sumter, and Moultrie, in honor of our successes before Richmond. Enemy reported to be advancing. Troops under arms and to the front. False alarm. Enemy suspected to be about to retire from the island.

July 5.—Enemy's land force, known to have been retiring for several days from Grimball's, now ascertained to be all withdrawn from

that place. Transports for several days past seen going out of Stono. Gunboats in the river off Grimball's.

July 7.—Major William Duncan, First regiment South Carolina Volunteers, narrowly escaped being made prisoner by a party of the enemy at the large work thrown up between Rivers's burnt house and the Stono; party probably from gunboats. Enemy withdrawn from Legare's.

July 8.—Enemy known *to have altogether abandoned James Island*, and our city to be safe for the present.

Report of Operations of Bratton's Brigade from May 7th, 1864 to January, 1865.

CAMP NEAR WILLIAMSBURG ROAD,
Bratton's Brigade, January 1st, 1865.

In compliance with orders I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of this brigade since the battle of the Wilderness, 6th May, 1864. The morning of the 7th May found the brigade in line of battle on the right of and perpendicular to the plank road, along the ridge that had been so hotly contested on the morning before. A crude breastwork of logs was thrown up, and we remained in this position until about nine o'clock P. M., when orders to move came. Skirmishing was more or less brisk all day; our loss was eight or ten men wounded. We moved in accordance with orders across the railroad, by the Catharpin road to Spotsylvania Court-house, and arrived in the vicinity on the next morning (the 8th instant) at about ten o'clock, to find the enemy's cavalry in possession of and between us and the court-house.

My brigade formed on the right of the road, and moved down to the court-house, the enemy retiring before us, and abandoning the place without a fight. We then changed front to the left and moved up ——— road to the Brock road, where Kershaw and Humphries's brigades were fighting. I took position on the right of Kershaw's brigade, where a much needed rest of two or three hours was enjoyed, when the enemy was discovered advancing upon us. This attack, which was probably only a reconnoisance, was easily repulsed with only a loss of two or three to us, but of from forty to fifty to them. In a short time, however, they advanced in two lines, directing their attack to my right, where they supposed there was no force to oppose them. Humphries's brigade and Rodes's division were thrown in just in time to meet them on the extension of my line, my right regiment (the P. S. S., under

Colonel Walker), only participated in this fight in which the enemy were repulsed. My skirmishers were sent in pursuit of the broken and retreating masses and succeeded in capturing about one hundred and twenty-five (125) prisoners; night came on and closed this day's operations. On the next morning (the 9th) we were moved to the left across the Brock road, and put in position on the right of our division with my right resting on the Brock road, my line nearly perpendicular to it and and stretching towards the ——— river. Here again we threw up a little breast work of logs and rails. My three right regiments, First S. S., Colonel Walker, Second Rifles, Colonel Bowen, Sixth South Carolina regiment, Colonel Steedman, had open field in their front, the two left regiments (First South Carolina, Colonel Hagood, Fifth South Carolina, Captain J. B. Lyle), were in the woods. The sharpshooting was incessant, but nothing of importance transpired until the morning of the 12th, when the enemy assaulted us heavily, advancing beautifully in two lines of battle; we held our fire until they were within fifty yards of us, when by a deliberate and well directed volley, a line of their dead was laid down across the entire front of my brigade, with the exception of one regiment, whose fire was well and delibrately put, but the artillery opened a little too soon on this part of the line, and caused the enemy to drop behind a crest just in time to evade the storm of minnie balls; the fusilade continued for some minutes, and strewed the field with dead and wounded from their scattered and flying hordes; many of those in the open field fled in comparative safety behind the crest alluded to above (to their right, our left) to the woods and were massed, partially rallied in front of my two regiments (First and Fifth) still protected by this crest and the woods from our infantry fire. Their position could not be seen from our batteries, but I ordered them to open upon them and directed from my position their fire, which was afterwards found to have become more effective, killing and mutilating great numbers of them. Unfortunately the commander of the battery informed me that his orders were to save ammunition, and to fire only when he was certain of doing execution. I could not be certain of this, and fearing that ammunition might be scarce, ordered him to cease firing and thus saved the lives of many Yankees. They kept up an active fusilade, indeed, a terrific roar of musketry all the while. Our men were quietly awaiting their appearance over the crest. This continued so long (for some hours) that we began to suspect that by some happy mistake they were fighting themselves.

It seemed a heavy battle and we had nothing to do with it. Skirmishers from the First and Fifth regiments were ordered up to the

crest to discover what it meant. They found them lying behind the crest firing at what did not clearly appear, but they with great gallantry charged them with a yell, routed and put the whole mass to flight, most precipitate and headlong, capturing some forty (40) prisoners. In their haste and panic a multitude of them ran across a portion of open field and gave our battery and my line of battle on the right a shot at them, the skirmishers too. We kept up a most effective fire upon them and that field also was thickly dotted with their dead and wounded. My picket line was re-established, and thus ended the battle of the 12th on this part of the line. In this battle I had about twelve hundred and fifty (1250) muskets, and lost in killed and wounded not more than fifteen—prisoners none. We destroyed of the enemy, in killed, wounded and prisoners, in my judgment, at least three thousand (3,000). They left about 500 dead in my front, and it is known that they took many dead from the field (all of those remote from our lines). My officers and men behaved to my entire satisfation. The men fired with cool deliberation and great effectiveness. While all behaved well, I cannot pass on from this part of my report without making special mention of Captain Harvey, Fifth South Carolina Volunteers and Captain Wood, First South Carolina regiment. They commanded the skirmishers of their respective regiments in the charge upon the enemy, and executed their orders with an energy and boldness that was worthy of all praise. Not long before sunset I was ordered to report to General Ewell on the right without delay. I moved down as rapidly as possible and found General Ewell in rear of that portion of the line which had been taken from Johnson's division in the morning known as the "mule shoe." My brigade was put in position to support the withdrawal of some troops of ours from this same "mule shoe." We lay there under fire, but doing no fighting all night, and were withdrawn about daybreak to a new line constructed during the night some four or five hundred yards in rear. We were in the course of the morning relieved and ordered back to General Field, who held us as reserve for our division until we left this part of the line.

We lost during the night in killed and wounded about seventy men, the enemy's fire was incessant throughout the night.

We did not fire a gun. On the night of the 14th we moved with the division towards the extreme right of our line, and were put into position on the right of Gregg's brigade, which was on the left of the division. On the morning of the 16th erected works but had no fighting here other than a little skirmishing some distance in front of the line. On the evening of the 21st the whole corps marched for Hanover

Junction, moving down the Telegraph road. On this severe and weary march, which was almost continuous for twenty-four hours, my brigade was rear guard; nothing of importance occurred. The enemy followed closely upon us, occasionally engaging a squadron of cavalry in our rear, but did not molest any body materially, they rather aided us in driving stragglers before us. We crossed North Anna river about sunset on the next evening, the 22d, and went into camp on the next morning, 23d; one regiment was sent on picket to the railroad bridge over the river, had some sharpshooting with the enemy across the river. The other four rested in a road near by. About midnight I received orders to destroy the railroad bridge, and fall back to a position near to the Junction and fortify, which was done. We remained in this position three or four days, skirmishing and sharpshooting all the while with the enemy, until he retired across the river. Our loss was slight here.

On the morning (the 27th) we moved down the railroad to Ashland, thence passed Atlees to the Totopotamoi creek, near Walnut Grove church, where we relieved some of Gordon's troops, on the 30th day of May. Skirmishing on this line was severe, and our loss was greater than usual. On the evening of 31st day of May we began to slide to the right, and continued to do so until we arrived upon what was afterwards known as the Cold Harbor line. My position on this line covered the road from Mechanicsville to Old Chuch. Our skirmishers were more or less actively engaged while moving from our last position, and after we settled in this, until the enemy left our front, which they did on the night of the 5th of June. We shifted position on the line, and advanced to Totopotamoi swamp one evening, but did not come in contact with the enemy again on this line. On the morning of the 13th we moved to the right, crossed Chickahomony on the McClellan (Cavalry) Bridge, marched through Seven Pines battlefield, where we bivouacked for two days. On the evening of 15th I received orders to move up the Kingsland road to the Varina road, and picket towards the river from Deep Bottom up. We arrived at the place designated about 10 o'clock P. M. We found no enemy in this vicinity, except squads from gunboats lying in the river. I received orders about midday, on the next day, to move across the river at Drewry's Bluff, and rejoin the division, which was moving down the Telegraph road towards Petersburg. I moved in accordance with orders, and found the division in line on the left of, and parallel with the road, preparing to drive the enemy out of our works, which had been abandoned by Beauregard to reinforce Petersburg. I was put in position on the right of the division, near creek, but night coming on, and the

woods being dense, only a line of skirmishers was advanced. My skirmishers occupied a line of works that night, and it was not discovered until next morning that the enemy were still in partial possession of Beauregard's line. About the middle of the day the division made a sort of spontaneous charge, in which only my skirmish line participated, and recovered and re-occupied the line that had been abandoned on the morning before. On the next morning (8th) we were relieved by troops from Pickett's division, and moved across the Appomattox to Petersburg, and were put in position on the line about Battery No. 34; at dark we moved to the left, and relieved troops on the new line, covering the Baxter road, my left resting on the Battery, under which the enemy afterwards sprung a mine. The works here were very imperfect, and the sharpshooting was incessant and active. The enemy was found next morning well entrenched close to our front, and could sharpshoot us from two lines; we suffered for the first two days from this advantage over us, losing heavily; the fire upon us here was incessant, night and day, and the labor of completing the works, added to the heavy guard duty, necessitated by the close proximity of the lines at this point, rendered this probably the severest tour of duty that my men have been subjected to during the war. We made the position comparatively secure, and thought that we inflicted more damage than we received by sharpshooting, before we were relieved.

We were relieved by Elliott's brigade about day-break on the morning of the 24th, and moved down to the Iron bridge, on City Point road. We remained there in a ravine for four (4) days, during which time one of my regiments, the P. S. S., Colonel Walker, was ordered to report to General Hoke, as a support to some point on his line, against which attack was threatened, the attack, however, was not made, and the regiment was not engaged. I moved it with the rest of the brigade, back to the old position on the Baxter road, on the 28th, relieving Elliott's brigade. A portion of the line was now assigned to the division to hold, and a system of reliefs established, by which each brigade of the division got forty-eight hours rest in every eight days, thus we wore through a weary month of guard duty, mortar-shelling and sharpshooting, watching and waiting for the affray; but no assault was made. Our daily loss was small, but the sum total for the month, particularly when the nature of the wounds is considered, (unusual proportion fatal,) loomed up heavily—aye sadly—many of my noblest veterans, whose kindling eyes had flashed out their staunch heart's enthusiam on so many glorious fields of battle, were stricken from our rolls, as it were by the stealthy hand of the assassin. There is the chill of

murder about the casualties of this month, and sad, sad is the regret, when death thus strikes the brave. We lost on this line fifty three killed and seventy-two wounded, many of them mortally.

On the night of the 28th we were relieved, and took cars on the morning of the 29th on the Petersburg railroad for Rice's station; from thence we marched across James river at Drewry's Bluff to the vicinity of Fussel's Mill, and were put in position on the morning of the 30th to meet the enemy, who had made demonstration on that point, but found that he had retired on the night previous. My brigade was moved up during the day along the line of works over New Market Heights and put in position on that line, with its right resting on Four-Mile creek. We remained in this position, with our pickets well out in front, enjoying freedom from the presence of the enemy until the morning of the 13th of August, when the enemy assaulted and, after three efforts, succeeded in driving in my pickets, capturing and killing some of them. It was here that Captain Beatty, of the P. S. S., one of the most efficient officers of this brigade, fell mortally wounded; the enemy in his front were successfully repulsed, he was slain, and some of his men captured by the enemy, who had driven in the pickets on our left and came up in rear of his lines. I mention this as due to the gallant officers and men who were captured there. Our picket line was finally driven in, pretty badly mutilated. The enemy opened a furious cannonade upon our main line, which, however, did not last long. Our skirmishers were advanced, and they threatened his left, resting near the Yarborough house, which, perhaps, induced him to withdraw. While this was occurring here it seems that the enemy were moving heavy columns up the Darbytown and Charles City roads, which necessitated a sliding of the whole division to the left. I was ordered to follow and keep up connection with the brigade on my left. This was done, and night found my brigade with its right resting upon the Drill house and extending along New Market heights beyond the Libby house. On the next morning the affair on the left became more serious. The enemy succeeded in taking a portion of our line about Fussell's Mill. My already attenuated line was depleted to furnish force to drive them out. Two of my regiments—the Fifth South Carolina, Colonel Coward, and Second South Carolina rifles, Colonel Bowen—were sent down without delay, and, I was told by others than themselves, rendered most effective assistance in driving the enemy away and recovering our line. While this was going on on the left the enemy assaulted my line near the Libby house, but were easily repulsed by the picket line, aided by the artillery on the heights. In

the afternoon I received orders to take command of the whole line from the left of my brigade to Chaffin's farm. I found on this line the City Battalion, detachments from Scales and Thomas's brigades, and Johnson's old Tennessee brigade, numbering in all about one thousand men. I went out to the picket line to discover what troops were there, and reached Cox's farm, "Signal Hill," where I had been informed the picket line was established, in time to meet the enemy coming in by way of Double Gates, but could see or hear nothing of our pickets, who ought to have been on this part of the line. I learned afterwards that the line, from some distance to the left of Double Gates to the river, was occupied by detachments from the City Battalion and Johnson's brigade. They unquestionably behaved badly—ran away from their posts, and could not give any intelligible report of what had occurred when they were found, which was not until some time after dark. Knowing little or nothing of the country in front, and only that the enemy were advancing up the Varina road, I immediately moved Johnson's brigade from Four-Mile creek up to B. Aiken's house, to secure Chaffin's from disaster. Night closed in before I found the pickets, and without my learning anything definite of the enemy. During the night, however, I found that the picket line had been disturbed only between where it crossed the Kingsland road and the river, and had it adjusted and ready for an advance at early dawn. I, moreover, discovered by means of scouts that there was no enemy in advance of their usual lines on the left of the Varina road. At daybreak the next morning the pickets on the right (from Johnson's brigade) advanced and found the enemy on Signal Hill throwing up entrenchments. I received orders to dislodge them if I could. During the night three regiments from Pickett's division reported and were put in position near the B. Aiken house, in all about six hundred (600) men. Harris' Brigade was found near the B. Aiken house, and with these troops to hold the line, I thought that I could drive the enemy away with mine, and was making dispositions with this view, when I received orders to suspend operations until further orders. About sunset received orders to proceed, but it would have been impossible to arrange for it by dark. The navy opened upon the enemy during the evening; Johnson's brigade advanced against the hill early the next morning and found it abandoned. Five or six prisoners of various colors and nationalities were captured, several muskets, and a lot of entrenching tools also. The navy claims the credit of driving them from the position, and doubtless aided in producing the result. Something, however, is due to the sharp-shooters of Johnson's brigade, who hugged closely the

works of the enemy all day, and effectually prevented their completion. All of the unburied dead left on the hill were killed by minnie balls, and there were several (white); many of the negroes were known to be killed, and it was supposed they occupied the graves found there. Sharp-shooters were thrown well out in the field below Signal Hill, so as to fire upon their line of communication with Dutch Gap, and it was this, in my opinion, that influenced them to leave at night. Our old lines were re-established; remained quiet until I was ordered away.

On the 22nd of August I was ordered to move across the river at Drewry's, and take cars at Rice's station for Petersburg; was held in reserve about the lead-works for several days; moved on to a ravine near Reservoir Hill, and worked at night on fortifications. On the ——— moved down the Boydton Plank-Road some five (5) or six (6) miles to meet some movement of the enemy, but he retired and we were ordered back that night; marched about two miles, when we were halted, and ordered into camp, where we remained the next day and night, and on the next morning moved back, and were put into camp on Captain Whitworth's farm, near Petersburg. We remained here until September 29th. While encamped here built a line of works along the Squirrel Level road. On the morning of the 29th September received orders to take cars for Rice's station, which we did, and moved thence across the river at Drewry's to the Osborne Turnpike; reached there just before dark, started out from the works near New Market road on reconnoisance, but were ordered back as night was coming on, and went into camp; but about 10 o'clock P. M. received orders to move down Osborne Turnpike towards *Battery Harrison*, which had been taken by the enemy. We reconnoitered as well as we could at night, and were making dispositions to attack, when orders came to move to the rear of Fort Gilmer and rest. We reached Fort Gilmer a little before daybreak, rested until about 8 o'clock A. M. and were ordered back to the vicinity of Battery Harrison. The preliminaries were arranged for an assault, and the assault ordered at two o'clock P. M. In the meantime the enemy had thrown up a retrenchment, making Battery Harrison an enclosed work. I was to support Anderson's brigade. I occupied a rugged line on the right of Anderson. He was to move out to a ravine in his front and wait for me to file out of my rugged position and form in, in rear of him, (all the details are known to the major-general, but I mention this point for a purpose which will appear presently). I gave full and explicit instructions to my brigade; every officer and man knew exactly what he

was to do. Anderson did not stop at the ravine, but passed on. To give my promised support, and carry out my part in the arrangement, it was necessary for my brigade to file out at the double quick, and without halting, or even moderating to quick time, to move by the right flank in line against the enemy. I deplored this, and felt that my men were not having a fair chance, but it was too late to give new orders and instructions. All that was left me to do, I thought, under the circumstances, was to try to carry out the agreed upon arrangement, and this done, my brigade was ordered to follow about one hundred yards in rear of Anderson's, and if they stopped to pass over them, and charge the enemy's works. My orders were obeyed, and my dead close under the enemy's works attest their honest efforts to achieve the object for which they were given. My right regiment, Colonel Walker, was streaming along at a run, unable to gain its position on the line of the brigade. This I halted for an instant, closed its ranks, and put it in on the left against a little redan on the line a short distance in front of the enemy's retrenchments, and it was carried, and much consternation produced among the enemy, who left one face of Fort Harrison, that looking toward B. Aiken's house, and did not occupy it again. But it was too late to help the main assault, that had failed, but it was a diversion, and more—a sort of distraction to the enemy, which saved the lives of many of my retiring men. My shattered ranks were ordered to the rear to reform. I dispatched a staff officer to General Hoke to explain my situation, and to say that I would make another effort in conjunction with him if he would assault. My four repulsed regiments, rallied by their gallant colonels, moved up, sadly reduced in numbers, but with firm and solid tread, as well in hand and obedient to orders as at the beginning. General Hoke assaulted, but so feebly, and was so quickly repulsed that I did not put my regiments in again, but took up a position to support the troops in the redan in case they were assailed by the enemy. After dark, when all my dead and wounded, except those immediately under the works of the enemy, were brought off, the troops were withdrawn to the line of the morning. We failed to take the fort, and there is, therefore, no occasion for praise; but while I think it right that success should be, as it is, the measure of the soldier's merit, I would be ungrateful to the living, and false to my glorious dead, if I did not express my admiration of their heroic conduct in this action. They failed to take the fort, but it was because the difficulties, from beginning to end of the attack, were too much for human valor. Our loss here was severe, summing up in killed and wounded, three hundred and seventy-seven

(377). Some of the wounded are prisoners. I took into this action eleven hundred and sixty-five (1,165) muskets and one hundred and twenty-nine (129) officers. The next day we remained quiet, but at dark were advanced to a line that had been selected during the day by the engineers, and entrenched. We remained here strengthening our works until the night of the 6th of October, when we were relieved by General Moore, and moved to the Darbytown road. Early on the morning of the 7th we moved down the Darbytown road and struck the enemy's outposts near Pleasants's house. The Fifth South Carolina regiment, Colonel Coward, was deployed and drove them to their works over the old line. My brigade formed on the left of and perpendicular to the road, some six or eight hundred yards from the works. In a short time, in conjunction with Anderson's brigade, formed on the right of the road, we moved forward. I succeeded in driving them out of the works in my front, and turned upon the flank and rear of those in Anderson's front and drove them from a part of it—indeed, from all of it finally, but was temporarily checked by a flank work. They had no artillery on the line, but a battery was playing on us from a position some four hundred yards in rear of their line, and in an extension of the line of this flank work. This embarrassed our attack, and being concealed by a slight ridge from view, I was unable see what was there, I therefore directed one regiment against the battery, which threw it entirely in rear of the line, and as it rose the ridge, advanced the brigade, and carried the works. With scarce a halt at the works I pressed on at the enemy and artillery, now seen running across the field, for near a mile, when I halted and adjusted my ranks, now somewhat deranged by the succession of charges; the enemy were completely routed. I succeeded in capturing one piece of artillery, the rest got away from me, but was made an easy prey for Gary's cavalry, who did overtake and capture it. I here received orders to march to the right and connect with the division which was moving up the works in a line perpendicular to them. This was done in due time, but with great difficulty through dense thickets. The whole, advancing in line, struck the enemy near the New Market road in heavy force and behind log breastworks. My brigade advanced to from fifty to one hundred yards of the works (my line was not parallel to that of the enemy, my right was nearer to them than the left), and I thought at one time that the enemy were leaving my front—I could not see, but their fire slackened. The brigade on my right, however, did not come up, and the enemy in its front poured its fire into me. The brigade on my left fell back and retired entirely from the contest. This somewhat disturbed my left. I

was myself on the right, and was wounded a few moments before, but seeing this movement to the rear went towards the left of my line to find *it*, too, beginning to break away—doubtless because they were abandoned, for the fire was not near so heavy as on the right. I ordered them to fall back to the crest from which we started. The fire on the right was most terrific, but fortunately the balls ranged high and my loss was less than I feared it would be. My regiments were in line thus, from right to left: Walker's on the right, Steadman, Hagood, Bowen, and Coward's on the left. My casualties sum up, in killed and wounded, one hundred and ninety (190). Nearly half of them occurred in the right regiment (Walker's); more than half in my two right regiments (Walker and Steadman's). I lost some of my best officers and men. Captain Quattlebaum, P. S. S., a most faithful officer, who has signally distinguished himself in this campaign, was here shot dead upon the field. Lieutenant William Norris, Fifth South Carolina regiment, a noble man and most worthy officer, was, I fear, mortally wounded, and fell into the hands of the enemy. Lieutenant Lewis, P. S. S., had his leg broken, and was captured. He has been heard from—is doing well, but his leg was amputated. The service has sustained a loss in these three officers. My command behaved to my satisfaction on this occasion, and officers and men have my thanks for their gallant and spirited conduct.

To my staff I am indebted for their prompt and efficient services. I was deprived of the valuable services of my A. A. General, Captain Serrel, early in the action. His horse was killed under him, and he was so much injured by the fall as to necessitate his removal to the rear. Captain Lyle, acting Inspector, and Lieutenant Judge, aide-de-camp, acted with their usual gallantry, and rendered most useful assistance. I left my brigade on the crest from which this last charge was made and did not get back to it until the 20th of November. During my absence it had been engaged twice—on both occasions successfully resisting assaults of the enemy. You are referred to Colonel Walker for a report of these actions. I found it, on my return, on a new line, between the Charles City and the Williamsburg roads, fortifying. Since we have been engaged in erecting winter-quarters and strengthening our works, until the 10th December, when we were ordered out to the front on what turned out to be a reconnoisance of the enemy's line about Deep Bottom. Found on New Market heights, between the Libby house and Big Spring, a large isolated fort with ditch and strong abattis around it; this was an outpost, and not the right of their line. Their right rested on the marsh of the Four

Mile Creek, below the Kingsland road. An immense area of forest about the Drill house had been filled. The fort and these lines seemed to be thinly manned, but obstructions in the way of felled timber, abattis, &c., were immense. A little after dark we were ordered back to camp. In this day's work I lost eleven men, and one officer, in killed, wounded and missing. We remained quiet in camp fortifying and completing winter quarters, until the night of the 22nd, when we were ordered off in haste to Gordonsville. I left camp at half past 11 o'clock, P. M., and started the first train from Richmond with two regiments, (2nd and 5th,) but did not reach Gordonsville until 10 o'clock, A. M. I moved my two regiments out with all proper speed on the Madison Turnpike, where I was informed by a staff officer, that General Lomax was confronting the enemy. I found him about two miles out and the enemy drawn up from six to eight hundred yards in his front. There was in one place a solid mass of them, covering probably two or three acres of ground. I told him that I had two or three regiments of infantry at hand to assist him, and suggested, that as we could not shift as rapidly as horsemen, that he put us in the position most important to be held. He replied that the position on the Madison Turnpike was the all-important point, and pointing to the massed enemy said, they are now preparing to charge. I immediately put my regiments in position, one on either side of the road, relieving the cavalry, who moved out on the flanks. We were all ready now, and as they were slow about the charge, I sent out a company of sharp-shooters into a tongue of wood, about one hundred and fifty yards in front of our lines, to kill some of them. About this time one of my regiments, by some mistake, and without my orders, opened a scattering fire upon them. Before I could stop it, they made the mass of the enemy deploy, and retire out of range. It (the mass) was not more than six hundred yards from my line, and I might have opened fire upon them with effect, and would have done so, but for the hope and expectation that they would charge us. In a short time they withdrew, taking the road towards Liberty Mills; some of the sharp-shooters followed them and took possession of the field, found three wounded Yankees, and two or three dead horses and men, also several bee-gums just opened, but not robbed. The rest of the brigade arrived during the evening and night. On the evening of the next day the whole brigade took cars for Richmond, but owing to the bad condition of the road, did not all reach Richmond until 9 o'clock P. M., on the 25th December. I am happy to report not one single casualty on this expedition. We returned to our old position on the line,

and have remained quiet up to date. Our total present at the beginning of the campaign (including quarter-masters, commissaries and surgical departments, was officers, one hundred and fifty (150); men, eighteen hundred and sixty-six (1866); aggregate, two thousand and sixteen (2,016). Our loss during the campaign sums up one hundred and seventy-six (176) killed, one thousand and ninety-four (1,094) wounded, and ninety four missing; aggregate, thirteen hundred and sixty-four (1364). Total present to-day, including quarter-masters, commissaries, and surgical departments, one hundred and thirty-two officers (132), sixteen hundred and eighty-eight (1688) men; aggregate, eighteen hundred and twenty men. We have lost many of our noblest and best officers and men. Accompanying this is a list of casualties since the battle of the Wilderness.

The brigade as a whole has, in addition to the stirring gallantry of the fight proper, displayed a fortitude, endured the fatigues and dangers of this most arduous campaign, with a staunch and sturdy courage, the contemplation of which fills me with gratitude, not unmixed with pride.

While I feel that it is impossible in a report stretching over so much of action to do justice to the many individual instances of meritorious conduct that from time to time occurred, I cannot close without special mention of Colonel Hagood's First South Carolina regiment, and Colonel Coward's Fifth South Carolina regiment. These officers have distinguished themselves by their valor and skill on the field, and general good management of their commands throughout the campaign. Also Captain J. B. Lyle, Fifth South Carolina regiment, who in command of his company, then of his regiment, and afterwards as acting assistant adjutant-general on my staff, was everywhere conspicuous for his courage, energy and zeal.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN BRATTON, *Brigadier-General.*

Professor Worsley's Lines to General Lee.

By J. William Jones.

As there has been some dispute as to the authorship of the following beautiful lines, which were first published by me in "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and Letters of General R. E. Lee," it may be well to settle the point, as well as to preserve in our *Papers* the feeling tribute of the gifted Englishman. I had frequently seen them in the fly leaf of Worsley's translation of the Iliad, which he presented to General Lee, and by permission of the family, not long after the General's death, my friend, Professor E. S. Joynes, copied them for me. I thus introduced them in my "Reminiscences":

The following inscription and poem accompanied the presentation of a perfect copy of the "Translation of the Iliad of Homer into Spencerian Stanza," by Philip Stanhope Worsley, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—a scholar and poet whose untimely death, noticed with deepest regret throughout the literary world, in England, has cut short a career of the brightest promise:

"To General R. E. Lee,—the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest,—this volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

The grand old bard that never dies,
  Receive him in our English tongue!
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
  The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
  Is marred beneath the spoiler's heel.
I cannot trust my trembling hand
  To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs! But let her bear
  This blazon to the last of times:—
No nation rose so white and fair,
  Or fell so pure of crimes.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail,
  Come round thee; yet in truth be strong!
Eternal right, though all else fail,
  Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
  Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South,
  Virginia first, and Lee.

P. S. W."

I found in General Lee's letter-book the following beautiful letter in reply to this graceful compliment from the English scholar:

LEXINGTON, VA., February 10, 1866.

Mr. P. S. Worseley:

My Dear Sir:—I have received the copy of your translation of the "Illiad," which you so kindly presented to me. Its perusal has been my evening's recreation, and I have never enjoyed the beauty and grandeur of the poem more than as recited by you. The translation is as truthful as powerful, and faithfully reproduces the imagery and rythm of the bold original.

The undeserved compliment to myself in prose and verse, on the first leaves of the volume, I receive as your tribute to the merit of my countrymen who struggled for constutional government.

With great respect, your obedient servant,

[Signed] R. E. LEE.

I add also another letter from General Lee to Professor Worsley, written a month later, and very appropriately inserted in this connection:

"LEXINGTON, VA., March 14, 1866.

"*Mr. P. S. Worsley:*

"My Dear Mr. Worsley:—In a letter just received from my nephew, Mr. Childe, I regret to learn that, at his last accounts from you, you were greatly indisposed. So great is my interest in your welfare that I cannot refrain, even at the risk of intruding upon your sick room, from expressing my sincere sympathy in your affliction. I trust, however, that ere this you have recovered and are again in perfect health. Like many of your tastes and pursuits, I fear you may confine yourself too closely to your reading; less mental labor and more of the fresh air of heaven might bring to you more comfort and to your friends more enjoyment, even in the way in which you now delight them. Should a visit to this distracted country promise you any recreation, I hope I need not assure you how happy I should be to see you at Lexington. I can give you a quiet room and careful nursing, and a horse that would delight to carry you over our beautiful mountains. I hope my letter informing you of the pleasure I derived from the perusal of your translation of the 'Iliad,' in which I endeavored to express my thanks for the great compliment you paid me in its dedication, has informed you of my high appreciation of the work.

"Wishing you every happiness in this world, and praying that eternal peace may be your portion in that to come, I am, most truly, your friend and servant,

[Signed] "R. E. LEE."

"General Lee to the Rear."

By Professor W. W. Smith, of Randolph Macon College.

[In our narrative, in our January, 1880, number, of three occasions on which the men vociferated to General Lee to "go to the rear," we promised to give in some future issue the sketch of one of the incidents written at the time by Professor W. W. Smith, then a private in the Forty-ninth Virginia regiment. We have been unable to find the sketch to which we then referred, but are glad to be able to give an extract from a speech made by Professor Smith on "Memorial Day" in Warrenton, Va., June, 1878, in which the incident is eloquently given, if not with the fresh enthusiasm of the boy soldier which characterized the sketch Mr. Smith wrote the day after the bloody struggle at Spotsylvania.

We regret that we have not space for the whole speech, but give the extract as follows:]

We are met, comrades, to pay a brother's tribute to those who marched shoulder to shoulder with us in the army of Northern Virginia, whose hearts we knew,

> "True as the steel of their tried blades,
> Heroes in heart and hand."

How our hearts beat more quickly at the recollection of that grand old army! When I think of the humble private, foot-sore and weary, toiling on after his tattered standard, shoeless and ill-clothed, munching his hard-tack, and eating his bacon raw to make it last the longer, yet all with a cheerfulness unfailing, because, forsooth, it was the best his country had to give; of the grand men who led our lines and breathed their spirit into lesser souls; of the glorious knight of the nodding plume; of the fierce, fiery God of War so meekly bowing to his God, but to his God alone; and then as my thought rests in the contemplation of the grand chieftain, who united in one majestic person the ardor of patriotism, the sublimity of genius, the dignity of greatness, whose name lit each eye and inspired every heart, himself so calm, so true—as thus the grand picture of our country and its cause, of that glorious army, and that most glorious leader rises before my mind, I think that surely

> "Never hand waved sword from stain so free,
> Nor purer sword led a braver band,
> Nor braver bled for a fairer land,
> Nor fairer land had a cause so grand,
> Nor cause a chief like Lee."

We go, comrades, to drop a flower upon the graves of those who represent to us the gallant dead of that army. From the cavalry, the artillery, and the infantry, 'tis not our privilege to place the tribute of devotion on the graves of our Stuart, our Pelham, or our Jackson, or even, perhaps, upon the humble mound of that comrade best beloved to each, but others of our brotherhood will drop the tear and strew the graves where tender hands have gathered them, and over those who lie yet where they fell, by hill and glen, and grove, will the good God spread the daisy and the buttercup, and the tender dew will drop its glistening tear. On the graves of these who rest within our charge we each will drop the flower in memory of his absent dead, while all unite in common tribute to him who loved them all, and was a father to us all—our great commander.

We are here, citizens of Fauquier, to honor those who have made your county historic ground. You yourselves have made its name an honored word in the households of the South; for none of those who came within the reach of the ever extended arms of your sympathy, none of that brave army, which sweeping along your rugged roads to intercept and force the foe to battle, fed on the bounty which the untiring hands of your fair women, and the eager ardor of your old men provided, can forget the patriotism which made you prodigal even in your penury, and raised the flush of honest pride upon your soldiers' cheeks, as any one could say, "I am from old Fauquier."

But the gallant deeds of those you sent to battle have won for you a different and a peculiar glory. I need not mention the rich legacy of fame bequeathed you by *cremé de la cremé* of the cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Black Horse of Fauquier. The heart of the State of Virginia throbs in quickened pulsations at the name of the knightliest leader of that knightly band, as she longs to place upon his brow some fitting testimonial of her honor. I need not speak of the honor won for his county by the Ashby, whom a nation mourned. I need not call to mind the fame won in the name of our county-seat, by the Warrenton Rifles, and their gallant leader, who fell indeed, "first in the foremost line." There is no need to recount the exploits of those scouts and rangers who maintained an independent state within the lines, and almost within sight of the capitol of the enemy. Time would fail me even to sketch the glorious achievements of those other heroes who went forth with your Scott, the Carters, and your Randolph. On first Mannassas maiden field; through the hardship and the sickness and the one sharp conflict of the Peninsula campaign; in the splendors of the Valley victories; on the bloody field of Seven Pines;

at Cold Harbor and amid the deafening thunders of Malvern's rugged sides, belching forth flame and death; at second Manassas, scene of stern endurance; at Harper's Ferry's victory; on Sharpsburg's trying field; on Fredericksburg's hill-fringed plain and hill-side drenched in gore; in Chancellorsville's dear-bought victory; at the gallant storming of Winchester's heights, and the immortal sacrifice 'mid Gettysburg's volcanoes; amid the lurid lightnings of the Wilderness, the stern shock of Spotsylvania's massive onsets, and in that contested angle, pregnant with death; at Cold Harbor's second scene of carnage; in the wearying watchings in the trenches; the horrors of the Crater; the deadly Hatcher's Run, and the sad days when valor and devotion still strove to do impossibilities, and striving fell, until the army's father stayed their unavailing sacrifice at Appomattox's scene of bitter lamentations, and all along between these, in the thousand combats where lesser numbers won not lesser glory, where the untiring cavalry drove back the mounted foe, or with unflagging courage held at bay his hosts of infantry, or where the lonely scout dared death at every hour and did deeds of heroic valor with no eye to witness—in all these scenes which tried men's souls, your valor was found ready to perform, your genius to command. Let me illustrate by a single incident the deeds by which these dead soldiers won for you immortal fame and have deserved from you this annual honor.

When the boom of Sumter's signal gun of conflict was still reverberating among our mountains, and the roll of the recruiting drum was re-echoing the call to arms, there assembled at its summons a band of your youth and gave in their names as volunteer defenders of Virginia. Near to the spot where now we stand they met. A noble band they were, elate with high hopes and patriotic purpose. They went forth with their country's name inscribed upon their banners, the Fauquier Guards, amid the mingled tears and benedictions of age and the approving smiles of beauty.

I saw them once again. It is a calm May dawn, but darkened yet by the still lingering night-mists, chill and drear. Along the confronting lines of Spotsylvania lie the armies which for six days of conflict and manœuvre have been tasting each others blood and testing each others prowess, all silent now in the hush of the morning twilight. Suddenly there bursts forth from the darkness the roar of battle. A mighty host rushes upon the protruding angle of the Confederate lines. In a moment the massed forces overwhelm its defenders, open wide the gap, and pour in hostile tide through the centre of our lines. The Army of Northern Virginia is severed in the midst, its ruin is impending. But

a quick order is received; in a moment two brigades are summoned from the nearest trenches, a feeble force against the thick massed foe, scarce one to five, but no other aid was near and delay was ruin. In that line, close by the colors of the old Forty-ninth Virginia, stood your Fauquier Guards, veterans now of three campaigns, tried and trusted. An officer upon an iron-gray rides to the front. He utters no word, but points forward to the foe and advances to lead the charge. He turns his face towards us now. The sight of that face, full of calm resolve, sends a thrill of dismay through each heart, for there amid the already whistling bullets, they recognize in him the idolized commander of the army. To throw their own bodies in front of him is the involuntary impulse of their devotion. The gallant Gordon, the commander of of the charging column sees the situation. Dashing up he lays his hand upon the bridle-rein of his commander, "General Lee, this, sir, is not your place; we will drive these people back, sir. These men are Virginians, they never yet have failed and they will not now; will you boys?" "No! No!" bursts from the eager lines, "General Lee to the rear! General Lee to the rear; we can't do anything till General Lee goes to the rear," and while one reverently leads the iron-grey back through the opening line, right where your Guards were standing, the ringing voice of Gordon sounded "forward."

Not with noisy shout nor rapid rush, but with stern-set faces and measured tread the line advanced. Veterans of many fields, their practiced eye perceived that on that charge depended the fate of the army, and each felt

> "As if 'twere he
> On whose sole arm hung victory."

I saw their faces set in grim determination, for the odds were fearful; but down the line I heard a word of exhortation pass from mouth to mouth, the watch-word for the battle, "Remember General Lee is looking at us"; aye, and depending on us too, was the thought which filled their hearts as they surmount an intervening rise in the wooded ground and burst upon the crowded foe, scarce twenty paces off. With a shout and deafening roar of musketry they rush upon their thick-set ranks. The enemy received them with the steel. Their guns are empty, and alas! they have no bayonet fixed—no time to set them; what shall they do? They will do aught but fail. With stern resolve they club their muskets and hurl themselves upon the foe. Their desperate valor wins; the foemen waver, cower and give way. With a shout of triumph the ardent victors press upon them and hurl them on

in headlong rout, bearing back with them their supporting columns. But the battle is not yet ended; the lines are readjusted, your veterans hold the breach, and against them column after column is hurled. Nine times that eve did the enemy seek to drive them from their post; nine times their charging lines retired shattered and broken. 'Twas four in the morning when their charge began; 'twas nine at night ere the battle closed over the rescued army and the baffled foe, and your Fauquier Guards slept upon their arms with the sweet consciousness of duty done.

Such were the deeds by which these dead heroes won a right to your regard.

"In such a flame and such a heat
The anchors of your fame were forged."

General Forrest's Operations Against Smith and Grierson.

Letter from General POLK.

HEADQUARTERS, DEMOPOLIS, March 4, 1864.

General Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond:

I send by Captain Vanderford accompanying dispatches, among them a communication from Major-General Forrest, containing account of his operations in checking and defeating the enemy's cavalry forces, intended to form a junction with his infantry at Meridian. You will perceive that it was a brilliant affair, and that it accomplished my wishes in effectually preventing General Sherman availing himself of his cavalry in his contemplated operations. That success destroyed his campaign.

Dispatches from General Lee's forces, just received, are of a very gratifying character. He has overtaken the enemy, on the west of Pearl river, in a very exhausted state, from a want of provisions and forage, and a long and hurried march, and is cutting up the rear of his column. I have hopes of destroying also some of his boats that have gone up the Yazoo towards Grenada. Ross's brigade, of Lee's division, is on the river below them, and will be reinforced, and I have another brigade above them. The result of the campaign has been thus far satisfactory, and we have not as yet seen the end of it. I shall send General Forrest, without delay, into the western district, to break up the Federal elections proposed to be held there within the next ten days, and to bring out other troops, horses, &c., from there and southern Kentucky. My report of the late operations will be sent you in

a few days. I refer you in the meantime to my staff officer, Captain Vanderford.

I hope that the War Department will comply with my wishes and suggestions, in regard to the management of my department in the several communications recently forwarded, as they are indispensable to its efficient and successful management.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

L. POLK, *Lieutanant-General.*

REFORT OF GENERAL FORREST.

HEADQUARTERS STARKVILLE, MISS., February 26, 1864.

General—I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of 20th inst., and am under many obligations for the ordnance stores and train sent to Gainsville.

I am also gratified at being able to say that your wishes in regard to the enemy's forces under Generals Smith and Grierson are realized—at least to the extent of *defeat and utter rout.*

We met them on Sunday morning last at Ellis's Bridge, or Succartouchee creek, three miles south of West Point, in front of which Colonel Forrest's brigade was posted to prevent the enemy from crossing. After a brisk engagement of an hour and a half the enemy retired towards West Point. It was not my intention to attack them, or bring on a general engagement, but to develop their strength, position and movements.

I moved forward with my escort and a portion of Faulkner's Kentucky regiment and found the enemy had begun a systematic retreat, and being unwilling they should leave the country without a fight, ordered the advance of my column.

Will forward a detailed official report as soon as reports from brigade commanders are received. It is sufficient for me to say here that with twenty-five hundred men, the enemy, numbering from six to seven thousand strong, were driven from West Point to within ten miles of Pontotoc in two days; all his efforts to check our advance failed, and his forces at last flying utterly defeated and demoralized, leaving six pieces of artillery, one hundred killed, and one hundred prisoners, and wounded estimated at three hundred or over. The seriously wounded, about fifty in number, fell into our hands. They took in their retreat every carriage, buggy, cart, and wagon along the road to move their killed and wounded officers, and all their slightly wounded—according to report of citizens—were moved in front with their pack train.

Our loss is about twenty-five killed, seventy-five wounded, and probably eight or ten captured. Among the killed are my brother, Colonel Jeff. E. Forrest, commanding brigade; Lieutenant-Colonel Barksdale, commanding George's regiment, and several other officers, whose names are not now remembered.

It affords me pleasure to mention the fortitude and gallantry displayed by the troops engaged, especially the new troops from west Tennessee, who, considering their want of drill, discipline and experience, behaved handsomely, and the moral effect of their victory over the best cavalry in the Federal service, will tell in their future operations against the enemy—inspiring them with courage and confidence in their ability to whip them again. Considering the disparity in numbers, discipline and drill, I consider it one of the most complete victories that has occurred since the war began.

After the enemy succeeded in reaching the hills between Okalona and Pontotoc, the resistance of the enemy was obstinate, compelling me frequently to dismount my advance to drive them from favorable positions defended by the broken condition of the country. About three hundred men of the Second Tennessee cavalry, under Colonel Bartean, and the Seventh Tennessee cavalry, Colonel Duckworth, received the repeated charges of seven regiments of the enemy in open ground; drove them back time after time, finally driving them from the field, capturing three stand of colors, and another piece of their artillery. A great deal of the fighting was almost hand to hand, and the only way I can account for our small loss is, the fact that we kept so close to them that the enemy overshot our men. Owing to the broken down and exhausted condition of men and horses, and being almost out of ammunition, I was compelled to stop pursuit.

Major-General Gholson arrived during Monday night, and his command being comparatively fresh, continued the pursuit, and when last heard from, was still driving the enemy, capturing horses and prisoners. The enemy had crossed the Tallahatchie river on the night of the 23rd, burning the bridge behind them at New Albany, and retreating rapidly towards Memphis, with Gholson still in pursuit. I am, General,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed] N. B. Forrest, *Major-General.*

To Lieutenant-General L. Polk.

The Prison Question Again—Prof. Rufus B. Richardson on Andersonville.

When in March and April, 1876, we published our discussion of the "Treatment of Prisoners," we sent the numbers containing it to leading newspapers and magazines all over the North, wrote them a letter enclosing our "summing up" of the points we claimed to have established, and begged them to point out any errors we had fallen into, and to send me their replies. There were at the time a few flippant or spiteful hits at this effort "to wipe out the ineffaceable crime of Andersonville," but no serious attempt at a reply, which we saw or of which we heard.

A year later the *Nation* attempted a reply which we published in full in our *Papers*, and to which we made, what judicious friends in whom we had confidence pronounced a triumphant rejoinder. The *Nation* declined our proposition to have a full discussion of the whole question which should appear in both journals, refused to reciprocate our courtesy by publishing the reply to their strictures, and thus the matter ended.

Some eighteen months ago Rev. Howard Miller, of Pennsylvania, to whom we had given a copy of our "Confederate View of the Treatment of Prisoners," published our "summing up" in the *Philadelphia Times*, and asked for a refutation of these "remarkable" statements. We wrote to Mr. Miller requesting that he would forward us any replies that might be made, but none have appeared so far as we have been able so ascertain. Now these papers were prepared much more hastily than was desirable, we lacked many important documents, our work was merely one of compilation, and we take no credit whatever to ourselves, and yet we do affirm that the facts presented have not been met, and are an unanswerable vindication of the Confederate Government from the charges of cruelty to prisoners, so recklessly made and so persistently repeated.

But Professor Rufus B. Richardson, Ph. D., of Bloomington, Indiana, has in the *New Englander* for November, 1880, an elaborate discussion of "*Andersonville*" which is so much fairer than anything that has previously appeared on that side, and which, indeed, so completely surrenders the whole question, by admitting that the *United States Government alone was responsible for the failure of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners* [and, as a consequence, for the detention and suffering of prisoners on *both* sides] that we would publish it in full but for its great length, and would advise any of our readers who may feel special interest in the subject to procure and study this able article.

We had intended a full analysis and review of the article in this number, but as our printers warn us that they are "nearly full" we must reserve our review for a future issue, and content ourselves now with only a few brief comments.

1. Professor Richardson places the South *on the defensive*, and while admitting many points in its favor, maintains that it is "a defensive difficult to establish." Now we utterly deny that the South is on the "*defensive*," except in the sense that the United States Government sought to blacken the fair name of the Confederacy by an utter misrepresentation of the facts—and northern writers have most industriously circulated against us baseless slanders, which they have succeeded in making many of their own people, and of foreign nations believe. We have shown by facts which have not been, and cannot be successfully, controverted that in this whole matter *the Federal*, and not the Confederate, authorities were responsible for the suffering of prisoners on both sides, and that Elmira, Rock Island, Point Lookout, &c., are really more in need of "*defence*" than Andersonville, with all of its admitted horrors.

2. He makes various quotations from *Pollard* (notably from his "Secret History," so-called), when a man of his intelligence ought to know that *Pollard's* unsupported assertion is of not the slightest value on *any* mooted historic question, especially when he gets an opportunity of venting his bitter personal hatred against President Davis.

3. While Professor Richardson is very fair in his *apologies* for sufferings at Andersonville, he seems very skeptical as to the reality of much suffering, on the part of our prisoners at the north. Let any one interested turn to some of the narratives which we published in our number for April, 1876—such as those of Rev. Geo. W. Nelson, Hon. A. M. Keiley, Rev. Dr. I. W. K. Handy, Rev. Geo. W. Harris, Charles Wright, T. D. Henry, and others,—and see whether there is any "striving to make out that the suffering was as great as somebody else's," rather than "a depth of suffering never reached in the description," such as, it is claimed, the Andersonville and other Federal prisoners endured.

4. Professor Richardson makes an adroit attempt to relieve his government from the unanswerable argument derived from the figures of Secretary Stanton and Surgeon-General Barnes, showing that of 220,000 Confederates in northern prisons 26,436 died, while out of 270,000 Federal prisoners in Confederate hands, only 22,576 died. His effort is more ingenious, and more creditable, than that of either Mr. Blaine or the *Nation* to which we have replied; but we propose, at our earliest

liesure, to take up in detail this whole question of relative mortality, and to show that although these figures (compiled by *Federal not Confederate* officials), may not be fully accurate in every particular, yet if they fail at all it is in not representing the matter *as favorably to the Confederates as the facts warrant.*

5. Professor Richardson candidly admits that "*a review of the whole case makes it certain that the United States Government was responsible for the failure of exchanges during the last year of the war, and that to its policy in this matter it owes, in a large measure, its final success.*" [Italics ours.] He justifies this as a war measure, condemns the Government for not frankly avowing this policy, and concludes his article with the following tribute to the Federal soldiers who died in prison: "Whether there was not a possibility of a Waterloo or Sadowa on the Rapidan instead of an 'attrition' campaign continued through a year will always remain an interesting question. But at any rate, as the course of events actually turned, the men who languished at Andersonville played, in their sufferings and death, a most essential part in the campaign. This part was not so stirring as charging on the guns, or meeting in the clash of infantry lines, but their enforced, long-continued hardship made it possible for mere superiority of numbers to decide the struggle, and for the Confederacy to crumble without its Waterloo, and to terminate its existence by the surrender of those less than eight thousand muskets at Appomattox."

Now all this is exceedingly candid and fair, but we beg to remind the Professor of some additional points which are needed to complete the proper understanding of the whole question. (*a*). In January, 1864, Judge Ould, our commissioner of exchange, proposed to General Hitchcock, the Federal agent, that surgeons from both sides should be allowed to attend their own prisoners, and that these surgeons should be allowed to receive from their governments or friends, and distribute for the comfort of prisoners, contributions of money, food, clothing, and medicines. *To this humane proposal no reply was ever made.*

(*b.*) The Federal Government having declared medicines "contraband," our authorities proposed to buy from them medicines and hospital stores, which they pledged themselves should only be used for Federal prisoners, and pay for them in gold, cotton or tobacco, as they might prefer. *This proposition was refused.*

(*c.*) They failed to avail themselves of our offer to allow their surgeons to come and bring medicines and supplies, and minister to their prisoners in our hands, *even though we were denied a like privilege* of ministering to our poor fellows in their hands.

(*d.*) They refused to exchange sick and wounded.

(*e.*) After all efforts at effecting an exchange, or at mitigating the sufferings of prisoners had failed, Judge Ould in August, 1864, proposed that if they would send transportation to Savannah he would turn over to them, *without equivalent*, from ten to fifteen thousand prisoners. He acompanied this proposition with a statement of the fearful mortality at Andersonville, assured the authorities that it was from causes which the Confederacy could not control, and repeatedly urged the prompt acceptance of his proposition. And yet *this humane offer was not accepted until December*; and during this period the greatest mortality occurred at Andersonville.

Add these points to the admission of Professor Richardson, that the United States Government was responsible for the failure of exchanges, and it will be seen that the "crime of Andersonville," and of Elmira, lies not at our door, but was a part of the cruel war policy of Secretary Stanton.

Editorial Paragraphs.

The Delay in Issuing this Number of our *Papers* has been as annoying to us as it can possibly have been to any of our readers. For, while we do not publish a *newspaper*, or a magazine of current gossip, or one containing the latest fashion plates, yet we have been accustomed to issue regularly every month, except when on several occasions it seemed best to combine two numbers, and have felt no little annoyance at the delay which has been caused by various circumstances over which we have had no control, and which has necessitated the combining of three numbers under one cover.

But as we give our readers their full quota of pages, and a number of great variety, deep interest, and decided historic value, we are sure they will not complain, and we promise them to endeavor to be more prompt in future.

Renewals are now in Order, and promptness in renewing very much desired. Remember our terms are *strictly cash in advance*, and we will not send our January number to any one who has not paid his subscription, or at least notified us that he will do so very soon.

The subscriptions of the larger number of our subscribers expire with this number, and we beg each one, without waiting for an agent to call or for us to send any further appeal, to *sit right down and send us three dollars* [$3] *or authorize us to draw on him for that amount* Better still, let each one endeavor to send us a new subscription along with his own. *Please attend to this at once, lest you lay aside this appeal and forget all about it.*

This number completes volume viii., and we will be able to furnish the bound volumes so soon as we can have them bound. But we will be compelled to change our custom of exchanging new-bound volumes for old numbers, as we find that we cannot keep on hand a stock of bound volumes sufficient to meet this demand, and that we thus accumulate worn numbers which we find unsalable. But we will (as a matter of accommodation to our subscribers) receive old numbers, have them bound, and return them as soon as this can be done; charging them only for the cost of binding, and they paying postage and express *both* ways.

Our next volume (vol. ix.), which begins with the January number, shall not, in interest or historic value, fall behind any of those which have gone before. Indeed we are proposing new features which will add to its interest and value, and which will be more fully announced in our January number.

A MONUMENT TO THE ASHBY BROTHERS is proposed to be erected in the "Stonewall Cemetery" at Winchester, and we most cordially second the following appeal of the committee having charge of the matter. If it would be a convenience to any of the contributors we would cheerfully receive and forward their contributions.

"It is now fourteen years since the interment of the remains of Ashby beneath the Valley sod, upon which and for which he had yielded his life, supplied the chief feature in the dedication of the first of the beautiful military cemeteries which have overspread the country. Within that period scores and hundreds of monuments to the heroic dead of the war have tested the sculptor's skill and imagination. Upon these stately proofs of pride and affection large sums have been lavished. The Southern people, impoverished though they were, found means of paying this melancholy tribute to those who had so richly earned it.

Yet the resting-place of THE BROTHERS ASHBY remains unmarked save by that simple inscription. Neither marble nor granite supports the imperishability of that gallant name.

It is desired to remedy this long neglect. A movement is on foot to erect a monument not altogether unworthy of Virginia's Mountain Cavalier. Two costly shafts have been reared in the Stonewall Cemetery at Winchester—one of them wholly, and the other largely, by the efforts of the ladies of that city and its immediate vicinity; to say nothing of their contributions to the other expenses of the cemetery. They are able to do little more than invoke the exertions of citizens elsewhere in behalf of this additional memorial. This appeal, it is hoped, will be promptly and liberally responded to. In that event it may be practicable to signalize the next decoration day, June 6, 1881, the nineteenth anniversary of General Ashby's death, by consecrating this crowning honor to one who by word, life and death, taught us how to "keep the lamp of chivalry alight in hearts of gold.'

"Your hearty co-operation in this matter is requested.

"All communications must be addressed to

"MISS TILLIE RUSSELL,

"MRS. HOLMES CONRAD,

"OR MRS. MARSHALL WILLIS,

"*Committee 'Ashby Memorial Association,' Winchester, Va.*"

THE REUNION OF THE RICHMOND HOWITZERS, that splendid corps of artillery, whose guns were heard on well nigh every field from Big Bethel to Appomattox, came off on the 13th of December, the anniversary of the battle of Fredericksburg, and was a really magnificent affair. The banquet, served in the best style of the St. Claire hotel, and presided over by Judge George L. Christian, was really superb, and was heartily enjoyed by all present.

The speeches of W. J. Hardy, of New York, the orator of the evening, and Leigh Robinson, Esq., of Washington, O. G. Clay, Jr., Captain Henry Hudnall,

and Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne of Richmond, who responded to the regular toasts, and of Rev. G. W. Dame, of Baltimore, and Carlton McCarthy, Esq., of Richmond, who responded to volunteer toasts, were all admirable, and were well worth preserving in permanent form. We expect to publish one or two of them in some future issue.

Our Executive Committee has been enlarged; there have been one or two changes in it, and it is now composed as follows:

General J. A. Early, Lynchburg, President of the Society; Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, Essex county, Vice-President; Rev. J. William Jones, Secretary and Treasurer; General D. H. Maury, Chairman Executive Committee; Lieutenant-Colonel Archer Anderson, Major Robert Stiles, Richmond; Colonel R. E. Withers, Wytheville; Colonel William Preston Johnston, Lexington; Colonel Thomas H. Carter, King William county; Colonel George W. Munford, Colonel William H. Palmer, Colonel R. L. Maury, Captain A. M. Keiley, J. L. M. Curry, D. D., Moses D. Hoge, D. D., Rev. A. W. Weddell, Richmond; Colonel R. H. Dulaney, Loudon county; General Eppa Hunton, General Wm. H. Payne, Warrenton; General G. W. C. Lee, Lexington; Captain Theo. S. Garnett, Colonel Walter H. Taylor, Norfolk city; Major Charles S. Stringfellow, Petersburg.

The constitution provides that members of the Executive Committee shall reside in Virginia, in order to have them convenient to the headquarters of the Society; but the vice-presidents of the several States, and, indeed, any individual members of the Society, would always be welcomed to the meetings of the Executive Committee, as well as to the general meetings of the Society.

The committee will have a meeting early in January—due notice of time will be given—at which various matters of interest to the future plans and work of the Society will be discussed and acted upon.

Our Printers have been among the most careful and accurate we have ever known, and we have been seldom called on to correct typographical errors, but the chirography of our friend Judge John F. Lay is none too plain, and in his sketch of the Powhatan Troop, in our last number, our types changed the gallant and lamented *Lieutenant John Wm. Maury* into "*Menoboy*," of whom the dashing troopers never heard.

LITERARY NOTICES.

We have received from the author, J. B. Waller, of Chicago, "Reminiscences of Benjamin Franklin as a Diplomatist," and "The True Doctrine of State Rights." We have not had time to read the books as yet, but from a casual glance through their pages doubt not that they are well done and will be valuable additions to our Library.

Camp and Field Life of the Fifth New York Volunteer Infantry [*Duryee Zouaves*] By Alfred Davenport, New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The author has sent us a copy of this beautifully gotten up book which is a well written history of a gallant regiment, which not only has a present interest, but will have a permanent value as "material for the future historian."

Scribner's Monthly and *St. Nicholas* [see advertisement], continue to be very readable, attractive, and instructive to both old and young, and give promise of even increased interest. We are looking forward with interest to articles on the "War between the States" on both sides, which they promise this year, and trust that they will see to it that they are from pens competent to give not only pleasing articles, but papers of real historic value.

Recollections of the Evacuation of Richmond. By Hon. John A. Campbell, Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This is a valuable sketch by an able pen.

Reynolds' Memorial. Addresses delivered before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, upon the occasion of the presentation of a portrait of Major-General John F. Reynolds, March 8th, 1880.

We are indebted to Colonel John P. Nicholson for a copy of this interesting and valuable "Memorial" of a gallant and able soldier.

We noticed in our last the address of Colonel Chapman Biddell, published separately, which is one of the series, and may add that the whole forms an important chapter in the history of the war.

Catalogue of the Choice and Extensive Law and Miscellaneous Library of the late Hon. William Green, LL. D.—Comprising nearly 10,000 *volumes in the several Departments of Literature.* Compiled by R. A. Brock, Esq., Secretary Virginia Historical Society.

This is a book of 210 pages, very skilfully compiled by Mr. Brock, and beautifully printed by Mr. W. Ellis Jones, and is of itself a valuable addition to any library, as showing the books which a man of ability and untiring research, collected in the course of a long life. But the library itself [which is to be sold at auction, January 18th, 1881, by John E. Laughton, Jr., Richmond, Va.,] is a rare collection of valuable books, whose value is greatly increased by the Manuscript Notes of Mr. Green, who was unquestionably one of the most profound jurists, one of the best read lawyers, and one of the most accomplished men in general literature which this country ever produced. The collection has many rare books, enhanced in value by autographs of former owners, both in England and America, notes, book-plates, etc., and collectors will miss a rare opportunity if they fail to secure a catalogue, or to be represented at the sale.

Persons desiring information can address Mr. R. A. Brock, Secretary Virginia Historical Society, who deserves great credit for his skillful compilation of the catalogue, and those unable to attend the sale can send their orders to Carlton McCarthy, or either of our other local booksellers.